

POEMS ON Affairs of State,

FROM

The Time of Oliver Cromwell, to the
Abdication of K. James Second.

Written by the Greatest Wits of the Age.

V I Z.

Duke of Buckingham,	Mr. Milton,
Earl of Rochester,	Mr. Dryden,
Earl of Dorset,	Mr. Sprat,
Sir John Denham,	Mr. Waller,
Andrew Marvell Esq;	Mr. Ayloffe, &c.

With some Miscellany Poems by the same:
Most whereof never before Printed.

*Now carefully examin'd with the Originals, and
Publish'd without any Castration.*

V O L. I.

The Sixth Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N,

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THE P R E F A C E.

THE common Aim of Prefaces, to pre-
possess the Reader in favour of the
Book, is here wholly useless; for what
is now publish'd is none of the trifling
Performances of the Age, that are yet to make
their Fortune, but a Collection of those valuable
Pieces, which several Great Men have produc'd,
no less inspir'd by the injur'd Genius of their
Country, than by the Muses. They are of
establish'd Fame, and already receiv'd and al-
low'd the best Patriots, as well as Poets. I am
sensible, that should we consult our superficial
Hypo-Criticks, they would often be apt to ar-
raign the Numbers: for there are a sort of Men,
who having little other merit than a happy
Chime, would fain fix the Excellence of Poetry
in the Smoothness of the Versification; allowing
but little to the more essential Qualities of a Poet,
great Images, good Sense, &c. Nay, they have
so blind a Passion for what they excel in, that
they will exclude all Variety of Numbers from
English Poetry, when they allow none but *Iam-
bics*; which must by an Identity of Sound bring
a very unpleasing Satiety upon the Reader. I

The PREFACE.

must own, I am of opinion that a great many rough Cadencies that are to be found in these Poems, and in the admirable *Paradise Lost*, are so far from Faults, that they are Beauties, and contribute by their Variety to the prolonging the Pleasure of the Readers. But I have unawares fallen into this Digression, which requires more time and room than I have here to allow, to set it in that just light it requires. I shall return to the following Poems writ by Mr. *Milton*, Mr. *Marvell*, &c. which will shew us, that there is no where a greater Spirit of Liberty to be found, than in those who are Poets. *Homer*, *Aristophanes*, and most of the inspir'd Tribe have shew'd it; and *Catullus*, in the midst of *Cesar's* Triumphs, attack'd the Vices of that Great Man, and expos'd 'em, to lessen that Popularity and Power he was gaining among the *Roman* People, which he saw would be turn'd to the Destruction of the Liberty of *Rome*.

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati, &c.

And,

Pulchre convenit improbis Cinadis,

Mamurra, Pathicoque, Cesarique.

And again,

Nil nimiam studeo Cesar tibi velle placere, &c.

But it would be endless to quote all the Liberties the Poets have of old taken with ill Men, whose Power had aw'd others to a servile Flattery: The succeeding Tyrants have not been able to suppress the numerous Instances we have yet of

The PREFACE.

of it. We have therefore reason to hope that no *Englishman* that is a true Lover of his Country's Good and Glory, can be displeas'd at the publishing a Collection, the Design of which was to remove those pernicious Principles which lead us directly to Slavery; to promote a publick and generous Spirit, which was then almost a Shame to the Possessor, if not a certain Ruin. I believe were a Man of equal Ability and unbiass'd Temper to make a just Comparison, some of the following Authors might claim perhaps an equal share with many of the most celebrated of the *Romans* or *Greeks*. I know in a Nation so factious as this, where the preposterous Principles of Slavery are run into a point of Conscience and Honour, and yet hold abundance in unseasonable and monstrous Divisions, it would be a Task that must disoblige too many to undertake. But when all *Europe* is engag'd to destroy that tyrannick Power, which the Mismanagement of those Times, and the selfish evil Designs of a corrupt Court had given rise to; it cannot be thought unseasonable to publish so just an Account of the true Source of all our present Mischiefs: which will be evidently found in the following Poems, for from them we may collect a just and secret History of the former Times.

*And looking backward with a wise afright,
See Seams of Wounds dishonest to the sight.*

Oh that we cou'd yet learn, under this Auspicious Government founded on Liberty, the generous

The PREFACE.

nerous Principles of the publick Good ! Sure this Consort of Divine *Amphions* will charm the distracted Pieces of the publick Building into one noble and regular Pile, to be the Wonder, as well as Safeguard of *Europe*. This being the Aim of this present Publication, it must be extremely approv'd by all true Patriots, all Lovers of the general Good of Mankind, and in that most certainly of their own in particular.

*Omnes profecto liberi libentius
Sumus, quam servimus.*

Take off the gaudy Veil of Slavery, and she will appear so frightful and deform'd, that all would abhor her : For all Mankind naturally prefer Liberty to Slavery.

'Tis true, some few of these Poems were printed before in loose Papers, but so mangled, that the Persons that wrote them would hardly have known, much less have own'd them ; which put a Person on examining them by the Originals or best Copies : and they are here publish'd without any Castration, with many curious Miscellaneous Poems of the same Great Men, which never before saw the light.

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POEMS

ON

State Affairs.

A Panegyrick on O. Cromwel, and his Victories.

By E. Waller, Esq;

While with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand,
 You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command;
 Protect us from our selves and from the Foe;
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too.
 Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
 Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign;
 And own no Liberty, but where they may
 Without controul upon their Fellows prey.
 Above the Waves as Neptune shew'd his Face,
 To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race:
 So has your Highness (rais'd above the rest)
 Storms of Ambition tossing us repress.
 Your drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
 Restor'd by you, is made a glorious State,
 The Seat of Empire, where the Irish come,
 And the unwilling Scot, to fetch their Doom.
 The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
 With bending Sails, each Vessel in our Fleet.

B

Your

S

Your Pow'r resounds as far as Wind can blow,
 Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.
 Heaven, that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
 To balance *Europe*, and her State to awe;
 In this Conjunction does on *Britain* smile,
 The greatest Leader to the greatest Isle.
 Whether this Portion of the World were rent
 By the wide Ocean from the Continent;
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred Refuge of Mankind.
 Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
 Justice to crave, and Succour of your Court;
 And then, your Highness, not for ours alone,
 But for the World's Protector shall be known.
 Fame, swifter than your winged Navy, flies
 Through every Land that near the Ocean lies;
 Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
 To all that Piracy and Rapine use.
 With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her Head above the rest.
 What may be thought impossible to do
 For us, embraced by the Sea and You?
 Lords of the World's great Waste, the Ocean, we
 Whole Forests send to reign upon the Sea;
 And every Coast may trouble and relieve,
 But none can visit us without your Leave.
 Angels and we know this Prerogative,
 That none can at our happy Seat arrive;
 While we descend at pleasure, to invade
 The bad with Vengeance, or the good to Aid.
 Our little World, the Image of the great,
 Like that amidst the boundless Ocean set,
 Of her own Growth has all that Nature craves,
 And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
 As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
 But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky:
 So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
 Our ever constant Friend, the Sea, supplies.

The taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without the Worm, in *Persian* Silks we shine;
And without planting, drink of every Vine.
To dig up Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, tho the heaviest Metal, hither swims.
Ours is the Harvest where the *Indians* mow;
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow:
Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and warlike are our Steeds.
Rome, tho her Eagle thro the World had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own.
Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France-conquering *Henry* flourish'd, and now You:
For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
When for more Worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wist not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reserv'd for You,
To make more great than that he did subdue.
He safely might old Troops to Battel lead
Against th'anwarlike *Persian*, or the *Mede*,
Whose hasty Flight did form a bloodless Field,
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* arm'd with Want and Cold,
Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for You to tame:
Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Garisons you bind.
Here foreign Gold no more shall make them come,
Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.
They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
Prefer'd by Conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.

So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
 Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
 Like Favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate
 Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State ;
 While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
 Nations divided by the Sea are join'd.
Holland, to gain your Friendship, is content
 To be our Out-guard on the Continent.
 She from her Fellow-Provinces would go,
 Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
 In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse
 Preventing Posts, the Terror of the News,
 Our Neighbour-Provinces tremble at their Roar,
 But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.
 Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
 And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace ;
 Our Minds with Bounty and with Awe engage,
 Unite Affections, and restrain our Rage.
 Less pleasures take brave Minds in Battel won,
 Than in restoring such as are undone.
 Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
 But Man alone can whom he conquers spare :
 To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
 You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
 Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
 You cannot make the Dead again to live.
 When Fate or Error had our Age misled,
 And o'er these Nations such Confusion spread ;
 The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
 Was so much Power and Clemency in One ;
 One whose Extraction's from an antient Line,
 Gives hopes again that well-born Men may shine :
 The Meanest in your Nature, mild and good,
 The Noble rest secured in your Blood.
 Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
 A Mind proportion'd to such things as these :
 How such a ruling Spirit could restrain,
 And practise first o'er your own self to reign.

†

Your

Your private Life did a just Pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons should live.
Born to Command, your Princely Vertues slept,
Like humble *David*, whilst the Flock he kept.
But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchless Worth,
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
To sow Contention, gave a prosperous end.
Still as you rise, the State's exalted too,
Finds no Distemper while it's chang'd by You :
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without
The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys. (noise
Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
Run, with Amazement we should read your Story.
But living Vertue all Atchievements past,
Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.
This *Cesar* found, and that ungrateful Age
With losing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union at that stroke.
That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars ;
To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the Fall.
If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield the Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by You?
You that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compose ;
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Main,
And angry grows ; if he that first took pain
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.
As the next World to find repose at last,
It self into *Augusta's* Arms did cast :

So *England* now does, with like Toil oppress,
 Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.
 Then let the Muses with such Notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace :
 Your Battels they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight ;
 Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies over-run,
 And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won ;
 How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
 Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak,
 Illustrious Arts high Raptures do infuse,
 And every Conqueror creates a Muse.
 Here in low strains your milder Deeds we sing ;
 But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
 To crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride
 O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside :
 While all your Neighbour Princes unto You,
 Like *Joseph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence, and Bow.

Three POEMS on the Death of the
 late Protector *Oliver Cromwell*.

Written by *Mr. John Dryden*, *Mr. Sprat* of
Oxford, and *Mr. Edm. Waller*.

Heroick Stanza's on the late Usurper O. Cromwell :
Written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.

I.

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,
 Who would before have born him to the Sky,
 Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were past,
 Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice;
Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho in his Praise no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Interest too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the World prevent what we should do,
And claim a Title in him by their Praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular?
For in a round, what Order can be shew'd,
Where all the Parts so equal perfect are?

VI.

His Grandure he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great e're Fortune made him so;
And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that easy Mistress to the young,
But to her antient Servants coy and hard)
Him at that Age her Favourites rank among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

IX.

He private mark'd the Faults of others Sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun;

Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone,

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Design:
We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join;
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,
First fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poise:
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but made a noise.

XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade;
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our Pain;
He fought to hinder fighting, and assay'd
To stanch the Blood by Breathing of the Vein,

XIII.

Swift and resistless thro the Land he past,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the *East* subdue;
And made to Battels such Heroick hast,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought, secure of Fortune as of Fame;
Still by new Maps the Island might be shewn,
Of Conquests which he strew'd where e'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

XV.

His Palms, tho under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in its Portraict shew'd a Work-man's Hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the Price of all its Toil and Care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To feat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her Safety rescu'd *Ireland* to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no Int'rest true,
Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms portend;
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his Countenance did imprint an Awe;
And naturally all Souls to his did bow.
As Wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'reign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all Offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Successful Councils did him soon approve,
As fit for close Intrigues as open Field.

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival of the *British* Main;
Now tamely glad her unjust Claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' asserted Sea thro *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love:
Each knew that Side must conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *Frenchman's* Cause embrac'd,
Than the light *Monsieur* the grave Don outweigh'd;
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
Tho *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right:
For tho' that some mean Artists Skill were shewn

In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet still the fair Designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
The worth of each with its Allay he knew;
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw
How the Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single Vertues did survey,
By intuition in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Vertue Heaven set out,
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To nobler Preys the *English* Lion sent,
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling wish'd behind more *Alps* to stand,
Altho an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command we boldly cross'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest Arts it could produce to shew :
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went less ;
But when fresh Laurels courted him to live,
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increase ;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils de cease.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent
That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd ;
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs confer'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have since his Death arose,
But Faction now by habit does obey ;
And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands, to show
How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, Warden of *Wad-*
ham College in *Oxford*.

S I R,

Seeing you are pleas'd to think fit that these Papers should come into the Publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friend's hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the Security which your Name and Protection will give them with the most knowing Part of the World. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that Excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportion'd and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written: Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens and divine Fancies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your Service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and form'd under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege. So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted,

and Oblig'd Servant.

To

*To the Happy Memory of the late Usurper, Oliver
Cromwell. By Mr. Sprat of Oxon. Pindarick
Odes.*

I.

TIS true, great Name, thou art secure
From the Forgetfulness and Rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure:
Thy Fame, like Men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of it self turn whiter too,
Without what needless Art can do;
Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearse,
Tho it were never heard or sung in Verse.
Without our help, thy Memory is safe;
They only want an Epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an Inscription,
Remember'd only on the Brass, or Marble-stone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our Roses and Perfumes,
Will but officious Folly show,
And pious Nothings to such mighty Tombs.
All our Incense, Gums, and Balm,
Are but unnecessary Duties here:
The Poets may their Spices spare,
Their costly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet;
That need not be imbalm'd, which of it self is sweet.

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
The one's extinguish'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of Thee, and joia
Their feeble Names with Thine,

Their

Their weaker Sparks with thy illustrious Light,
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought;
 And yet no Fame to thee from hence be brought!
 We know, bless'd Spirit, thy mighty Name
 Wants no addition of another's Beam;
 It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme:
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them.
 Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy sacred Urn survive,
 Without the Food of Oil, which we can give.
 'Tis true; but yet our Duty calls our Songs;
 Duty commands our Tongues:
 Tho thou want not our Praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
 For so Men from Religion are not freed,
 But from the Altars Clouds must rise,
 Tho Heaven it self doth nothing need,
 And tho the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whose each Year
 Full of new Miracles did appear!
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or a History!
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there;
 At best, but all one single Star:
 But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continu'd Light, of undistinguish'd Day;
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
 Scarce any common Sky did come between:
 What shall I say, or where begin?
 Thou may'st in double Shapes be shown,
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
 Live *Jove* sometimes with warlike Thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand:
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,

All that thou didst was so refin'd,
So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
So pure, so weighty Gold,
That the least Grain of it,
If fully spread and beat,
Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet
Thou only to thy self wer't great,
Whilst yet thy happy End
Was not quite seen or understood,
It then sure Signs of future Greatness shew'd:
Then thy Domestick Worth
Did tell the World what it would be,
When it should fit occasion see,
When a full Spring should call it forth:
As Bodies in the Dark and Night,
Have the same Colours, the same red and white,
As in the open Day and Light;
The Sun doth only shew
That they are bright, not make them so:
So whilst but private Walls did know
What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,
Then the same Vertues did appear,
Tho in a less and more contracted Sphere,
As full, tho not as large as since they were:
And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho
At first so deep thou didst not go:
Tho then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true, thou wast not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:
Thy Purple was not made at once in hast,
But after many other Colours past,
It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:
Those

Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates
 To change the World, and alter States,
 Practis'd at first that vast Design
 On meaner things with equal Mind.
 That Soul which should so many Scepters sway,
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
 Learn'd first to rule in a domestick way:
 So Government it self began
 From Family, and single Man,
 Was by the small relation first,
 Of Husband and of Father nurs'd;
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

VI. I. loV

But when thy Country (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy Vertue, and thy Courage call'd;
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
 And't had been Sin in thee not to be Great:
 When every Stream, and every Flood,
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
 When murd'ring Arms, and unknown Wars
 Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
 When the great Storms and dismal Night
 Did all the Land affright;
 'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light.
 Thou leav'dst thy more delightful Peace,
 Thy private Life, and better ease;
 Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook:
 When Death had got a large Commission out,
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

VII. I. loV

Thy Country wounded was, and sick before
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore:
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
 And gave the Cure of Sympathy,

Thy

Thy strong and certain Remedy
 Unto the Weapon didst apply ;
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
 Away the Scabbard throw,
 As if thy Country thou'd
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood :
 But that when the great Work was spun,
 War in it self should be undone ;
 That Peace might land again upon the shore,
 Richer and better than before :
 The Husbandmen no Steel shall know,
 None but the useful Iron of the Plow ;
 That Bays might creep on every Spear :
 And tho' our Sky was overspread
 With a destructive Red,
 'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
 That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into Letter, every Leaf
 Had on it wrote his Epitaph :
 So from that Crimson Flood,
 Which thou by fate of times wert led
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters and Learning rose and renewed :
 Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
 But to refine the Church and State ;
 And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
 In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,
 Was, that a Holy Island hence might grow.
 Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,
 With welcome Clouds do pour :
 Tho' they at first may seem
 To carry all away with an enraged Stream ;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better Parts annoy :
 But all the Filth and Mud to scour,
 And leave behind another Slime,
 To give a birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou didst in Battels and in Arms excel;
 That steely Arms themselves might be
 Worn out in War as soon as Thee:
 Success so close upon thy Troops did wait,
 As if thou first hadst conquer'd Fate;
 As if uncertain Victory
 Had been first overcome by Thee;
 As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.
 Others by Thee did great things do,
 Triumphd'st thy self, and mad'st them triumph too:
 Tho they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher Sphere;
 Thou, the great Sun, gav'st light to every Star.
 Thy self an Army wert alone,
 And mighty Troops contain'd in one:
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
 Like that which flaming in the Angel's hand,
 From Men God's Garden did defend:
 But yet thy Sword did more than his,
 Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise

X.

Thou fought'st not to be High or Great,
 Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
 Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne;
 But as the Vestal Heat,
 Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.
 Religion putting on thy Shield,
 Brought thee victorious to the Field.
 Thy Arms, like those which antient Heroes wore,
 Were given by the God thou didst adore;
 And all the Words thy Armies had,
 Were on an heavenly Anvil made;
 Not Interest, or any weak Desire
 Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inspire;

Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too :
Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
What was reserv'd by Heaven and those blest Seats,
And makes the Church triumphant here below.

XI.

The Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty Word ;
The Fortune for thy side and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Unconstancy ;
Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too ;
Wounded'st thy self, when thou didst kill thy Foe ;
Like Steel, when it much work has past,
That which was rough does shine at last :
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smoother grow.
Nor did thy Battels make thee Proud or High,
Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not Thee :
Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory.
As when the Sun in a directer Line,
Upon a polish'd Golden Shield doth shine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light :
So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight ;
When thy propitious God had lent
Success, and Victory to thy Tent ;
To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England, till thou did'st come,
Confin'd her Valour home ;
Then our own Rocks did stand
Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
And were to us, as well
As to our Enemies, unpassable :
We were asham'd at what we read,
And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
Because we came so far behind the Dead.

The *British* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd,
 To Slavery and Burden stoop'd ;
 With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there ;
 At whose least Voice before,
 A trembling Eccho ran thro every Shore,
 And shook the World at every Roar :
 Thou his subdued Courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his Claws, and from his Eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise ;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
 His mighty Thunder sounds thro all the Woods :
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd :
 Nay, more, Heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'st, that Azure Chain of Waves
 Which Nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
 Was rather Burden than an Ornament ;
 Those Fields of Sea that wash'd our Shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours :
 To us, the liquid Mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As 'tis unto the Sun,
 Only a Bed to sleep on was ;
 And not, as now, a powerful Throne,
 To shake and sway the World thereon.
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
 But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
 Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd ;
 Thou didst not only wed the Sea,
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke :

He that ruled all the Main,
Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign :
And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy *T hames*, than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt ;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport ;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd.
Our Strength within it self did break
Like thundering Cannons creak,
And kill'd those that were near,
While th' Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou hast made to sound
Against our Enemies Walls in foreign Ground ;
And yet no Eccho back to us returning found.

England is now the happy peaceful Isle,

And all the World the while
Is exercising Arms and Wars
With foreign or intestine Jars.
The Torch extinguish'd here, we lend to others Oil ;
We give to all, yet know our selves no fear ;
We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,
Where'er we please, our Swords for to unsheath,
Whilst we in calm and temperate Regions breathe :
Like to the Sun, whose Heat is hurl'd
Thro every Corner of the World ;
Whose Flame thro all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himself the while no Fire doth know.

XV.

Besides, the Glories of thy Peace
Are not in number, nor in value less.
Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars ;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy and as sound :
When now the Ship was well-nigh lost,
After the Storm upon the Coast,

By its Mariners endanger'd most :
 When they their Ropes and Helms had left ;
 When the Planks asunder cleft,
 And Floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
 Thou a safe Land and Harbour for us found,
 And savedst those that would themselves have drown'd:
 A Work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,
 Thou mad'st us happy wheth'r we would or no :
 Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,
 As if those Vertues only in thy Mind had seat :
 Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
 When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least :
 Thy Temples not like *Janus* only were,
 Open in time of War,
 When thou hadst greater cause of fear ;
 Religion and the awe of Heaven posselt,
 All places and all times alike, thy Breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy Age provide,
 But for the Years to come beside ;
 Our after-times, and late Posterity,
 Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we ;
 They too are made by thee.
 When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
 And when thy mortal Work was done ;
 When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
 Thou him to bear thy Burden chose,
 Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss,
 Nor hadst thou him design'd,
 Had he not been
 Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin ;
 Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind :
 ' Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
 And with a fine Thread weave out all thy Loom.
 So one did bring the chosen People from
 Their Slavery and Fears,
 Led them thro their pathless Road,
 Guided himself by God.

He brought them to the borders; but a second Hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd Land.

*Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Usur-
per Oliver Cromwell, ensuing the same. By
Mr. Waller.*

WE must resign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
Into the Air: so *Romulus* was lost.
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist their King,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
The Poplar too, whose Bough he wont to wear
On his victorious Head, lay prostrate there:
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent;
Our dying Hero from the Continent
Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest,
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.
The Ocean which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster Mind;
Our Bounds enlargement was his latest Toil,
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle:
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From Civil Broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage;
And with wise Conduct to his Country shew'd
Their antient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To Him that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free;

Nature her self took notice of his Death,
 And sighing swell'd the Sea with such a Breath,
 That to remotest Shores her Billows roll'd,
 Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

Directions to a Painter concerning the Dutch War:
 By Sir John Denham, 1667.

NAY Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight,
 Which *Waller* only Courage had to write;
 If thy bold Hands can without shaking draw,
 What ev'n th' Actors trembl'd at when they saw;
 Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
 And all thy Pencils bristle like their Hairs.

First, in fit distance of their prospect Main,
 Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coast of *Spain*;
 Heroick Act! and never heard till now!
 Stemming of *Hercles* Pillars with the Prow!
 And how he left his Ship the Hills to waft,
 And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.

Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
 Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new:
 What lesser Sacrifice than this was meet
 To offer for the Safety of the Fleet?

Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow:
 See what free Cities and wise Courts can do.

So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,
 Marries afresh, and Courtiers share the Dame:

So whatsoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
 And Glasses are more durable than Plate.

No Mayor till now so rich a Pageant feign'd,
 Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd,

Then Painter, draw *Cerulean Coventry*,
 Keeper, or rather Chancellor, o'th' Sea;
 And more exactly to express his Hue,
 Use nothing but *Ultra-Marinish Blue*,

To pay his Fees the Silver Trumpet spends,
And Boatswains Whistle for his Place depends;
Pilots in vain repeat their Compass o'er,
Until of him they learn that one Point more.
The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muscovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar;
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, War;
Ashly, Prize; *Warwick*, Custom; *Cart'ret*, Pay;
But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
Swol'n like his Purse, with Tackling like his Strings,
By slow degrees of the increasing Gale,
First under Sail, and after under Sale;
Then in kind visit unto *Opdam's* Gout,
Hedg the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntsmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
First find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough* Convoy may betray with ease.
So that the Fish may more securely bite,
The Angler baits the River over night.

But Painter, now prepare, t' enrich thy Piece,
Pencil of Ermin, Oil of *Ambergreece*;
See where the Dutchess, with triumphant Trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth assail!
So the Land-Crabs, at Nature's kindly Call,
Down to the Sea for to ingender crawl.
See then the Admiral with the Navy whole,
To *Harwich* thro the Ocean carry Coal:
So Swallows bury'd in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their Wing.
One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother-pearl,
Suffic'd of old the *Citharean* Girl;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A small Sea-mask, and built to court your Dear;
Three Goddesses in one; *Pallas* for Art,
Venus for Sport, but *Juno* in your Heart.

O Dutcheſs, if thy Nuptial Pomp was mean,
 'Tis paid with Intereſt in thy Naval Scene.
 Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*,
 So feaſt the fair *Egyptian Crocodile*;
 Nor the *Venetian Duke* with ſuch a ſtate
 The *Adriatick* marry at that rate.

Now Painter, ſpare thy weaker Art; forbear
 To draw her parting Paſſions and each Tear:
 For Love, alas! hath but a ſhort delight;
 The Sea, the *Dutch*, the King, all call'd to fight.
 She therefore the Duke's Perſon recommends
 To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, her Friends;
 To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, moſt *Coventry*;
 For they ſhe knew were all more 'fraid than he.
 Of flying Fiſhes one had ſav'd the Fin,
 And hop'd by this he thro the Air might ſpin;
 The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
 By the Invention of the Diving-Bell;
 The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
 Coil'd round about him was impenetrable.
 But theſe the Duke rejeſted, only choſe
 To keep far off, let others interpoſe.

Rupert that knew no fear, but Health did want,
 Kept State ſuſpended in a Chair volant;
 All ſave his Head ſhut in that wooden Caſe,
 He ſhew'd but like a broken Weather-glaſs;
 But arm'd with the whole *Lion Cap-a-Chin*,
 Did repreſent the *Hercules* within.

Dear ſhall the *Dutch* his twinging Anguiſh know,
 And ſee what Valour wet with Pain can do.
 Curſt in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jael*,
 That thro his Princely Temples drove the Nail.

Rupert reſolv'd to fight it like a Lion;
 And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*:
 He to prolong his Life in the diſpute,
 And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
 Till ſome judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
 And land him ſafe and ſound as any Roach.

Now

Now Painter, reassume thy Pencil's care,
Thou hast but Skirmish't yet, now Fight prepare;
And draw that Battel terrible to show,
As the last Judgment was of *Angelo*.

First let our Navy scour thro Silver Froth,
The Ocean's Burden, and the Kingdoms both;
Whose very Bulk may represent its Birth,
From *Hide* and *Paston*, burdens of the Earth;
Hide whose transcendent Panch so swells of late,
That he the Rupture seems of Law and State;
Paston, whose Belly bears more Millions
Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
Let Shoals of Porpoises on every side
Wonder in swimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
And the Sea-fowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
So vast, more swift and strong than they of Wing.
But yet presaging *George* they keep in sight,
And follow for the Relicks of a Fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with well dissembled Fear,
Or bold Despair, more than we wish, draw near:
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to Fight, their easy Stomachs render;
With Breasts so panting, that at every Stroke
You might have felt their Hearts beat thro the Oak:
While one concerned, in the interval
Of straining Choler, thus did vent his Gall.

Noah be damn'd! and all his Race accurst,
Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber first!
What tho be planted Vines, be Pines cut down;
He taught us how to drink, and how to drown:
He first built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
Saving but Eight, e'er since endanger'd all.
And thou *Dutch Necromantick Friar*, be damn'd,
And in thine own first Mortar-piece be ram'd!
Who first invented Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitro from Earth, and Brimstone fetcht from Hell.
But damn'd, and treble damn'd be *Clarendine*,
Our Seventh Edward, with all his House and Line!

Who

*Who to divert the danger of the War,
With Bristol, bounds us on the Hollander:
Fool-coated Gown-man! sells to fight with Hans,
Dunkirk; dismantling Scotland, quarrels France;
And hopes he now hath bus'ness shap'd, and Power
T' out-last our Lives or his, and scape the Tower;
And that he yet may see, e'er he go down,
His dear Clarinda circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute,
And each the other mortally salute:
Draw pensive Neptune biting of his Thumbs,
To think himself a Slave whoe'er o'ercomes:
The frighted Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their blue Breasts, tearing their green Locks,
Paint *Eccbo* slain, only th' alternate sound
From the repeating Cannon doth rebound,
Opdam Sails placed on his Naval Throne,
Assuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
To nail him to his Boards like a Petar;
But in the vain attempt took Fire too soon,
And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon.
Monseurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In thousand Sparks, then dancingly fall back.
Yet e'er this happen'd, Destiny allow'd
Him his Revenge to make his Death more proud;
A fatal Bullet from his Side did range,
And batter'd *Lawson*: Oh too dear Exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his Knee; since dy'd in glorious Race:
Lawson! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The Duke himself, tho *Pen* did not forget,
Yet was not out of danger's Random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some say 'twas to grow Duke too by Contract;
An untaught Bullet in its wanton Scope,
Dashes him all to pieces, and his Hope.

Such

Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd ;
 A Chance-shot sooner took him than Chance rais'd :
 His shatter'd Head the fearless Duke distains,
 And gave the last first proof that he had Brains.
Bartlet had heard it soon, and thought not good
 To venture more of *Royal Harding's* Blood :
 To be Immortal he was not of Age,
 And did e'en now the *Indian Prize* presage ;
 And judg'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
 To lose the Day, *since his dear Brother's* lost.
 With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
 And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
 The *Dutch Auranea* careless at us sail'd ;
 And promised to do what *Opdam* fail'd :
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
 And cleavest'her closer than a *Remora* ;
 The Captain wonder'd, and withal disdain'd ;
 So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd ;
 And in a raging bravery to him runs,
 They stab their Ships with one another's Guns :
 They fight so near, it seems to be on Ground,
 And e'en the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
 The Noise, the Smoak, the Fire, the Sweat, the Blood,
 Is not to be exprest, nor understood.
 Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
 They wave their bright Swords glittering in their
 All Luxury of War, all Man can do (hands :
 In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two.
 But one must conquer whosoever fight ;
Smith takes the Giant, and is made a Knight.
Marlborough that knew, and durst do more than all,
 Fell, undistinguisht, by an Iron-ball :
 Dear Lord ! but born under a Star ingrate !
 No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy Fate !
 Who would set up War's Trade that means to thrive ?
 Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards survive :
 What the *Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vaunt ;
 And none's rewarded but the *Sycophant*.

Hence

Hence all his Life he against *Fortune* fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompens'd,
 But envy not this Praise t'his Memory,
 None more prepar'd was, or less fit to die.
Rupert did others, and himself excel:
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minus*; and bravely *Sanfon* fell.
 What others did, let none omitted blame,
 I shall record, whoe'er brings in his Name:
 But unless After-Stories disagree,
 Nine only came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss;
 The Wind, the Fire, we, they themselves do cross:
 When a sweet Sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with soft Diadems his Temples crown:
 And first he orders all the rest to watch,
 And *They* the *Foe*, whilst *He* a Nap doth catch.
 But lo, *Brunker* by a secret instinct,
 Slept on, nor needed; he all day had winkt.
 The *Duke* in Bed, he then first draws his Steel;
 Whose Virtue makes the miss'd Compass wheel.
 So e'er *He* wak'd, both Fleets were innocent;
 And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those,
 'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
 But all our Navy scap'd so sound of Limb,
 That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim;
 And a tame Fleet of theirs doth Convoy want,
 Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*:
 Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
 And *Halcyon Sandwich* doth command alone:
 To *Bergen* we with confidence make haste,
 And secret Spoils by hope already taste;
 Tho *Clifford* in the Character appear
 Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet, and there
 Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
 And seize all for his Master *Arlington*.

Ruyter, whose little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
 And wasted our remotest Colonies,

With Ships all foul return'd upon our way ;
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay :
And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
To scape his sight and fight, shut both his eyes ;
And for more state and sureness, *Cutten* true
The left Eye closeth, the right *Mountague* ;
And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,
To make all safe, t' apply to both his Seal.

Ulysses so, till *Syrens* he had past,

Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast.

Now can our Navy view the wish'd Port,
But there (to see the fortune!) was a Fort :
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat ;
Fools only fight, the Prudent use to treat.
His Confin *Mountague* by Court-disaster
Dwindled into the wooden Horse's master :
To speak of Peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper :
Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
With Friends or Foes what would we more condition?
Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,
Men, Ponder, Mony, Cannon,—treat with Wall!
Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
And *Mountague*, tho drest like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd :
Sad was the Chance, and yet a deeper Care
Wrinkled his Membranes under forehead fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' impudence
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence ;
For as if all their Ships of Walnut were,
The more we beat them, still the more they bear :
But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.
Now gentle Painter, e'er we leap on shore,
With the last strokes ruffle a Tempest o'er ;
As if in our Reproach the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease.

The

The Seas the Spoils within our Hatches throw;
 The Winds both Fleets into our mouths do blow :
 Strew all their Ships along the shore by ours,
 As easily to be gather'd up as Flowers:
 But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake
 A Man of War, and among Flowers a Snake.
 Two *Indian* Ships, pregnant with Eastern Pearl
 And Diamonds, fate th' Officers and Earl :
 Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
 Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
 Mean while the *Dutch* uniting to our shames,
 Ride all insulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames*.

Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoice :
 He meets the *French*, but to avoid all harms,
 Ships to the *Groyne* : *Embassys* bear no Arms.
 There let him languish a long Quarantain,
 And ne'er to *England* come till he be clean.

Thus having fought, we know not why as yet,
 We've done we know not what, nor what we get :
 If to espouse the Ocean all this pains,
 Princes unite, and do forbid the Banes :
 If to discharge Fanaticks, this makes more ;
 For all Fanaticks are, when they are poor :
 Or of the House of Commons to repay,
 Their Prize-Commissions are transfer'd away :
 But if for triumphant Check-stones, and Shell
 For *Dutchess* Closet, 't hath succeeded well.
 If to make Parliaments as odious pass,
 Or to reserve a standing Force, alas !
 Or if, as just, *Orange* to re-instate,
 Instead of that, he is regenerate :
 And with four Millions vainly giv'n as spent,
 And with five Millions more of detriment ;
 Our Sums amount yet only to have won
 A Bastard *Orange* for Pimp Ar——ton.

Now may Historians argue *con* and *pro* :
Denham says thus; tho always *Waller* so :

And

And he, good Man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
 This Penance did for Cromwel's Epitaph.
 And his next Theme must be o'th' Duke's Mistress;
 Advice to draw Madam l' Edificatress.
 Henceforth, O Gemini! two Dukes command,
 Castor and Pollux, Aumarle and Cumberland.
 Since in one Ship it had been fit they'd went,
 In Petty's Double-keel'd Experiment.

To the KING. By Sir John Denham.

Imperial Prince! King of the Seas and Isles!
 Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's Smiles!
 What boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,
 And we lie basking in thy milder Rays,
 While Swarms of Insects, from thy Warmth begun,
 Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
 Thou, like Jove's Minos, rul'st a greater Crete,
 And for its hundred Cities count'st thy Fleet.
 Why wilt thou that State-Dædalus allow,
 Who builds the Butt, a Lab'rinth, and a Cow?
 If thou art Minos, be a Judg severe,
 And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
 May our Sun, since he too nigh presumes,
 Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his Plumes!
 And may he falling leave his bated Name
 Into those Seas his War bath set on flame!
 From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
 Thy native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
 And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
 Where's universal Triumph, but no Fight.
 Since both from Heaven thy Race and Power descend,
 Rule by it's Pattern, there to re-ascend:
 Let Justice only awe, and Battel cease;
 Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

S Andwich in Spain now, and the Duke in Love,
 Let's with new Generals, a new Painter prove
 Lilly's a Dutchman, Danger's in his Art,
 His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
 Thou Gibson, that among thy Navy small
 Of Muscle-shells, commandest Admiral;
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
 Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
 Come mix thy Water-Colours, and express,
 Drawing in little, what we yet do less.

First paint me George and Rupert ratling far,
 Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War;
 And let the Terror of their linked Name
 Fly thro the Air, like Chain-shot, tearing Fame:
 Four in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a Clap.
 United Generals sure are th' only Spell,
 Wherewith United Provinces to quell:

Alas, even they, tho shell'd in treble Oak,
 Will prove an addle Egg with double Yolk.
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And loo them at two Hares e'er one be found.
 Rupert and Beaufort, halloo; ah, there Rupert
 Like the phantastick hunting of St. Hubert;
 When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
 Pursues by Fountainbleau the witchy Hair.
 Deep Providence of State! that could so soon
 Fight Beaufort here e'er he had quit Tboulooon.

So have I seen, e'er human Quarrels rise,
 Foreboding Meteors combat in the Skies.
 But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
 The General meets a more substantial Foe:
 Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful Heat,
 Tho half their number, thinks the odds too great.

The Fowler, watching so his watry spot,
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better shot.
Tho such a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no Weakness yet, like *Sampson* shorn;
But swoln with sense of former Glory won,
Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemarle* outdone:
Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferiour unto none for Art,
Superiour now in Number and in Heart;
Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,
To conquer theirs too with a Declaration?
And threatens, tho he now so proudly sail,
He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale*.
This said, he the short period, e'er it ends,
With Iron-words from Brazen-mouth extends:
Monk yet prevents him e'er the Navies meet,
And charges in himself alone a Fleet;
And with so quick and frequent Motion wound
His murdering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;
And the Exchanges of his circling Fire,
Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
And shoots them thro a Porcupine of Flame.
In noise so regular his Cannons met,
You'd think that Thunder was to Musick set:
Ah! had the rest but kept a Time as true,
What Age could such a Martial Consort shew!
The list'ning Air unto the distant shore,
Thro secret Pipes convey the tuned Roar;
Till as the Eccho's vanishing, abate,
Men feel a dead Sound like the Pulse of State.
If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
His Guns determine who shall live or die.
But Victory doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*.
Ruyter no less with vertuous Envy burns,
And Prodigies for Miracles returns:

Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-Balls
 Recoil'd in vain against our Oaken Walls ;
 How the hard Pellets fall away as dead,
 By our enchanted Timber filliped.
 Leave then, said he, th' invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel.
 He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemma's thro our sinew'd Shrouds.
 Forests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,
 Our stiff Sails mash'd, and netted into Lace ;
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
 Nor any Ship could sail but as the Ark.

Shot in the Wing so, at the Fowler's call,
 The disappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
 Yet *Monk* disabled still such Courage shews,
 That none into his mortal Gripe dare close :
 So an old Bustard, maim'd, yet loth to yield,
 Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.
 But since he found it was in vain to fight,
 He imps his Plumes the best he can for flight :
 This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
 What Indignation his great Breast did swell.

*Not vertuous Man unworthily abus'd,
 Not constant Lover without cause refus'd,
 Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
 Hiss'd off the Stage, nor Sinner in despair ;
 Not Parents mock'd, nor Favourites disgrac'd ;
 Not Rump by Monk or Oliver displac'd ;
 Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e'er they die,
 Feel half the Rage as Gen'als when they fly.*

Ah, rather than transmit th' story to Fame,
 Draw Curtains, gentle Artist, o'er the shame :
 Cashier the Memory of *Dutel*, rais'd up
 To taste, instead of Death, his Highness Cup ;
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
 How *Bartlet*, as he long deserv'd, was shot ;

Tho others that survey'd the Corps so clear,
Said he was only petrify'd for fear :
If so, th' hard Statue mummy'd without Gum,
Might the *Dutch* Balm have spar'd, and *English* Tomb.
Yet if thou wilt paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,
And the Great *HARMAN* almost chark'd to Coal ;
And *JORDAN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train :
But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
He quit the Prince t' embark in *Lovestein* ;
And wounded Ships, which we immortal boast,
Now first led captive to an hostile Coast.
But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum ;
When the large Bullet a large Collop tore
Out of that Buttock, never turn'd before :
Fortune (it seems) would give him by that lash,
Gentle Correction for his Fight so rash.
But should the Rump perceive't, they'd say that *Mars*
Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* Arse.
The long Disaster better o'er to veil,
Paint only *Jonas* three days in the Whale :
For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
Our flying Gen'ral in his spongy Jaw.
Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in haste,
From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste ;
But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
Nor with the *Gorgon* shielding at his need.
So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid :
And tho arriving late, he quickly mist
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
Not *Greenland* Seamen, that survive the fright
Of the cold Chaos, and half Eternal Night,
So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to spy the next Year's Fleet from shore,
Hoping yet once within the oily side
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide ;

As our glad Fleet with universal shout
 Salute the Prince, and with the second bout.
 Nor Wind's long Prisoners in Earth's hollow Vault,
 The fallow Seas so eagerly assault,
 As fiery *Rupert* with revengeful Joy
 Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
 But soon unrigg'd, lay like an useleſs Board,
 (As wounded in the wrist Men drop their Sword)
 When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
 And in our aid did *Ruyter* intercept.
 Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
 To save his Heroes, Mists of better use.
 Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise;
 This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.)

Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
 And Court-Gazettes our empty Triumphs tell.
 Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd,
 Thy lying Bells shall thro the tongues be burn'd;
 Paper shall want to print that Lye of State,
 And our false Fires true Fires shall expiate.

Stay, Painter, here a while, and I will stay;
 Nor vex the future Times with my survey:
 Seest not the *Monky Dutcheſs* all undrest?
 Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest.
 This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
 Nailing up Hangings not of *Persian* Loom:
 Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did Rome,
 But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.
 Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
 She stood with Groom and Coachman for Supporter;
 And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
 With *Honi Penſe* full honestly she wrought.
 One Tenter drove, to lose no time or place,
 At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
 Whilst thus they her translate from *North* to *East*,
 In posture just of a four-footed Beast,
 She heard the News: but alter'd yet no more,
 Than that which was behind she turn'd before;

Nor

Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer;
She shed no Tears, for she was too viraginous,
But only snuffing her Trunk cartilaginous,
From Scaling Ladder she began a Story,
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
With a prophetick, if not fiendly Fury.
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly found,
Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder-bound;
Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Albemarle*,
Like *Presbyterian* Sybil, 'gan to snarl:

Traitors both to my Lord, and to the King!
Nay, now it is beyond all suffering!
One valiant Man by Land, and he must be
Commanded out to stop their Leaks at Sea:
Yet send him *Rupert*, as an helper meet;
First the Commands dividing, then the Fleet:
One may if they be beat, or both be hit;
Or if they overcome, yet Honour split.
But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knockt o'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef e'er he be dead:
Each for a Quarter hopes; the first do skip,
But shall fall short tho at the Gen'ral-ship.
Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree;
A third the *Cock-Pit* begs, not any Me.
But they shall know, ay merry shall they do,
That who the *Cock-Pit* hath, shall have Me too!
I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told Me,
If the King brought these o'er, how it would be:
Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,
And sell Intelligence to buy a Place:
That their Religion's pawn'd for Clothes; nor care,
'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare.
O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!
O what Fidelity it was to eat!
Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenbams* starv'd abroad,
And here true Roy'lists sink beneath their Load.

Men that did there affront, defame, betray
 The King, and so do here ; now, who but they !
 What ! say I Men ! nay, rather Monsters ; Men
 Only in Bed, nor to my Knowledg then.
 See how they home return'd in revel rout,
 With the small Manners that they first went out ;
 Not better grown, nor wiser all the while,
 Renew the Causes of their first Exile:
 As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
 I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.

First, they for fear disband the Army tame,
 And leave good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name ;
 Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix
 With Discontents, to content twenty six :
 The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
 For Bishops Voices silencing the Word.
 O *Barthol'mew* ! Saint of their Kalendar !
 What's worse, th' *Ejection* or the *Massacre* ?
 Then *Culpeper*, *Glo'ster*, and the Princess dy'd ;
 Nothing can live that interrupts a *Hyde*.
 O more than human *GLOSTER* ! Fate did shew
 Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
 Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
 'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink,
Berkley that swore as oft as he had Toes,
 Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose ;
 Just as the first *French Card'nal* could restore
 Maidenhead to his Widow, Niece and Whore.
 For Portion, if she could prove light when weigh'd,
 Four *Millions* shall within three years be paid ;
 To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*,
 As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan Tar* !
 Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
 At home all Parties but the very worst.
 To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk's* sad,
 Or the King's Marriage: But he thinks I'm mad:
 And sweeter Creatures never saw the Sun,
 If we the King with *Monk*, or th' Queen a *Nun*

But

But a *Dutch* War shall all these Rumours still,
Bleed out these Humours, and our Purses fill;
Yet after four Days Fight, they clearly saw
'Twas too much Danger for a Son-in-Law:
Hire him to leave, for Sixscore thousand Pound:
So with the King's Drums Men for Sleep compound.
But modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree
With the State-prudence, to do less than he;
And to excuse their timorousness and sloth,
They found how *George* might now do less than both.
First *Smith* must for *Legborn*, with force enow
To venture back again, but not go thro:
Beaufort is there, and to their dazzling Eyes
The distance more the Object magnifies;
Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,
And for my Duke too, cannot interpose.
But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,
Might yet not be sufficiently weak;
The Secretary that had never yet
Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
Discovers a great Secret, fit to sell;
And pays himself for't, e'er he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy *Thoulon*! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
Herewith assembling the Supreme Divan,
Where enters none but Devil, *NED* and *NAN*;
And upon this pretence they strait design'd,
The Fleet to sep'rate, and the World to blind:
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the Wench
Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French*.
To write the Order, *Bristol's* Clerk is chose;
One slit's in his Pen, the other in his Nose:
For he first brought the News, it is his place;
He'll see the Fleet divided like his Face,
And thro the cranny in his grisly part,
'To the *Dutch* Chink Intelligence impart.
The Plot succeeds, the *Dutch* in hast prepar'd,
And poor Peel-Garlick *George's* Arse they shar'd:

And

And then presuming of his certain Wrack,
 To help him late they sent for *Rapers* back.
 Officious *Will* seem'd fittest, as afraid
 Lest *George* should look too far into his Trade.
 At the first Draught they pause with Statesmens Care,
 They write it foul, then copy it as fair;
 And then compare them, when at last it's sign'd;
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
 At Night he sends it by the Common Post,
 To save the King of an Express the cost.
 Lord, what ado to pack one Letter hence!
 Some Patents pass with less circumference.

Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
 Lessen'd I hop'd in nought but thy Backside;
 For as to Reputation, this Retreat
 Of thine, exceeds the Victories so great:
 Nor shalt thou stir from hence, by my consent,
 Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
 'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,
 But as I oft have done, I'll make a shift;
 Nor will I with vain Pomp accost the Shore,
 To try thy Valour at the Buoy of *tb' Nore*:
 Fall to thy Work there *George*, as I do here;
 Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards cashier:
 See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
 Find out the Cheats of the four Millioneer.
 Out of the very Beer, they sell the Malt;
 Ponder of Ponder, from ponder'd Beef they salt.
 Put thy Hand to the Tub; instead of Ox,
 They victual with French Pork that hath the Fox.
 Never such ill Cotqueans by small Acts do wing,
 Ne'er such ill Husbwives in the managing!
 Pursers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
 Mariners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.
 See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
 All their Sea-market, and their Cable coil.
 Look that good Chaplains on each Ship do wait,
 Nor the Sea-Diocese be inappropriate:

Look

Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners ; all
 is Prize ; they rob even the Hospital :
 Recover back the Prizes too ; in vain
 We fight, if all be taken that is taken.

Now by our Coast the *Dutchmen*, like a flight
 Of feeding Ducks, Ev'ning and Morning light :
 How our Land-Hectors tremble, void of Sense,
 As if they came strait to transport them hence :
 Some Sheep are stoln, the Kingdom all array'd,
 And ev'n Presbyters now call'd on for aid.
 They wish ev'n *George* divided, to command
 One half of him at Sea, th' other on Land.

What's that I see ! ah, 'tis my *George* agen !
 It seems they in sev'n weeks have rig'd him then :
 The curious Heav'n with Lightning him surrounds,
 To view him, and his Name in Thunder sounds.
 But with the same shift goes, their Navy's near :
 So e'er we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer.
 Stay Heaven a while, and thou shalt see him sail,
 And *George* too he can thunder, lighten, hail.
 Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
 The Sword of *England*, and the *Holland* Scourge.
 Avaunt *Rotterdam* Dog, *Ruyter* avaunt !
 Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant !
 I'll teach thee to shoot Scissers ; I'll repair
 Each Rope thou lovest, *George*, out of this Hair ;
 'Tis strong and coarse enough ; I'll hem this Shift,
 E'er thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a-drift :
 Bring home the old ones, I again will sew,
 And darn them up, to be as good as new.

What, twice disabled ! Never such a thing !
 Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the King ;
 Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, e'er all be gone,
 Tho Jury-Masts, thou'st Jury-Buttocks none.
 Courage ! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
 He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter's* face.
 They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
 But they discard their *Trump* ; our *Trump* is *Hyde*.

Where

Where are you now, *de Ruyter*, with your Bears?
 See where your Merchants burn about your ears!
 Fire out the Wasps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
 Cram'd with the Honey of our *English* Bees.
 Ah now they are paid for *Guinea*; e'er they steer
 To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.
 Turn all your Ships to Stoves e'er you set forth,
 To warm your Traffick in the frozen North.
 Ah *Sandwich*! had thy Conduct been the same,
Bergen had seen a less but richer Flame;
 Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new Battels to repeat,
 And oftner beaten be than we can beat.
 Scarce had *George* leisure after all his pain,
 To tie his Breeches; *Ruyter's* out again:
 Thrice in one Year! Why sure this Man is wood!
 Beat him like Stock-fish, or he'll ne'er be good.
 I see them both again prepare to try;
 The first shot thro' each other with the Eye.
 Then — but the ruling Providence that must
 With human Projects play, as Wind with Dust,
 Raises a storm. So Constables a Fray
 Knock down, and send them both well cuff'd away.
 Plant now *New-England* Firs in *English* Oak,
 Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroke:
 To get the Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
 Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
 Strong March-panes! Wafers lights! so thin a puff
 Of angry Air can ruin all that huff:
 So Champions have shar'd the Lists and Sun,
 The Judg throws down's Award, and they have
 (done.
 For shame come home, *George*, 'tis for thee too much
 To fight at once with *Heaven* and the Dutch.
 Woe's me! what see I next? alas, the Fate
 I see of *England*, and its utmost date.
 Those Flames of theirs at which we fondly smile,
 Kindle like Torches our sepulchral Pile,

War,

War, Fire, and Plague, against us all conspire;
We the War, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire?
 See how Men all like Ghosts, while London burns,
 Wander, and each over his ashes mourns!
 Curs'd be the Man that first begat this War,
 In an ill hour, under a blazing Star:
 For others sport, two Nations fight a Prize,
 Between them both Religion wounded dies.

*So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid,
 Raz'd the Foundations which themselves had laid.*

(bin,

Welcome, tho late, dear George: here hadst thou
 We'd scap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
 Thou still must help them out when in the mire;
 Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
 Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,
 And our Fleet angling, as to catch a Roach.
Gibson farewell, till next we put to Sea:
 Truth is, thou'st drawn her in Effigie.

To the KING. By Sir John Denham.

GREAT Prince! and so much Greater as more Wise;
 Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes;
 What Servants will conceal, and Councils spare
 To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare.
 And the Assistance of an Heavenly Muse,
 And Pencil represent the Crimes abstruse.
 Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no foreign Foe;
 Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow.
 Shake but, like Jove, thy Locks divine, and frown,
 Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.
 Hark to *Callandra's* Song, e'er Fate destroy,
 By thy loud Navy's wooden Horse, thy Troy.
 As our *Apollo*, from the Tumult's wave,
 And gentle Calms, tho but in Oars will save:

*So Philomel her sad Embroidery strung,
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd,
The Tragedies at Court so long conceal'd:
But when restor'd to Voice inclos'd with Wings,
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter sings.*

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

DR A W *England* ruin'd by what was given before,
Then draw the Commons slow in giving more:
Too late grown wiser, they their Treasure see
Consum'd by Fraud, or lost by Treachery;
And vainly now would some Account receive
Of those vast Sums which they so idly gave,
And trusted to the Management of such
As *Dunkirk* sold, to make war with the *Dutch*:
Dunkirk, design'd once to a nobler Use,
Than to erect a petty Lawyer's House.
But what Account could they from those expect,
Who to grow rich themselves, the State neglect?
Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got;
Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire, and War, have been the Nation's Curse;
But to have these our Rulers, is a worse.
Yet draw these Causers of the Kingdom's Woe,
Still urging Dangers from our growing Foe;
Asking new Aid for War with the same face,
As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make Peace.
Mean while they cheat the Publick with such haste,
They will have nothing that may ease it past.
The Law 'gainst *Irish* Cattel they condemn,
As shewing distrust o'th' King, that is, of Them.

Yet

Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
Or Mony want, which was the greater Ill.
And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
Imperfectly to speak the Chanc'lor's Thought;
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had rul'd so well,
He tells the Parliament he cannot brook
Whate'er in them like Jealousy doth look:
Adds, that no Grievances the Nation load,
While we're undone at home, despis'd abroad.
Thus past the *Irish* with the Mony-Bill,
The first not half so good, as th' other ill.
With these new Millions might not we expect
Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect;
If not to beat them off usurped Seas,
At last to force an honourable Peace?
But tho the angry Fate, or Folly rather,
Of our perverted State allow us neither;
Could we hope less than to defend our Shores,
Or guard the Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores?
We hop'd in vain: Of these remaining are,
Not what we sav'd, but what the *Dutch* did spare.
Such was our Ruler's generous Stratagem;
A Policy worthy of none but them.

After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation:
They rise, and now a Treaty is confest,
'Gainst which before these State-cheats did protest:
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Theirs, not the Kingdom's Int'rest, is their Care.
Statesmen of old, thought *Arms* the way to Peace;
Ours scorn such thread-bare Policies as these:
All that was given for the *State's* Defence,
They think too little for their own Expence:
Or if from that they any thing can spare,
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War:
For which great Work Embassadors must go
With bare Submissions to our arming Foe.

Thus

Thus leaving a defenceless State behind,
 Vast Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
 Against whose Fury what can us defend,
 Whilst our great Politicians here depend
 Upon the *Dutch* Good-nature? For when Peace
 (Say they) is making, *Acts of War* must cease.
 Thus were we by the name of *Truce* betray'd,
 Tho by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.

Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a Story,
 Shaming our warlike Island's antient Glory:
 A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
 Since our first Ships were on the Ocean steer'd;
 Make the *Dutch* Fleet, while we supinely sleep,
 Without Opposers, Masters of the Deep:
 Make them securely the *Thames*-mouth invade,
 At once depriving us of that and Trade.
 Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent
 Against our Forts weak as our Government:
 Draw *Woolwich*, *Deptford*, *London* and the *Tower*,
 Meanly abandon'd to a foreign Power,
 Yet turn their first Attempt another way,
 And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play;
 Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride
 Big with the hope of the approaching Tide:
 Make them more help from our Remissness find,
 Than from the Tide, or from the *Eastern* Wind.
 Their Canvas swelling with a prosperous Gale,
 Swift as our Fears, make them to *Chatham* sail:
 Thro our weak Chain their Fireships break their way,
 And our great Ships (unman'd) become their Prey.
 Then draw the Fruit of our ill-manag'd Coast,
 At once our Honour and our Safety lost:
 Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in smoke,
 While their thick Flames the neighb'ring Country
 The *Charles* escapes the raging Element, (choke.
 To be with Triumph into *Holland* sent;
 Where the glad People to the shore resort,
 They see their Terror now become their Sport.

But

But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled Shore:
Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
The saddest Marks of an ill-govern'd State.
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all Command,
While some with Horror and Amazement stand:
Others will know no Enemy but they
Who have unjustly robb'd them of their Pay:
Boldly refusing to oppose a Fire,
To kindle which our Errors did conspire:
Some (though but few) persuaded to obey,
Useless for want of Ammunition stay:
The Forts design'd to guard our Ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
And what past Reigns in Peace did ne'er omit,
The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.

Surpassing *Chatham*, make *Whitehall* appear,
If not in danger, yet at least in fear.
Make our Dejection (if thou canst) seem more
Than our Pride, Sloth, and Ign'rance did before:
The King of Danger now shews far more fear,
Than he did ever to prevent it, care;
Yet to the City doth himself convey,
Bravely to shew he was not run away:
Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's* Wars,
Are only acted on our Theaters.

Our Statesmen finding no expedient,
(If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease:
But Painter, end not, till it does appear,
Which most, the *Dutch* or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid:
So our Great Prince, when the *Dutch* Fleet arriv'd,
Saw his Ships burn; and as they burnt, he ———

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

PAINTER, where was't thy former Work did cease?
 Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace*.
 Now for a *Cornucopia*: *Peace*, all know
 Brings *Plenty* with it; with it be not *Woe*.
 Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations
 Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
 Can'st thou not on the Change make Merchants grin,
 Look outward Smiles, while vexing Thoughts within
 Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not feign,
 And counterfeit the counterfeit Disdain.

Draw a brave Standard ruffling at a rate,
 Much other than it did for *Chatham's* Fate.
 The *Tow'r* Guns too, thundring their Joy, that they
 Have scap'd the Danger of being ta'en away:
 These, as now mann'd, for Triumph are, not Fight
 As painted Fire for Show, not Heat or Light.

Amongst the roar of these, and the mad shout
 Of a poor nothing understanding Rout,
 That think the *On-and-Off Peace* now is true,
 Thou might'st draw Mourners for *Black Barthol'mew*
 Mourners in *Sion*! Oh 'tis not to be
 Discover'd! draw a Curtain curteously
 To hide them. Now proceed to draw at Night
 A Bonfire here and there; but none too bright,
 Nor lasting; for 'twas *Brushwood*, as they say,
 Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.
 But stay, I had forgot my Mother; draw
 The Church of *England*'mong the *Opera*,
 To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will say,
 In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
 At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
 At th' other end, draw *Quires Te Deum* singing:
 Between them leave a space for Tears; remember
 That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.

Now

Now if thou skill'st prospective Landskip, draw
At distance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw ;
Polyroon, Spicy Islands, Kits, or Guinea :
Surinam, Nova Scotia, or Virginia :
No, no ; I mean not these, pray hold your Laughter ;
These things are far off, not worth looking after :
Give not a hint of these : Draw Highland, Lowland,
Mountains and Flats : Draw *Scotland* first, then *Holland*.
See, canst thou ken the *Scots* frowns ? Then draw those
That something had to get, but nought to lose.
Canst thou thro' fogs discern the *Dutchmen* drink ?
Buss-Skippers, lately Capers, stamp to think
Their catching Craft is over ; some have ta'en,
To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But passing these, their Statesmen view a while
In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile :
Copy the Piece there done, wherein you'll see
One laughing out, *I told you how 'twould be !*

Draw next a pompous interchange of Seals ;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them : Now for this take light
From him that did describe *Sir Edward's* Fight.
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt ; what tho ?
You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then draw our Lords Commissioners advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France* ;
To parly there a while, until they see
How things in Parliament resented be.

So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament ;
A petty Sessions draw, with what content,
Guess by their Countenance, who came up Post,
And quickly saw they had their Labour lost :
Like the small Merchants when they Bargains sell ;
Come hither *Jack* : What say ? Come kiss, Farewel.
But 'twas abortive, born before its Day,
No wonder then it dy'd so soon away ;
Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a force,
It blasted Thirty Thousand Foot and Horse.

As once *Prometheus* Man did Ineeze so hard,
 As routed all that new-rai'd standing Guard
 Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order : So
 Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
 But if this little one could do so much,
 What will the next ? Give a Prophetick touch,
 If thou know how ; if not, leave a great space,
 For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.

Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
 As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent :
 Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for Shades will fright,
 Especially if't be an *English* Sprite :
 Vermilion this Man's Guilt, cerule his Fears ;
 Sink th'others Eyes deep in his Head with cares :
 Another thoughtsom on Accounts, to see
 How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
 Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
 Cross'd Arms and Legs of such as are suspected,
 Or do suspect what's coming, and foresee
 Themselves must share in this Polutrophy.

Painter, hast travel'd ? Didst thou e'er see *Rome* ?
 That fam'd Piece there, *Angelo's* day of Doom !
 Horror and Anguish of Descendents there,
 May teach thee how to paint Descendents here.
 Canst thou describe the empty Shifts are made,
 Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade* ?
 Some shift their Crimes, some Places ; and among
 The rest, some will their Countries too, e'er long.
 Draw in a Corner, Gamester, shuffling, cutting,
 Their little Crafts, no Wit, together putting :
 How to pack Knaves, 'mong Kings and Queens, to
 A saving Game, whilst Heads are at the Stake. (make
 But cross their Cards, until it be confest,
 Of all the Play, fair Dealing is the best.
 Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to Hide,
 And some prepar'd to strike a blow on's side.
 Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
 When Potentates must tumble *Helter Skelter*.

The

The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit,
Such Marks as these could not chuse but be hit.

The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone ; *Barthol'mew*-day,
Of all the Days i'th' Year, they're ta'en away.

The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, but to another
Mitre, I wish not so, tho to my Brother :

I care not for Translation to a See,
Unless they would translate to *Italy*.

Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
From the *North-West* ; that which it leaves behind,
Curses or Outcries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then

Spare not to paint them in their Colours, tho
Crimes of a Viceroy : Deputies have so

Been serv'd e'er now : But if the Man prove true,
Let him with *Pharaoh's* Butler have his due.

Make the same Wind blow strong against the Shore
Of *France*, to hinder some from coming o'er.

And rather draw the golden Vessel burning,
Even there, than hither with her Freight returning.

'Tis true, the noble Treasurer is gone :

Wise, Faithful, Loyal, some say th' only one !

Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind,

Can steer our Vessel without Southern Wind.

Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince

That ever was before, or hath been since :

And Granham *Athaliah* in that Nation,

Was a great hinderer of Reformation.

Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezebel* ;

Giv't to adorn the Dining-room of Hell.

Hang by her others of the Gang ; for more

Deserve a place with *Rosamond*, *Jane Shore*.

Stay Painter, now look, here's below a space

I'th' bottom of this, what shall we there place ?

Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun* ?

Let the resolve be *Nescio*. So have done.

Expose thy Piece now to the World to see,

Perhaps they'll say of It, of Thee, of Me,

*Poems and Paints can speak sometimes bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are licentious Touths.*

*Quæ sequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à nescio
quo nebulone scripta, reperiebantur.*

*Bella fugis, bellas sequeris, belloque repugnas
Et bellatori, sunt tibi bella Thori:
Imbellis imbellis amas, adeoque videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad arma Venus.*

*The last Instructions to a Painter, about the Dutch
Wars, 1667. By A. Marvel, Esq;*

After two Sittings, now our Lady-State
To end her Picture does the third time wait;
But e'er thou fall'st to work, first Painter see,
If't be'nt too slight grown, or too hard for thee.
Canst thou paint without Colours? then 'tis right:
For so we too without a Fleet can fight.
Or canst thou daub a Sign-Post, and that ill?
'Twill sute our great Debauch and little Skill.
Or hast thou mark'd how antique Masters limn,
The Aly-roof with Snuff of Candle dim,
Sketching in shady Smoke, prodigious Tools?
'Twill serve this Race of Drunkards, Pimps and Fools.
But if to match our Crimes thy Skill presumes,
As th' Indians draw out Luxury in Plumes;
Or if to score out our compendious Fame,
With Hook then thro your Microscope take aim;
Where like the new Comptroller all Men laugh,
To see a tall Louse brandish a white Staff.
Else snalt thou off thy guiltless Pencil curse,
Stamp on thy Palate, nor perhaps the worse.
The Painter so long having vext his Cloth,
Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging Froth,

His desperate Pencil at the Work did dart ;
His Anger reach'd that Rage which past his Art.
Chance finish'd that, which Art could not begin,
And he sat smiling how his Dog did grin.
So may'st thou perfect by a lucky Blow,
What all thy softest Touches cannot do.

Paint then St. *Albans* full of Soop and Gold,
The new Court's Pattern, Stallion of the old.
Him neither Wit nor Courage did exalt,
But Fortune chose him for her Pleasure's Salt.
Paint him with Dray-man's Shoulders, Butcher's Mein,
Member'd like Mule, with Elephantine Chin.
Well he the Title of St. *Albans* bore ;

For never *Bacon* studied Nature more :
But Age allaying now that youthful Heat,
Fits him in *France* to play at Cards, and cheat.

Draw no Commission, lest the Court should lye,
And disavowing Treaty, ask Supply ;
He needs no Seal but to St. *James's* Lease,
Whose Breeches were the Instruments of Peace.
Who if the *French* dispute his Power, from thence
Can strait produce them a Plenipotence.
Nor fears he the *Most Christian* should trapan
Two Saints at once, St. *German* and *Alban* ;
But thought the Golden Age was now restor'd,
When Men and Women took each others Word.

Paint then again her Highness to the Life,
Philosopher beyond *Newcastle's* Wife :
She naked can *Archimedes* self put down,
For an Experiment upon the Crown.
She perfected that Engine oft essay'd,
How after Child-birth to renew a Maid ;
And found how Royal Heirs may be matur'd
In fewer Months than Mothers once endur'd.
Hence *Crowder* made the rare Inventress free
Of's Highnesses *Royal Society*.

(Happiest of Women if she were but able
To make her glassen Duke once malleable.)

Paint her with Oyster-Lip, and Breath of Fame,
 Wide Mouth, that Sparagus may well proclaim;
 With Chancellor's Belly, and so large a Rump,
 There (not behind the Coach) her Pages jump.
 Express her studying now, if *Cbina* Clay
 Can, without breaking, venom'd Juice convey;
 Or how a mortal Poison she may draw
 Out of the Cordial Meal of the *Coca*.
 Witness ye Stars of Night, and thou the pale
 Moon, that o'ercome with the sick Steam didst fail;
 Ye neighb'ring Elms that your green Leaves did shed,
 And Fauns that from the Womb abortive fled.
 Not unprovok'd she tries forbidden Arts,
 But in her soft Breast Love's hid Cancer smarts;
 While she resolves at once *Sydney's* Disgrace,
 And her self scorn'd for emulous *Denham's* Face,
 And nightly hears the hated Guard, away
 Galloping with the Duke to other Prey.
 Paint *Castlemain* in Colours that will hold
 Her, not her Picture, for she now grows old.
 She thro her Lackey's Drawers as he ran,
 Discern'd Love's Cause, and a new Flame began.
 Her wanted Joys thenceforth, and Court she shuns,
 And still within her Mind the Footman runs.
 His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs, (the Face
 She flights) his Feet shap'd for a smoother Race.

Then poring with her Glass, she re-adjusts
 Her Locks, and oft-tir'd Beauty now distrusts;
 Fears lest he scorn'd a Woman once assay'd,
 And now first wist she e'er had been a Maid.
 Great Love! how dost thou triumph, and how reign,
 That to a Groom couldst humble her Disdain!
 Stript to her Skin, see how she stooping stands,
 Nor scorns to rub him down with those fair Hands,
 And washing (lest the Scent her Crime disclose)
 His sweaty Hoofs, tickles him betwixt the Toes.
 But envious Fame too soon began to note
 More Gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat;

†

And

And he unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his Fortune sweet.
Justly the Rogue was whip'd in *Porter's* Den,
And *Fermain* straight has leave to come again.
Ah Painter! now could *Alexander* live,
And this *Campaspe* the *Apelles* give.

Draw next a pair of Tables opening, then
The House of Commons clattering like the Men.
Describe the Court and Country both set right
On opposite Points, the Black against the White.
Those having lost the Nation at Tick-Tack,
These now adventuring how to win it back.
The Dice betwixt them must the Fate divide,
(As Chance does still in Multitudes decide.)
But here the Court doth its Advantage know,
For the Cheat, *Turner*, for them both must throw;
As some from Boxes, he so from the Chair
Can strike the Dye, and still with them go share.
Here Painter rest a little, and survey
With what small Arts the publick Game they play:
For so too, *Rubens* with Affairs of State
His labouring Pencil oft would recreate.

The close Cabal mark'd how the Navy eats,
And thought all lost that goes not to the Cheats:
So therefore secretly for Peace decrees,
Yet as for War the Parliament would squeeze;
And fix to the Revenue such a Sum
Should *Goodrick* silence, and make *Paston* dumb,
Should pay Land Armies, should dissolve the vain
Commons, and ever such a Court maintain,
Hyde's Avarice, *Bennet's* Luxury should suffice,
And what can these defray but the Excise?
Excise, a Monster worse than e'er before,
Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
A thousand Hands she has, and thousand Eyes,
Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars pries.
With hundred Rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
And on all Trades like *Casawar* she feeds;

Chops

Chops off the piece where-e'er she close the Jaw,
 Else swallows all down her indented Maw.
 She stalks all Day in Streets conceal'd from sight,
 And flies like Batts with Leathern Wings by Night;
 She wafts the Country, and on Cities preys:
 Her of a Female Harpy in Dog-days,
 Black *Birch*, of all the Earth-born Race most hot,
 And most rapacious like himself begot;
 And of his Brat enamour'd, as't increast,
 Bugger'd in Incest with the mungrel Beast.

Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy Sight,
 (And Painter, wanting other, draw this Fight)
 Who in an *English* Senate fierce Debate
 Could raise so long for this new Whore of State.

Of early Wittals first the Troop march'd in,
 For Diligence renown'd, and Discipline.
 In Loyal Hast they left your Wives in Bed,
 And *Denham* these with one Consent did head.
 Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
 That sold their Master, led by *Ashburnham*.

To them succeeds a despicable Rout,
 But knew the Word, and well could face about;
 Expectants pale, with Hopes of Spoil allur'd,
 Tho yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
 Then damning Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain:
Wood these command, Knight of the Horn, and Cane.
 Still his Hook-shoulder seems the Blow to dread,
 And under's Arm-pit he defends his Head.
 The Posture strange Men laugh at, of his Pole
 Hid with his Elbow like the Spice he stole:
 Headless St. *Dennis* so his Head does bear,
 And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.

Court Officers, as us'd, the next Place took,
 And follow'd *F* — *x*, but with disdainful Look:
 His Birth, his Youth, his Brokage all dispraise
 In vain; for always He commands that pays.

Then the Procurers under *Progers* fill'd,
 Gentlest of Men, and his Lieutenant mild;

Bronkard,

Bronkard, Love's Squire, thro all the Field array'd,
No Troop was better clad, nor so well paid.

Then marcht the Troop of *Clarendon* all full,
Haters of Fowl, to Teal preferring Bull:
Gross Bodies, grosser Minds, and grosser Cheats;
And bloated *Wren* conducts them to their Seats.

Charlton advances next (whose Wife does awe
The Mitred Troop) and with his Looks gives Law.
He march'd with Beaver cockt of Bishop's Brim,
And hid much Fraud under an aspect grim.

Next do the Lawy'rs merc'nary Band appear,
Finch in the Front, and *Thurland* in the Rear.

The Troop of Privilege, a Rabble bare,
Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawney's* Care;
Their Fortunes Error they supply'd in Rage,
Nor any further would than these engage.

Then marcht the Troop, whose valiant Acts before
(Their publick Acts) oblig'd them to do more.
For Chimnies sake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
Or in his Absence him that first it laid.

Then came the thrifty Troop of Privateers,
Whose Horses each with other interferes:
Before them *Higgins* rides with Brow compact,
Mourning his Countess anxious for his Act.

Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Solomon* draw Lots,
For the Command of Politicks and Scots:
Thence fell to Words—but Quarrels to adjourn,
Their Friends agreed they should command by turn.

Carteret the Rich did the Accountants guide,
And in ill *English* all the World defy'd.

The Papists (but of those the House had none
Else) *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.

Bold *Duncomb* next, of the Projectors Chief,
And old *Fitz-Harding* of the Eaters Beef.

Late and disorder'd out the Drunkards drew,
Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew;
Before them enter'd, equal in Command,
Apsey and *Brotherick* marching hand in hand.

Last then but one, *Powel* that could not ride,
 Left the *French* Standard weltring in his stride;
 He, to excuse his slowness, Truth confess,
 That 'twas so long before he could be drest.
 The Lords Sons last all these did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd Hobby-Horse.

Never before nor since, an Host so steel'd
 Troop on to muster in the *Tuttle-Field*.
 Not the first Cock-horſe that with Cork was shod
 To rescue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod:
 Nor the late Feather-man, whom *Tomkins* fierce
 Shall with one breath like Thistle Down disperse.
 All the two *Coventries* their Generals chose,
 For one had much, the other nought to lose.
 Not better choice all accidents could hit,
 While *Hector Harry* steers by *Will* the Wit.
 They both accept the Charge with merry glee,
 To fight a Battel from all Gunshot free.
 Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wise,
 They feign'd a Parley, better to surprize;
 They that e'er long shall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
 Who in a time of Treaty durst invade.

Thick was the Morning, and the House was thin,
 The Speaker early, when they all fell in.
 Propitious Heavens! had not you them crost,
 Excise had got the Day, and all been lost:
 For t'other side all in close Quarters lay
 Without Intelligence, Command or Pay;
 A scatter'd Body, which the Foe ne'er try'd,
 But often did among themselves divide.
 And some run o'er each Night, while others sleep,
 And undescry'd return'd 'fore Morning peep.
 But *Strangeways*, that all Night still walkt the round,
 For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd;
 First spy'd the Enemy, and gave th' Alarm,
 Fighting it single till the rest might arm:
 Such *Roman Cockles* stood before the Foe,
 The failing Bridg behind, the Streams below.

Each

Each ran as Chance him guides to several Post,
And all to pattern his Example, boast ;
Their former Trophies they recal to mind,
And now to edg their Anger, Courage grind.

First enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
Of *Irish* Cattle, and Solicitor.

Then daring *S — r*, that with Spear and Shield
Had stretch'd the Monster Patent on the Field.
Keen *Whorwood* next in aid of Damsel frail,
That pierc'd the Giant *Mordant* thro his Mail :
And surly *Williams* the Accountants Bane,
And *Lovelace* young of Chimny-men the Cane.
Old *Waller*, Trumpet-General, swore he'd write
This Combat truer than the Naval Fight.
Of Birth, State, Wit, Strength, Courage, *How'rd* pre-
And in his Breast wears many *Montezumes*. (sumes,
These, with some more, with single Valour stay
The adverse Troops, and hold them all at bay.
Each thinks his Person represents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his Soul ;
Believes himself an Army ; theirs one Man,
As easily conquer'd ; and believing can
With heart of Bees so full and head of Mites,
That each, tho Duelling, a Battel fights.
Such once *Orlando* famous in Romance,
Broacht whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.

But Strength at last still under Number bows,
And the faint Sweat trickl'd down *Temple's* Brows ;
Even Iron *Strangeway's* chafing yet gave back,
Spent with Fatigue, to breath awhile Toback —
When marching in, a seasonable Recruit
Of Citizens and Merchants held dispute ;
And charging all their Pikes, a fullen Band
Of *Presbyterian Switzers* made a stand.

Nor could all these the Field have long maintain'd,
But for th' unknown Reserve that still remain'd ;
A Gros of *English* Gentry, nobly born,
Of clear Estates, and to no Faction sworn,

Dear

Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet
 For Country's Cause, that glorious thing and sweet,
 To speak not forward, but in Action brave,
 In giving generous, but in Council grave;
 Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;
 But sure the Devil can't cheat them thrice.

The Van and Battel, tho retiring, falls
 Without disorder in their Intervals;
 Then closing all in equal Front, fall on,
 Led by Great *Garraway*, and Great *Littleton*.

Lee equal to obey, or to command,
 Adjutant-General was still at hand.

The Marshal Standard *Sands* displaying, shows
 St. *Dunstan* in it tweaking Satan's Nose.

See sudden chance of War, to paint or write,
 Is longer Work, and harder than to fight:

At the first Charge the Enemy give out,
 And the *Excise* receives a total Ront.

Broken in Courage, yet the Men the same,
 Resolve henceforth upon their other Game:
 Where Force had fail'd, with Stratagem to play,
 And what Hast lost, recover by Delay.

St. *Albans* strait is sent to, to forbear,
 Lest the sure Peace (forsooth) too soon appear.

The Seamens Clamours to three ends they use,
 To cheat their Pay, feign Want, and th' House accuse.
 Each day they bring the Tale, and that too true,
 How strong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.

Mean time thro all the Yards their Orders run,
 To lay the Ships up, cease the Keels begun.

The Timber rots, the useless Ax does rust;

Th' unpraetis'd Saw lies buried in its Dust;

The busy Hammer sleeps, the Ropes untwine,

The Store and Wages all are mine and thine.

Along the Coasts and Harbours they take care

That Money lacks, nor Forts be in repair.

Long thus they cou'd against the House conspire,

Load them with Envy, and with sitting tire:

And

And the lov'd King, that's never yet deny'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide:
But when this fail'd, and Months enough were spent,
They with the first Day's Proffer seem content;
And to Land-Tax from the Excise turn round,
Bought off with Eighteen hundred thousand Pound.
Thus like fair Thieves, the Commons Purse they share,
But all the Members Lives consulting spare.

Blither than Hare that hath escap'd the Hounds,
The House prorogu'd, the Chancellor rebounds.
Not so decrepit *Asop*, hasht and stew'd
With Magick Herbs, rose from the Pot renew'd;
And with fresh Age felt his glad Limbs unite,
His Gout (yet still he curst) had left him quite.
What Frosts to Fruits, what Arsnick to the Rat,
What to fair *Denham* mortal Chocolat;
What an Account to *Carteret*, that and more,
A Parliament is to the Chancellor.
So the sad Tree shrinks from the Morning's Eye,
But blooms all Night and shoots its Branches high.
So at the Sun's Recess, again returns
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.

Now *Mordant* may within his Castle Tower
Imprison Parents, and their Child deflower.

The *Irish* Herd is now let loose, and comes
By Millions over, not by Hecatombs:
And now, now the *Canary* Patent may
Be broach'd again for the great *Holy-day*.
See how he reigns in his new Palace culminant,
And sits in State Divine like *Jove* the Fulminant.
First *Buckingham* that durst 'gainst him rebel,
Blasted with Lightning, struck with Thunder fell.
Next the twelve Commons are condemn'd to groan,
And roll in vain at *Sisyphus's* Stone.
But still he car'd, whilst in Revenge he brav'd,
That Peace secur'd, and Money might be sav'd:
Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are sweet;
United most, when most by Turns they meet.

France

France had *St. Albans* promis'd (so they sing)
St. Albans promis'd him, and he the King.
 The Court forthwith is order'd all to close,
 To play for *Flanders*, and the Stake to lose :
 While chain'd together, two Embassadors
 Like Slaves shall beg for Peace at *Holland's* Doors.
 This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires
 To forge new Thunder, and inspect their Fires.

The Court as once of War, now fond of Peace,
 All to new Sports their wanton Fears release.
 From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)
 Comes News of Pastime martial and old.

A Punishment invented first to awe
 Masculine Wives transgressing Nature's Law ;
 Where when the brawny Female disobeys,
 And beats the Husband, till for Peace he prays,
 No concern'd Jury damage for him finds,
 Nor partial Justice her Behaviour binds ;
 But the just Street does the next House invade,
 Mounting the Neighbour Couple on lean Jade ;
 The Distaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
 And Boys and Girls in Troops run hooting by.
 Prudent Antiquity ! that knew by Shame,
 Better than Law, domestick Broils to tame ;
 And taught the Youth by Spectual innocent,
 So thou and I dear Painter represent
 In quick Effigy, others Faults ; and feign,
 By making them ridic'lous, to restrain :

With homely Sight they chose thus to relax
 The Joys of State for the new Peace and Tax.
 So *Holland* with us had the Mastery try'd,
 And our next Neighbours, *France* and *Flanders* ride.
 But a fresh News the great Designment nips
 Off, at the Isle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships.
Bab May, and *Arlington* did wisely scoff,
 And thought all safe, if they were so far off ;
 Modern Geographers ! 'Twas there they thought,
 Where *Venice* twenty Years the *Turks* had fought.

(While

While the first year our Navy is but shown,
The next divided, and the third we've none.)
They by the Name mistook it for that Isle,
Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travel'd in Exile,
With the Bull's Horn to measure his own Head,
And on *Pasiphae's* Tomb to drop a Bead.
But *Morrice* learn'd demonstrates by the Post,
This Isle of *Candy* was on *Essex* Coast.

Fresh Messengers still the sad News assure,
More timorous now we are than first secure;
False Terrors our believing Fears devise,
And the *French* Army one from *Calais* spies.
Bennet and *May*, and those of shorter reach,
Change all for Guineas, and a Crown for each;
But wiser Men, and Men foreseen in Chance,
In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*.
Whitehall's unsafe, the Court all meditates
To fly to *Windsor*, and mure up the Gates.
Each doth the other blame, and all distrust,
(But *Mordant* new oblig'd would sure be just.)
Not such a fatal stupefaction reign'd
At *London's* Flames, nor to the Court complain'd.
The *Bloodworth* Chanc'lor gives (then does recal)
Orders, amaz'd, at last gives none at all.

St. Albans writ too, that he may bewail
To Monsieur *Lewis*, and tell Coward Tale,
How that the *Hollanders* do make a noise,
Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.
Now *Doleman's* disobedient, and they still
Uncivil, his Unkindness would us kill;
Tell him our Ships unrig'd, our Forts unman'd,
Our Money's spent, else 'twere at his Command;
Summon him therefore of his Word, and prove
To move him out of Pity, if not Love:
Pray him to make *De Wit* and *Rayter* cease,
And whip the *Dutch*, unless they'll hold their Peace.
But *Lewis* was of Memory but dull,
And to *St. Albans* too undutiful:

Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere,
 But ask'd him bluntly for his Character.
 The gravel'd Count did with this Answer faint,
 (His Character was that which thou didst paint)
 And so enforc'd like Enemy or Spy,
 Trusses his Baggage, and the Camp does fly :
 Yet *Lewis* writes, and lest our Heart should break,
 Condoles us morally out of *Seneque*.

Two Letters next unto *Breda* are sent,
 In Cypher one to *Harry* Excellent :
 The first entrusts (our Verse that Name abhors)
 Plenipotentiary Embassadors ;
 To prove by Scripture, Treaty does imply
 Cessation, as the Look Adultery ;
 And that by Law of Arms, in Martial Strife,
 Who yields his Sword, has Title to his Life.
 Presbyter *Hollis* the first Point should clear,
 The second *Coventry* the Cavalier :
 But would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
 Then to return home strait *infectâ re*.
 But *Harry's* order'd, if they won't recal
 Their Fleet, to threaten—we will give them all.
 The *Dutch* are then in Proclamation shent,
 For Sin against the eleventh Commandment.
Hyde's flippant Stile there pleasantly curvets,
 Still his sharp Wit on States and Princes whets :
 So *Spain* could not escape his Laughter's Spleen,
 None but himself must chuse the King and Queen.
 But when he came the odious Clause to pen,
 That summons up the Parliament agen,
 His Writing-master many times he ban'd,
 And wisht himself the Gout to seize his hand ;
 Never old Lecher more repugnant felt,
 Consenting for his Rupture to be gelt.
 But still in hope he solac'd, e'er they come
 To work the Peace, and so to send them home ;
 Or in their hasty Call to find a flaw,
 Their Acts to vitiate, and them overawe :

But

But more rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
To raise a two-edg'd Army for's Defence.

First then he march'd our whole *Militia's* force,
(As if alas we Ships, or *Dutch* had Horse.)

Then from the usual common place he blames
These, and in standing Armies Praise declaims:
And the wise Court, that alway lov'd it dear,
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.

Hyde stamps, and strait upon the Ground the Swarms
Of current *Myrmidons* appear in Arms;
And for their Pay he writes as from the King,
With that curs'd Quill pluckt from a Vulture's Wing,
Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan;
(The eighteen hundred thousand Pounds are gone.)

This done, he pens a Proclamation stout
In rescue of the Bankers Banquerout.

His Minion-Imps, that in his secret part
Lie nuzzling at the Sacramental Wart;
Horse-leeches sucking at the Hæm'roy'd Vein,
He sucks the King, they him, he them again.

The Kingdom's Farm he lets to them bids least;
(Greater the Bribe) and cheats at Interest.

Here Men induc'd by Safety, Gain, and Ease,
Their Mony lodg, confiscate when he please:

These can at need, at instant with a Scrip
(This lik'd him best) his Cash beyond Sea whip:

When *Dutch* invade, and Parliament prepare;
How can he Engines so convenient spare?

Let no Man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of Displeasure of great *Clarendon*.

The State-Affairs thus marshal'd, for the rest,
Monk in his Shirt against the *Dutch* is prest.

Often (dear Painter) have I sat and mus'd
Why he should still b'on all Adventures us'd:

Do they for nothing ill, like *Ashen-wood*,
Or think him like *Herb-John* for nothing good?

Whether his Valour they so much admire,
Or that for Cowardice they all retire.

As Heaven in Storms they call, in Gusts of State
On *Monk* and Parliament, yet both do hate.
All Causes sure concur, but must they think
Under *Herculean* Labours he may sink.

Soon then the *Independent* Troops would close,
And *Hyde's* last Project of his Place dispose.

Ruyter the while, that had our Ocean curb'd,
Sail'd now amongst our Rivers undisturb'd;
Survey'd their Chrystal Streams and Banks so green,
And Beauties e'er this never naked seen:

Thro the vain Sedg the bashful Nymphs he ey'd,
Bosoms, and all which from themselves they hide.

The Sun much brighter, and the Sky more clear
He finds, the Air and all things sweeter here.

The sudden Change, and such a tempting Sight,
Swells his old Veins with fresh Blood, fresh Delight.

Like am'rous Victors he begins to shave,
And his new Face looks in the *English* Wave.

His sporting Navy all about him swim,
And witness their Complacence in their Trim.

Their streaming Silks play thro the Weather fair,
And with inveigling Colours court the Air:

While the red Flags breathe on their Topmasts high
Terror and War, but want an Enemy.

Among the Shrouds the Seamen sit and sing,
And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling:

Old *Neptune* springs the Tides, and Waters lent,
(The Gods themselves do help the Provident)

And where the deep Keel on the Shallow cleaves,
With Trident's Leaver and great Shoulder heaves.

Aeolus their Sails inspires with Eastern Wind,
Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind.

With Pearly Shell, the *Tritons* all the while
Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy* Isle.

So have I seen in *April's* Bud arise

A Fleet of Clouds sailing along the Skies;
The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,
Their airy Sterns the Sun behind does guild,

↓

And

And gentle Gales them steer, and Heaven drives,
When all on sudden their calm Bosom rives,
With Thund'r and Lightning from each armed Cloud ;
Shepherds themselves in vain in Bushes shroud :
So up the Stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
And at *Sheerness* unloads its stormy Sides.

Sprag there, tho practis'd in the Sea-Command,
With panting Heart, lay like a Fish on Land,
And quickly judg'd the Fort was not tenable,
Which if a House, yet were not tenantable.
No Man can sit there safe, the Cannon pours
Thro Walls untight, and thro the Bullets showers.
The Neighbourhood ill, and an unwholesom Seat,
So at the first Salute, resolves Retreat :
And swore that he would never more dwell there,
Until the City put it in repair.

So he in Front, his Garison in Rear,
March'd straight to *Chatham* to increase the Fear.

There our sick Ships unrig'd in Summer lay,
Like moulting Fowl, a weak and easy Prey :
For whose strong Bulk Earth scarce could Timber find,
The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind :
Those Oaken Giants of the antient Race,
That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
The conscious Stag, tho once the Forest's Dread,
Flies to the Wood, and hides his armless Head.
Ruyter forthwith a Squadron does untack,
They sail securely thro the River's Track.
An *English* Pilot too (Oh Shame ! Oh Sin !)
Cheated of's Pay, was he that shew'd them in.

Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
And all our Hopes now on frail Chain depend :
(Engine so slight to guard us from the Sea,
It fitter seem'd to captivate a Flea.)

A Skipper rude shocks it without respect,
Filling his Sails more Force to recollect.
Th' *English* from Shore the Iron deaf invoke
For its last Aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke !

But with her sailing weight the *Holland* Keel,
Snapping the brittle Links, does thorow reel,
And to the rest the opening passage shew :

Monk from the Bank that dismal Sight does view,
Our feather'd Gallants, who came down that day
To be Spectators safe of the new Play,
Leave him alone when first they hear the Gun,
(*Cornb'ry* the scitest) and to *London* run,

Our Seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount our Ships for Spite :
Or to their Fellows swim on board the *Dutch*,
Who shew the tempting Metal in their Clutch.
Oft had he sent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
Cannon and Poulder, but in vain, to beg ;
And *Upnor* Castle's ill deserted Wall,
Now needful does for Ammunition call.
He finds, where'er he Succour might expect,
Confusion, Folly, Treachery, Fear, Neglect.

But when the *Royal Charles* (what Rage ! what Grief !)
He saw seiz'd, and could give her no Relief ;
That Sacred Keel that had, as he, restor'd
Its exil'd Sov'reign on its happy Board ;
And thence the *British* Admiral became
Crown'd for that Merit with his Master's Name :
That Pleasure-Boat of War, in whose dear side
Secure, so oft he had this Foe defy'd,
Now a cheap Spoil, and the mean Victor's Slave,
Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its Top to wave,
Of former Glories the reproachful Thought,
With present Shame compar'd, his Mind distraught.

Such from *Euphrates* Bank, a Tigress fell
After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell :
But sees enrag'd the River flow between,
Frustrate Revenge, and Love by loss more keen ;
At her own Breast her useless Claws does arm,
She tears her self, 'cause him she cannot harm.

The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence,
Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence.

Daniel

Daniel had there adventur'd, Man of Might;
Sweet Painter, draw his Picture while I write.
Paint him of Person tall, and big of Bone,
Large Limbs like Ox, not to be kill'd but shown :
Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a Hair so black,
Or Face so red ; thine Oker and thy Lack,
Mix a vain Terror in his Martial Look,
And all those Lines by which Men are mistook.
But when by shame constrain'd to go on Board,
He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
And saw himself confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lion's Den.
But when the frightful Fireships he saw,
Pregnant with Sulphur, nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make hast,
E'er in the fiery Furnace they be cast ;
Three Children tall unsing'd, away they row,
Like *Shadrack*, *Meshech* and *Abednego*.
Each doleful Day still with fresh Loss returns,
The *Loyal London* now a third time burns ;
And the true *Royal Oak*, and *Royal James*,
Ally'd in Fate, increase with theirs her Flames.
Of all our Navy none should now survive,
But that the Ships themselves were taught to dive ;
And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced Keels with Ouzy sides ;
Up to the Bridg contagious Terror struck,
The *Tow'r* it self with the near Danger shook ;
And were not *Ruyter's* Maw with Ravage cloy'd,
Ev'n *London's* Ashes had been then destroy'd.
Officious Fear, however to prevent
Our Loss, does so much more our Loss augment.
The *Dutch* had rob'd those Jewels of the Crown ;
Our Merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown :
So when the Fire did not enough devour,
The Houses were demolish'd near the *Tow'r*.
Those Ships that yearly from their Teeming-Hole
Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole,

Fir from the North, and Silver from the West;
 From the South Perfumes, Spices from the East;
 From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Jems,
 Take a short Voyage underneath the *Thames* :
 Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
 And shrunk, less navigable, to a Ford.

Now nothing more at *Chatham's* left to burn,
 The *Holland* Squadron leisurely return;
 And spite of *Rupert's* and of *Albemarle's*,
 To *Ruyter's* Triumph led the Captive *Charles*.
 The pleasing Sight he often does prolong,
 Her Mast erect, tough Cordage, Timber strong,
 Her moving Shape, all these he doth survey,
 And all admires, but most his easy Prey.
 The Seamen search her all within, without;
 Viewing her Strength, they yet their Conquest doubt.
 Then with rude Shouts secure, the Air they vex,
 With gamesom Joy insulting on her Decks.
 Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, shorn,
 Was led about in Sport, the publick Scorn.

Black Day accurst! on thee let no Man hale
 Out of the Port, or dare to hoist a Sail,
 Or row a Boat in thy unlucky Hour!
 Thee, the Year's Monster, let thy Dam devour,
 And constant Time to keep his course yet right,
 Fill up thy space with a redoubled Night.
 When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters base,
 And *Medway* chaste ravish'd before his Face,
 And their dear Offspring murder'd in their Sight,
 Thou and thy Fellows held'st the odious Light.
 Sad Chance, since first that happy Pair was wed,
 When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial Bed;
 And Father *Neptune* promis'd to resign
 His Empire old to their immortal Line;
 Now with vain Grief their vainer Hopes they rue,
 Themselves dishonour'd, and the Gods untrue;
 And to each other helpless Couple mourn,
 As the sad Tortoise for the Sea does groan;

But

But most they for their darling *Charles* complain,
 And were it burnt, yet less would be their Pain.
 To see that fatal Pledg of Sea-Command,
 Now in the Ravisher *de Ruyter's* Hand,
 The *Thames* roar'd, swooning *Medway* turn'd her Tide,
 And were they mortal, both for Grief had dy'd.

The Court in flattering yet it self does please,
 (And Female *Steward* there rules the four Seas.)
 But Fate does still accumulate our Woes,
 And *Richmond* her commands, as *Ruyter* those.

After this Loss, to relish Discontent,
 Some one must be accus'd by Punishment:
 All our Miscarriages on *Pett* must fall,
 His Name alone seems fit to answer all.
 Whose Counsel first did this mad War beget?
 Who all Commands sold thro the Navy? *Pett*.
 Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat?
 Who treated out the Time at *Bergen*? *Pett*.
 Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms disabled met?
 And rising Prizes, them neglected? *Pett*.
 Who with false News prevented the Gazette,
 The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett*.
 Who all our Seamen cheated of their Debt,
 And all our Prizes who did swallow? *Pett*.
 Who did advise no Navy out to set?
 And who the Forts left unprepared? *Pett*.
 Who to supply with Poudre did forget
Langard, Sheerness, Gravesend and *Upnor*? *Pett*.
 Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chatham* Net?
 Who should it be but the Fanatick *Pett*?
Pett, the Sea-Architect in making Ships,
 Was the first Cause of all these Naval Slips.
 Had he not built, none of these Faults had been;
 If no Creation, there had been no Sin:
 But his great Crime, one Boat away he sent,
 That lost our Fleet, and did our Flight prevent.

Then that Reward might in its turn take place,
 And march with Punishment in equal Pace:

Southampton

Southampton dead, much of the *Treasure's* Care,
 And Place in Council fell to *Duncomb's* Share.
 All Men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly,
 Poudre ne'er blew Man up so soon, so high ;
 But sure his late good Husbandry in *Petre*,
 Shew'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meeter ;
 And who the Forts would not vouchsafe a Corn,
 To lavish the King's Mony more would scorn.
 Who hath no Chimneys, to give all, is best,
 And ablest Speaker, who of Law hath least,
 Who less Estate for Treasurer most fit,
 And for a Chanc'llor he that has least Wit.
 But the true Cause was, that in's Brother *May*,
 Th' *Exchequer* might the Privy-Purse obey.
 And now draws near the Parliament's return,
Hyde and the Court again begin to mourn ;
 Frequent in Council, earnest in Debate,
 All Arts they try how to prolong its Date.
 Grave Pimate *Sheldon* (much in preaching there)
 Blames the last Session, and this more does fear :
 With *Boyn-ton* or with *Middleton* 'twere sweet,
 But with a Parliament abhors to meet ;
 And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this Nation,
 Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.

But in the *Thames* Mouth still *de Ruyter* laid,
 The Peace not sure, new Army must be paid ;
Hyde saith he hourly waits for a Dispatch,
Harry came Post just as he shew'd his Watch ;
 All to agree the Articles were clear,
 The *Holland* Fleet and Parliament so near.
 Yet *Harry* must job back and all mature,
 Binding e'er th' Houses meet the Treaty sure ;
 And 'twixt Necessity and Spite, till then
 Let them come up, so to go down again.
 Up ambles Country Justice on his Pad,
 And Vest bespeaks to be more seemly clad :
 Plain Gentlemen are in Stage-Coach o'erthrown,
 And Deputy-Lieutenants in their own ;

he portly Burgess thro the Weather hot
 Does for his Corporation sweat and trot ;
 And all with Sun and Choler come adust,
 And threaten *Hyde* to raise a greater Dust.

But fresh, as from the Mint, the Courtiers fine
 Salute them, smiling at their vain design ;
 And *Turner* gay up to his Perch doth march,
 With Face new bleacht, smoothed and stiff with Starch ;
 Tells them he at *Whitehal* had took a turn,
 And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
 Not so, quoth *Tomkins*, and strait drew his Tongue,
 Rusty as Steel that always ready hung ;
 And so proceeding in his Motion warm,
 Th' Army soon rais'd, he doth as soon disarm.
 True *Trojan* ! whilst this Town can Girls afford,
 And long as Cyder lasts in *Hereford*,
 The Girls shall always kiss thee, tho grown old,
 And in eternal Healths thy Name be troul'd.

Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives
 At Court, and so reprieves their guilty Lives.

Hyde orders *Turner* that he should come late,
 Lest some new *Tomkins* spring a fresh Debate :
 The King that early rais'd was from his Rest,
 Expects, as at a Play, till *Turner's* drest.

At last together *Eaton* came and he,
 No Dial more could with the Sun agree :
 The Speaker summon'd to the Lords repairs,
 Nor gave the Commons leave to say their Pray'rs,
 But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,
 Where mute, they stand to hear their Sentence read :
 Trembling with Joy and Fear, *Hyde* them prorogues,
 And had almost mistook, and call'd them Rogues.

Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the Foot ;
 Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen shall do't.
 That may his Body, this his Mind explain ;
 Paint him in Golden Gown with Maces Train ;
 Bright Hair, fair Face, obscure, and dull of Head,
 Like Knife with Iv'ry Haft, and edg of Lead :

At

At Prayers his Eyes turn up the pious white,
 But all the while his private Bill's in sight :
 In Chair he smoking sits like Master Cook,
 And a Poll-bill does like his Apron look.
 Well was he skill'd to season any Question,
 And make a Sauce fit for *Whiteball's* Digestion,
 Whence every day, the Palate more to tickle,
 Court-Mushrooms ready are sent in to pickle.
 When Grievances urg'd, he swells like squatted Toad,
 Frisks like a Frog to croak a Taxes load :
 His patient Piss he could hold longer than
 An Urinal, and sit like any Hen ;
 At Table jolly as a Country Host,
 And soaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toast ;
 At Night than *Chanticleer* more brisk and hot,
 And Serjeant's Wife serves him for *Portelott*.

Paint last the King, and a dead shade of Night,
 Only dispers'd by a weak Taper's Light :
 And those bright Gleams that dart along and glare
 From his clear Eyes (yet these too dart with Care.)
 There, as in the calm Horror all alone,
 He wakes and muses of th' uneasy Throne :
 Raise up a sudden Shape with Virgin's Face,
 Tho ill agree her Posture, Hour or Place ;
 Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
 With her own Tresses interwove and twin'd :
 Her Mouth lockt up, a Blind before her Eyes,
 Yet from beneath her Veil her Blushes rise,
 And silent Tears her secret Anguish speak,
 Her Heart throbs, and with very Shame would break.
 The Object strange in him no Terror mov'd,
 He wonder'd first, then pitied, then he lov'd ;
 And with kind Hand does the coy Vision press,
 Whose Beauty greater seem'd by her Distress :
 But soon shrunk back, chil'd with a Touch so cold,
 And th' airy Picture vanisht from his hold.
 In his deep Thoughts the Wonder did increase,
 And he divin'd 'twas *England*, or the Peace.

Express him startling next, with list'ning Ear,
As one that some unusual Noise doth hear ;
With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums, his Door surround,
But let some other Painter draw the Sound :
Thrice he did rise, thrice the vain Tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lies in Bed.

His Mind secure does the vain Stroke repeat,
And finds the Drums *Lewis's* March did beat.

Shake then the Room, and all his Curtains tear,
And with blue Streaks infect the Taper clear,
While the pale Ghost his Eyes doth fixt admire
Of Grandfire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry sits down, and in his open Side

The grisly Wound reveals of which he dy'd :
And Ghostly *Charles*, turning his Collar low,
The purple Thred about his Neck doth shew :
Then whispering to his Son in Words unheard,
Thro the lockt Door both of them disappear'd.
The wondrous Night the pensive King revolves,
And rising strait, on *Hyde's* Disgrace resolves.

At his first step he *Castlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry* as 'twere design'd ;
And they not knowing, the same thing propose,
Which his hid Mind did in his Depths inclose :
Thro their feign'd Speech their secret Hearts he knew,
To her own Husband *Castlemain* untrue ;
False to his Master *Bristol*, *Arlington*,
And *Coventry* falser than any one,
Who to his Brother, Brother would betray,
Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.
His Father's Ghost too whisper'd him one Note,
That who does cut his Purse will cut his Throat :
But he'n wise Anger does their Crimes forbear,
As Thieves repriev'd from Executioner :
While *Hyde* provok'd his foaming Tusk does whet,
To prove them Traitors, and himself the *Pett*.

Painter, adiee : How well our Arts agree !
Poetick Picture, painted Poetry !

But

But this great Work is for our Monarch fit,
 And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* shall sit.
 His Master-hand the Antients shall outdo,
 Himself the Painter, and the Poet too.

To the KING.

SO his bold Tube Man to the Sun apply'd,
 And Spots unknown in the bright Star descry'd,
 Shew'd they obscure him, while too near they please
 And seem his Courtiers are but his Disease.
 Thro Optick Trunk the Planet seem'd to hear,
 And hurls them off e'er since in his career.

And you (*Great Sir*) that with him Empire share,
 Seen of our World, as he the *Charles* is there;
 Blame not the Muse that brought those Spots to sight,
 Which in your Splendor hid, corrode your Light:
 (Kings in the Country oft have gone astray,
 Nor of a Peasant scorn'd to learn the way)
 Would she the unattended Throne reduce,
 Banishing Love, Trust, Ornament and Use;
 Better it were to live in Cloyster's Lock,
 Or in fair Fields to rule the easy Flock.
 She blames them only who the Court restrain,
 And where all *England* serves, themselves would reign.

Bold and accurst are they that all this while
 Have strove to lile this Monarch from this lile;
 And to improve themselves by false Pretence,
 About the common Prince have rais'd a Fence:
 The Kingdom from the Crown distinct would see,
 And peel the Bark to burn at last the Tree.
 But *Ceres* Corn, and *Flora* is the Spring,
Bacchus is Wine, the Country is the King.

Not so does Rust insinuating wear,
 Nor Poulder so the vaulted Bastion tear:
 Nor Earthquakes so an hollow lile o'erwhelm,
 As scratching Courtiers undermine a Realm.

And thro the Palaces Foundations bore,
 Burrowing themselves to hoard their guilty Store.
 The smallest Vermin make the greatest wast,
 And a poor Warren once a City ras'd.

But they whom born to Vertue and to Wealth,
 Nor *Guilt* to *Flatt'ry* binds, nor *Want* to *Stealth* ;
 Whose gen'rous Conscience, and whose Courage high,
 Does with clear Councils their large Souls supply ;
 That serve the King with their Estates and Care,
 And as in Love on Parliaments can stare ;
 Where few the Number, Choice is there less hard ;
 Give us this Court, and rule without a Guard.

By A. M.

The Loyal S C O T,

By *Cleaveland's Ghost*, upon the Death of *Captain Douglas*, burnt on his Ship at *Chatham*.

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
 Saw *Douglas* marching on the *Elysium* Glades,
 They all consulting gather'd in a Ring,
 Which of their Poets should his Welcome sing :
 And as a favourable Penance chose
Cleaveland, on whom they would that Task impose.
 He understood, but willingly address'd
 His ready Muse to court that noble Guest.
 Much had he cur'd the Tumour of his Vein,
 He judg'd more clearly now, and saw more plain ;
 For those soft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
 And of wise *Lethe* he had drunk a Draught.
 Abruptly he began, disguising Art,
 As of his Satyr this had been a part.

Not

Not so, brave *Douglas*, on whose lovely Chin
 The early Down but newly did begin :
 And modest Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
 While envious Virgins hope he is a Male.
 His yellow Locks curl back themselves to seek,
 Nor other Courtship knew but to his Cheek.
 Oft as he in chill *Esk* or *Seyn* by Night,
 Hardned and cool'd, his Limbs so soft, so white ;
 Among the Reeds, to be espy'd by him,
 The Nymphs would rustle, he would forwards swim ;
 They sigh'd, and said, Fond Boy, why so untame,
 That fly'st Love's Fires, reserv'd for other Flame ?
 First on his Ship he fac'd that horrid Day,
 And wonder'd much at those that run away :
 No other Fear himself could comprehend,
 Than lest Heaven fall e'er thither he ascend ;
 But entertains the while his time too short,
 With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in Sport ;
 Or waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
 Within his Circle, knows himself secure.
 The fatal Bark him boards with grappling Fire,
 And safely thro its Port the *Dutch* retire.
 That precious Life he yet disdains to save,
 Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave.
 Much him the Honour of his antient Race
 Inspir'd, nor would he his own Deeds deface ;
 And secret Joy in his calm Soul does rise,
 That *Monk* looks on to see how *Douglas* dies.
 Like a glad Lover the fierce Flames he meets,
 And tries his first Embraces in their Sheets :
 His Shape exact, which the bright Flames infold,
 Like the Sun's Statue stands of burnisht Gold.
 Round the transparent Fire about him glows,
 As the clear Amber on the Bees does close ;
 And as on Angels Heads their Glories shine,
 His burning Locks adorn his Face Divine.
 But when in his immortal Mind he felt
 His alt'ring Form, and soder'd Limbs to melt ;

Down

Down on the Deck he laid himself, and dy'd,
With his dear Sword reposing by his side:
And on the flaming Plank so rests his Head,
As one that warm'd himself, and went to bed.
His Ship burns down, and with his Relicks sinks,
And the sad Stream beneath his Ashes drinks.
Fortunate Boy! If either Pencil's Fame,
Or if my Verse can propagate thy Name;
When *Ata* and *Alcides* are forgot,
Our *English* Youth shall sing the valiant *Scot*.

Skip-Saddles *Pegasus*, thou needst not brag,
Sometimes the *Galloway* proves the better Nag.
Shall not a Death so generous, when told,
Unite our distance, fill our Breaches old?
Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave
Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
Nor more discourse of *Scotch* and *English* Race,
Nor chaunt the fabulous Hunt of *Chevy-Chase*.
Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal at thy Flame,
Our Nations melting, thy *Colossus* frame:
Prick down the Point, whoever has the art,
Where Nature *Scotland* does from *England* part.
Anatomists may sooner fix the Cells
Where Life resides, and Understanding dwells:
But this we know, tho that exceeds our Skill,
That whosoever separates them does ill.
Will you the *Tweed* that sullen Bounder call
Of Soil, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
Why draw you not as well the thrifty Line
From *Thames*, from *Humber*, or at least the *Tine*?
So may we the State-Corpulence redress,
And little *England*, when we please, make less.
What *Ethic* River is this wondrous *Tweed*,
Whose one Bank Vertue, t'other Vice does breed?
Or what new Perpendicular does rise
Up from her Streams, continu'd to the Skies,
That between us the common Air should bar,
And split the Influence of every Star?

But who considers right, will find, indeed,
 'Tis *Holy Island* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
 Nothing but Clergy could us two seclude,
 No *Scotch* was ever like a Bishop's Feud :
 All Litanies in this have wanted Faith ;
 There's no *Deliver us from a Bishop's Wrath*.
 Never shall *Calvin* pardon'd be for Sales,
 Never for *Burnet's* sake, the *Lauderdales* ;
 For *Becket's* sake *Kent* always shall have Tails.
 Who Sermons e'er can pacify and Prayers ?
 Or to the Joint-stools reconcile the Chairs ?
 Tho Kingdoms join, yet Church will Kirk oppose
 The Mitre still divides, the Crown does close :
 As in *Rogation-Week* they whip us 'round,
 To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *English* Bound.
 What th' Ocean binds, is by the Bishops rent,
 Then Seas make Islands in our Continent.
 Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
 If the Cathedral still shall have its Isles.
 Nothing, not Bogs, nor Sands, nor Seas, nor *Alps*
 Separate the World so as the Bishops Scalps.
 Stretch for the Line their Circingle alone,
 'Twill make a more uninhabitable Zone.
 The friendly Loadstone has not more combin'd,
 Than Bishops cramp the Commerce of Mankind.
 Had it not been for such a Bias strong,
 Two Nations had ne'er miss'd the mark so long.
 The World in all doth but two Nations bear,
 The Good, the Bad, and these mixt every where :
 Under each Pole place either of these two ;
 The Bad will basely, Good will bravely do.
 And few, indeed, can parallel our Climes,
 For Worth Heroick, or Heroick Crimes.
 The trial would, however, be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a *Scotch* or *English* Vice :
 Or whether the same Vertue would reflect
 From *Scotch* or *English* Heart the same effect.

Nation is all but Name, a *Shibboleth*,
Where a mistaken Accent causes Death
In Paradise Names only Nature show'd,
At *Babel* Names from Pride and Discord flow'd;
And ever since Men with a Female Spite,
First call each other names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England*, cause of just uproar,
Do Man and Wife signify Rogue and Whore,
Say but a *Scot*, and strait we fall to sides,
That Syllable like a *Pill's* Wall divides.
Rational Mens words Pledges are of Peace;
Perverted, serve Dissension to increase.
For shame extirpate from each loyal Breast
That senseless Rancour against Interest,
One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Isle,
English and *Scotch*, 'tis all but Cross and Pile,
Charles, our Great Soul, this only understands;
He our Affections both, and Wills commands.
And where Twin-Sympathies cannot atone,
Knows the last Secret, how to make us one.

Just so the prudent Husbandman, that sees
The idle Tumult of his factious Bees,
The Morning-Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
The Hive a Comb-Case, every Bee a Drone:
Pouders them o'er, till none discerns his Foes,
And all themselves in Meal and Friendship lose:
The Insect Kingdom strait begins to thrive,
And all work Honey for the common Hive.

Pardon, young Hero, this so long Tran'port,
Thy Death more noble did the same extort.
My former Satyr for this Verse forget,
My Fault against my Recantation set.
I single did against a Nation write,
Against a Nation thou didst singly fight.
My differing Crimes do more thy Vertue raise,
And such my Rashness best thy Valour praise.

Here *Douglas* smiling said, He did intend,
After such frankness shewn, to be his Friend.

Forewarn'd him therefore, lest in time he were
Metempsychos'd to some *Scotch* Presbyter.

By *A. M.*

Britannia and Raleigh. By *A. Marvell, Esq;*

Br. **A** *H Raleigh*, when thou didst thy Breath resign
To trembling *James*, would I had quitted mine.
Cubs didst thou call them? Hadst thou seen this Brood
Of *Earls* and *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood;
No more of *Scotish* Race thou wouldst complain,
These would be Blessings in this spurious Reign.
Awake, arise from thy long blest Repose,
Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.

Ral. What mighty Pow'r has forc'd me from my rest!
Oh mighty Queen, why so untimely dress!

Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,
Whilst the Leud Court in drunken slumber lies,
I stole away, and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn;
Till *Cavaliers* shall Favourites be deem'd,
And loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd;
Till *Leigh* and *Galloway* shall Bribes reject;
Thus *O—ns* Golden Cheat I shall detect:
Till Atheist *Lauderdale* shall leave this Land,
And *Commons* Votes shall Cut-Nose Guards disband:
Till *Kate* a happy Mother shall become,
Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates *Rome*.

Ral. What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
Your once lov'd Court, and *Martyr's* Progeny?

Brit. A Colony of *French* possess the Court;
Pimps, *Priests*, *Buffoons*, in Privy-Chamber sport.
Such slimy-Monsters ne'er approach'd a Throne,
Since *Pharaoh's* days, nor so defil'd a Crown.

In sacred Ear Tyrannick Arts they croak,
Pervert his Mind, and good Attention choak;
Tell him of Golden *Indies*, Fairy Lands,
Leviathan, and absolute Commands.
Thus, Fairy-like, the King they steal away,
And in his room a Changeling *Lewis* lay.
How oft have I him to himself restor'd,
In's Left the Scale, in's Right Hand plac'd the Sword?
Taught him their use, what Dangers would ensue
To them who strive to separate these two?
The bloody *Scotish* Chronicle read o'er,
Shew'd him how many Kings in purple Gore
Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Love*.

}

The other day fam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
In lofty Notes *Tudor's* blest Race to sing;
How *Spain's* proud Powers her Virgin Arms control'd,
And golden Days in peaceful Order roll'd:
How like ripe Fruit she dropt from off her Throne,
Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great Renown.
As the *Jessean* Hero did appease
Saul's stormy Rage, and stopt his black Disease;
So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song, suppress't
The swelling Passion of his canker'd Breast,
And in his Heart kind Influences shed
Of Country's Love, by Truth and Justice bred.
Then to perform the Cure so well begun,
To him I shew'd this glorious setting Sun:
How by her Peoples Looks pursu'd from far,
So mounted on a bright Celestial Car,
Out-shining *Virgo* or the *Julian* Star.
Whilst in Truth's Mirrour this good Scene he spy'd,
Enter'd a Dame bedeck'd with spotted Pride,
Fair *Flower-de-Luce* within an Azure Field,
Her Left Hand bears the antient *Gallick* Shield,
By her usurp'd; her Right a bloody Sword,
Inscrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord;
Her tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears;

}

Around her *Jove's* lend rav'nous Curs complain,
 Pale Death, Lust, Tortures, fill her pompous Train :
 She from the easy King Truth's Mirror took,
 And on the ground in spiteful Fall it broke ;
 Then frowning, thus, with proud Disdain, she spoke :

Are thred-bare Vertues Ornaments for Kings ?

Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings !
 Do Monarchs rise by Vertue, or by Sword ?
 Who e'er grew Great by keeping of his Word ?
 Vertue's a faint Green-sickness to brave Souls,
 Dastards their Hearts, their active Heat controls.
 The Rival Gods, Monarchs of t'other World,
 This mortal Poison among Princes hurl'd ;
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the Great
 Shall drive them from their proud Celestial Seat,
 If not o'er-aw'd : This new-found holy Cheat.
 Those pious Frauds, too slight t'insnare the Brave,
 Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t'inslave.
 Bribe hungry Priests to deify your Might,
 To teach your Will's your only Rule to Right,
 And sound Damnation to all dare deny't.
 Thus Heaven's designs 'gainst Heaven you shall turn,
 And make them feel those Powers they once did scorn,
 When all the goblin Interest of Mankind,
 By Hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd ;
 And by Impostures God and Man betray'd,
 The Church and State you safely may invade :
 So boundless *Lewis* in full Glory shines,
 Whilst your starv'd Power in legal Fetters pines.
 Shake off those Baby-bands from your strong Arms,
 Henceforth be deaf to that old Witch's Charms :
 Taste the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,
 'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
 Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
 A Sacrifice to you their God and King :
 As these grow stale, we'll harass Human Kind,
 Rack Nature, till new Pleasures you shall find,
 Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind.

When

When she had spoke, a confus'd Murmur rose,
 Of *French, Scotch, Irish*. all my mortal Foes ;
 Some *English* too, O shame ! disguis'd I spy'd,
 Led all by the wise Son-in-Law of *Hyde* :
 With Fury drunk, like *Bacchanals* they roar,
 Down with that common *Magna-Charta Whore* !
 With joint Consent on helpless me they flew,
 And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew :
 My reverend Age expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
 To Prigs, Bauds, Whores, was made the publick
 Frequent Addressee to my *Charles* I send, (Game.
 And my sad State did to his Care commend :
 But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,
 Had lost a Sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.
 Like a tame Spinster in's *Seragl'* he sits,
 Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Bastards Chits ;
 Lull'd in Security, rolling in Lust,
 Resigns his Crown to Angel *Carwell's* Trust.
 Her Creature O——n the Revenue steals,
 False *F—b*, Knave *Ang—sey*, misguide the Seals :
Mac-James the *Irish* Bigots does adore,
 His *French* and *Teague* commands on Sea and Shore :
 The *Scotch-Scalado* of our Court two Isles,
 False *Lauderdale* with *Ordure* all defiles.
 Thus the States Night mar'd by this hellish Rout,
 And no one left these Furies to cast out.
 Ah ! *Vindex* come, and purge the poison'd State ;
 Descend, descend, e'er the Cure's desperate.

Ral. Once more, *Great Queen*, thy Darling strive to
 Snatch him again from Scandal and the Grave : (save,
 Present to's Thoughts his long-scorn'd *Parliament*,
 The Basis of his Throne and Government.
 In his deaf Ears sound his dead Father's Name ;
 Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim :
 Who knows what good Effects from thence may spring ?
 'Tis God-like Good to save a falling King.

Brit. *Raleigh*, no more ; for long in vain I've try'd,
 The *Stuart* from the Tyrant to divide ;

As easily Learn'd *Vertuoso's* may
 With the Dog's Blood his gentle Kind convey
 Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn
 To th' bleating Flock, by him so lately torn.
 If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
 'Tis by no potent Antidote withstood.
 Tyrants, like leproous Kings, for publick Weal
 Should be immur'd, lest the Contagion steal
 Over the whole. Th' Elect of th' *Jessan* Line,
 To this firm Law their Scepter did resign;
 And shall this base Tyrannick Brood invade
 Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made?

To the Serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
 From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know:
 With her the Prudence of the Antients read,
 To teach my People in their steps to tread.
 By their great Pattern such a State I'll frame,
 Shall eternize a glorious lasting Name.
 Till then, my *Raleigh*, teach our noble Youth
 To love Sobriety, and holy Truth:
 Watch and preside over their tender Age,
 Lest Court-Corruption should their Soul engage.
 Teach them how Arts and Arms in thy young days
 Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays.
 Tell them the generous Scorn their Rise does owe
 To Flattery, Pimping, and a Gaudy Show.
 Teach them to scorn the *Carwells*, *Portsmouths*, *Nells*,
 The *Cleavelands*, *O—ns*, *Berties*, *Lauderdale's*;
Poppea, *Tegoline*, and *Arteria's* Name,
 Who yield to these in Leudness, Lust and Fame.
 Make 'em admire the *Talboss*, *Sydneys*, *Veres*,
Drake, *Cav'ndish*, *Blake*; Men void of slavish Fears,
 True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
 On whose fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait,
 When with fierce ardour their bright Souls do burn,
 Back to my dearest Country I'll return.
Tarquin's just Judg, and *Cesar's* equal Peers,
 With them I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.

Publicola

Publicola with healing Hands shall pour
 Balm in their Wounds, and shall their Life restore:
Greek Arts, and *Roman Arms*, in her conjoin'd,
 Shall *England* raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind.
 As *Jove's* great Son th' infested Globe did free
 From noxious Monsters, hell-born Tyranny;
 So shall my *England*, in a Holy War,
 In Triumph lead chain'd Tyrants from afar:
 Her true *Crusado* shall at last pull down
 The *Turkish* Crescent, and the *Persian* Sun!
 Freed by thy Labours fortunate, Blest Isle,
 The Earth shall rest, the Heaven shall on thee smile;
 And this kind Secret for Reward shall give,
 No poison'd Tyrants on thy Earth shall live.

Advice to a Painter. By A. Marvell, Esq;

SPREAD a large Canvas, Painter, to contain
 The great Assembly, and the num'rous Train;
 Where all about him shall in triumph sit,
 Abhorring *Wisdom*, and despising *Wis*;
 Hating all *Justice*, and resolv'd to fight,
 To rob their native Country of their Right.
 First draw his Highness prostrate to the South,
 Adoring *Rome*, this Label in his Mouth.

Most Holy Father! being join'd in League
 With Father *Patrick*, *D—by*, and with *Teague*;
 Thrown at your Sacred Feet, *I humbly bow*,
 I and the wise Associates of my Vow:
 A Vow, nor Fire nor Sword shall ever end,
 Till all this Nation to your Footstool bend.
 Thus arm'd with Zeal, and Blessing from your hands,
 I'll raise my *Papists*, and my *Irish* Bands;
 And by a noble well-contrived Plot,
 Manag'd by wise *Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scat*,

Prove

Prove to the World, I'll make Old *England* know,
 That Common Sense is my eternal Foe ;
 I ne'er can fight in a more glorious Cause,
 Than to destroy their Liberty and Laws :
 Their House of Commons and their House of Lords,
 Their Parchment Precedents, and dull Records,
 Shall these e'er dare to contradict my Will,
 And think a *Prince o'th' Blood* can e'er do ill ?
 It is our *Birth-right* to have power to kill.
 Shall they e'er dare to think they shall decide
 The way to *Heaven* ? And who shall be my *Guide* ?
 Shall they pretend to say, that *Bread* is *Bread*,
 If we affirm it is a *God* indeed ?
 Or there's no *Purgatory* for the Dead ?
 That *Extreme Unction* is but common Oil,
 And not infallible the *Roman Soil* ?
 I'll have those Villains in our Notions rest :
 And I do say it, therefore it's the best.

Next, Painter, draw his *Mordant* by his side,
 Conveying his *Religion* and his *Bride* :
 He who long since abjur'd the Royal Line,
 Does now in Popery with his Master join.
 Then draw the Princess with her Golden Locks,
 Hastning to be envenom'd with the Pox :
 And in her youthful Veins receive a Wound,
 Which sent *N. H.* before her underground ;
 The Wound of which the tainted *C—*ret fades,
 Laid up in store for a new Set of Maids.
 Poor Princess, born under a sullen Star,
 To find such Welcome when you came so far !
 Better some jealous Neighbour of your own
 Had call'd you to a sound, tho' petty Throne ;
 Where 'twixt a wholesom Husband and a Page,
 You might have linger'd out a lazy Age :
 Than on dull Hopes of being here a Queen,
 E'er Twenty die, and rot before Fifteen.

Now, Painter, shew us in the blackest Dye,
 The Counsellors of all this Villany.

Clifford, who first appear'd in humble Guise,
 Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wise ;
 But when he came to act upon the Stage,
 He prov'd the mad *Cetbegus* of our Age.
 He and his Duke had both too great a Mind,
 To be by *Justice* or by *Law* confin'd :
 Their doiling Heads can bear no other Sounds,
 Than Fleets and Armies, Battels, Blood and Wounds ;
 And to destroy our Liberty they hope,
 By *Irish* Fools, and an old doting *Pope*.

Next, *Talbot* must by his great Master stand,
 Laden with *Folly*, *Flesh*, and ill-got *Land* :
 He's of a size indeed to fill a *Porch*,
 But ne'er can make a *Pillar of the Church*.
 His Sword is all his Argument, not his Book ;
 Altho no Scholar, he can act the Cook,
 And will cut Throats again, if he be paid ;
 In th' *Irish* Shambles he first learnt the Trade.

Then, Painter, shew thy Skill, and in fit place
 Let's see the Nuncio *Arundel's* sweet Face ;
 Let the Beholders by thy Art espy
 His *Sense* and *Soul*, as squinting as his Eye.

Let *Bellasis* autumnal Face be seen,
 Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine* ;
 Who trusting in him, was by him betray'd,
 And so shall we when his Advice's obey'd.
 The *Hero* once got Honour by his Sword,
 He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word ;
 And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
 And pimps to have his Family defil'd.

Next, Painter, draw the Rabble of the Plot ;
German, *Fitz-Gerald*, *Loftus*, *Porter*, *Scot* :
 These are fit Heads indeed to turn a State,
 And change the Order of a Nation's Fate.
 Ten Thousand such as these shall ne'er control
 The smallest Atom of an *English* Soul.

Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands,
 Defying all their *Heads* and all their *Hands*.

Its stiddy Basis never could be shook;
 When wiser Men her Ruin undertook:
 And can her Guardian Angel let her stoop
 At last to Madmen, Fools, and to the Pope?
 No, Painter, no; close up this Piece, and see
 This Croud of Traitors hang'd in *Effigie*.

To the KING.

Great *Charles*, who full of Mercy mightst command,
 In Peace and Pleasure, this thy native Land;
 At last take pity of thy tottering Throne,
 Shook by the Faults of others, not thine own.
 Let not thy Life and Crown together end,
 Destroy'd by a false Brother and false Friend.
 Observe the Danger that appears so near,
 That all your Subjects do each minute fear;
 One drop of Poison, or a Popish Knife,
 Ends all the Joys of *England* with thy Life.
 Brothers, 'tis true, by Nature should be kind;
 But a too zealous and ambitious Mind,
 Brib'd with a Crown on Earth, and one above,
 Harbours no Friendship, Tenderness, or Love.
 See in all Ages what Examples are
 Of Monarchs murder'd by th' impatient Heir.
 Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'er believe,
 Till the Stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve!

Nostradamus's Prophecy. By A. Marvell, Esq;

FOR Faults and Follies *London's* Doom shall fix,
 And she must sink in flames in *Sixty six*:
 Fire-Balls shall fly, but few shall see the Train,
 As far as from *Whitehall* to *Pudding-Lane*,
 To burn the City, which again shall rise,
 Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the Skies;

Where

Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
(Tho its Walls stand) shall bring the City lower :
When Legislators shall their Trust betray,
Saving their own, shall give the rest away;
And those false Men by th' easy People sent,
Give Taxes to the King by Parliament :
When bare-fac'd Villains shall not blush to cheat,
And *Chequer*-Doors shall shut up *Lombard-street* :
When Players come to act the Part of *Queens*,
Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes :
When *Sodomy* shall be prime Min'sters Sport,
And *Whoring* shall be the least Crime at Court :
When Boys shall take their Sisters for their Mate,
And practise *Incest* between seven and eight :
When no Man knows in whom to put his trust,
And e'en to rob the *Chequer* shall be just :
When Declarations, Lyes, and every Oath
Shall be in use at Court, but *Faith and Troth* :
When two good Kings shall be at *Brentford Town*,
And when in *London* there shall not be one :
When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,
Whom Wise Men laugh at, and whom Women rule ;
A Min'ster able only in his Tongue,
To make harsh empty *Speeches* two hours long :
When an old *Scotch* Covenanter shall be
The Champion for th' *English* Hierarchy :
When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,
And strive by Law t' establish Tyranny :
When a lean Treasurer shall in one Year,
Make himself fat, his King and People bare :
When th' *English* Prince shall *English* Men despise,
And think *French* only Loyal, *Irish* Wise :
When *Wooden Shoon* shall be the *English* Wear,
And *Magna Charta* shall no more appear :
Then th' *English* shall a greater Tyrant know,
Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story show ;
Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's Spoil,
With Groans to fill his Treasury they toil ;

But

But like the *Bellides* must sigh in vain,
 For that still fill'd, flows out as fast again:
 Then they with envious Eyes shall *Belgium* see,
 And wish in vain *Venetian* Liberty.

The Frogs too late, grown weary of their Pain,
 Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost.

IT happen'd in the Twilight of the Day,
 As *England's* Monarch in his Closet lay,
 And *Chiffinch* step'd to fetch the Female Prey;
 The bloody Shape of *Godfrey* did appear,
 And in sad Vocal Sounds these things declare.

Behold, Great Sir, I from the shades am sent,
 ' To shew these Wounds that did your Fall prevent.
 ' My panting Ghost, as Envoy, comes to call,
 ' And warn you, lest, like me, y^e untimely fall.
 ' Who against Law your Subjects Lives pursue,
 ' By the same Rule may dare to murder you.
 ' I, for *Religion, Laws, and Liberties*,
 ' Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice*.
 ' Think what befel great *Egypt's* harden'd King,
 ' Who scorn'd the Prophets oft admonishing.
 ' Shake off your Brandy-slumbers; for my Words
 ' More truth than all your close Cabal affords.
 ' A Court you have with Luxury o'ergrown,
 ' And all the Vices e'er in Nature known;
 ' Where Pimps and Panders in their Coaches ride,
 ' And in Lampoons and Songs your Lust deride.
 ' Old Bauds and slighted Whores, there tell with shame
 ' The dull Romance of your lascivious Flame,
 ' Players and Scaramouches are your Joy;
 ' Priests and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy:
 ' Still so profuse, you are insolvent grown,
 ' A mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne.

' Your

‘ Your nauseous Palate the worst Food doth crave;
‘ No wholesom Viands can an entrance have;
‘ Each Night you lodg in that *French Syren’s* Arms,
‘ She strait betrays you with her wanton Charms;
‘ Works on your Heart, soften’d with Love and Wine,
‘ And then betrays you to some *Philistine*.
‘ Imperial Lust does o’er your Scepter sway,
‘ And tho a Sovereign, makes you to obey.
‘ She that from *Lisbon* came with such Renown,
‘ And to enrich you with the *Africk* Town;
‘ In Nature mild, and gentle as a Dove,
‘ Yet for Religion can a Serpent prove:
‘ Priest-rid with Zeal, she plots, and did design
‘ To cut your Thred of Life, as well as mine.
‘ Yet Thoughts so stupid have your Soul possess,
‘ As if enchanted by some Magick Priest:
‘ There’s no Example urge you to relent,
‘ You pardon guilty, punish innocent.
‘ Next he who ’gainst the Senate’s Vote did wed,
‘ Took defil’d *M.* and *Este* to his Bed.
‘ Fiend in his Face, Apostate in his Name,
‘ Contriv’d two Wars to your eternal shame.
‘ He antient Laws and Liberties defies,
‘ On standing Guards and new-raisd Force relies.
‘ The *Teague* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,
‘ And fain he would be mounted one step higher.
‘ All this by you must needs be plainly seen,
‘ And yet he awes you with his daring Spleen.
‘ Th’ unhappy Kingdom suffer’d much of old,
‘ When *Spencer* and loose *Gaveston* control’d;
‘ Yet they by just Decrees were timely sent
‘ To suffer a perpetual Banishment.
‘ But your bold Statesmen nothing can restrain,
‘ Their most enormous Courses you maintain.
‘ They like those head-strong Horses of the Sun,
‘ Guided by the unskilful *Phaeton*,
‘ Your tott’ring Chariot bear thro uncouth ways,
‘ Till the next World’s inflamed with your Rays.
‘ Witness

' Witness that Man, who had for divers years
 ' Paid the brib'd Commons *Pensions* and *Arrears*;
 ' Tho your Exchequer was at his Command,
 ' Durst not before his just Accusers stand:
 ' His Crimes and Treason's of so black a hue,
 ' None dare to prove his Advocate but You.
 ' Whoe'er within your Palace-Walls remain,
 ' Abhor your Actions, serve you but for Gain.
 ' The *Affyrians* (as Histories relate)
 ' Had once a King grown so Effeminate,
 ' All State-Affairs seem'd irksom in his sight,
 ' In Spinning-Wheels he plac'd his whole Delight;
 ' With his leud *Strumpet*-Crew he did retire,
 ' Condemn'd and loath'd, he set himself on fire:
 ' And only in this Act the World did own,
 ' The greatest Manhood of his Life was shown.
 ' Rome ne'er to such a glorious State had grown,
 ' Had not luxurious *Tarquin* there been known;
 ' A single Rape was deem'd such a Disgrace,
 ' They extirpate his odious Name and Race:
 ' Tho he from *Tuscan* Kings did Succour crave,
 ' Yet they with Arms pursu'd him to the Grave.
 ' Ingenuous People always have withstood,
 ' What stains their Honour or the Publick Good.
 ' Trust not in Prelates false Divinity,
 ' Who wrong their Prince, and shame their Deity;
 ' Making their God so partial in their Cause,
 ' Exempting Kings alone from human Laws.
 ' These lying Oracles they did infuse
 ' Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuse:
 ' Their strong Delusions did him so intral,
 ' No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.
 ' Repent in time, and banish from your sight
 ' The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, Church-Parasite.
 ' Let Innocence deck your remaining Days,
 ' That After-Ages may unfold your Praise:
 ' So may Historians in new methods write,
 ' And draw a Curtain 'twixt your Black and White.
 ' The

The Ghost spake thus, groan'd thrice, and said no more;
 Straight in came *Chiffinch*, hand in hand, with Whore.
 The King, tho much concern'd 'twixt Joy and Fear,
 Starts from the Couch, and bids the Dame draw near.

An Historical Poem. By A. Marvel Esq;

OF a tall Stature, and of sable Hue;
 Much like the Son of *Kish*, that lofty Jew:
 Twelve Years compleat he suffer'd in Exile,
 And kept his Father's Asses all the while.
 At length by wonderful Impulse of Fate,
 The People call him home to help the State;
 And what is more, they send him Money too,
 And clothe him all, from Head to Foot, anew.
 Nor did he such small Favours then disdain,
 But in his Thirtieth Year began his Reign:
 In a flasht Doublet then he came ashore,
 And dubb'd poor *Palmer's* Wife his Royal Wh——:
 Bishops and Deans, Peers, Pimps, and Knights he made,
 Things highly fitting for a Monarch's Trade;
 With Women, Wine, and Viands of Delight,
 His jolly Vassals feast him Day and Night.
 But the best Times have ever some allay,
 His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.
 Bold *James* survives, no Dangers make him flinch,
 He marries Seignior *Fal* ——'s pregnant Wench:
 The pious Mother Queen, hearing her Son
 Was thus enamour'd on a Butter'd Bun;
 And that the Fleet was gone in Pomp and State
 To fetch, for *Charles*, the Flow'ry *Lisbon Kate*,
 She chaunts *Te Deum*, and so comes away,
 To wish her hopeful Issue timely Joy.
 Her most uxorious Mate she rul'd of old,
 Why not with easy Youngsters make as bold?
 From the *French* Court she haughty Topicks brings,
 Deludes their pliant Nature with vain things;

Her Mischief-breeding Breast did so prevail,
 The new-got *Flemish* Town was set to sale;
 For these and *Germain's* Sins she founds a Church,
 So slips away, and leaves us in the lurch.
 Now the Court-sins did every Place defile,
 And Plagues and War fell heavy on the Isle.
 Pride nourisht Folly, Folly a Delight
 With the *Batavian* Commonwealth to fight:
 But the *Dutch* Fleet fled suddenly with Fear,
 Death and the Duke so dreadful did appear.
 The dreadful Victor took his soft Repose,
 Scorning pursuit of such Mechanick Foes.

But now *Y—k's* Genitals grew over-hot,
 With *D—bam's* and *Carneige's* infected Plot;
 Which, with Religion so inflam'd his Ire,
 He left the City when 'twas set on Fire:
 So *Philip's* Son, inflamed with a Miss,
 Burnt down the Palace of *Persopolis*.
 Foil'd thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* woos,
 And with the *Dutch* a second War renews.
 But here his *French*-bred Prowess prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole-Bay* again.

This Isle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
 Whilst the brave *Tudors* wore th' Imperial Crown;
 But since the Royal Race of *St—s* came,
 It has recoyl'd to Popery, and Shame:
 Misguided Monarchs, rarely wise and just;
 Tainted with Pride, and with impetuous Lust.

Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
 Or count the various Blemishes of State,
 My Muse would on the Reader's Patience grate.

The poor *Priapus King*, led by the Nose,
 Looks as a thing set up to scare the Crows;
 Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinstrian Sport,
 Outdoes *Tiberius*, and his Goatish Court.
 In Love's Delights none did 'em e'er excel,
 Not *Tereus* with his Sister *Philomel*.

As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
And gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutchess treat.
What sad Event attended on the same,
We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.

The *Senate*, which should head-strong Princes stay,
Let loose the Reins, and give the Realm away ;
With lavish Hands they constant Tributes give,
And annual Stipends for their Guilt receive.
Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
To the Black Idol for an Offering.
All but religious Cheats might justly swear,
He true Vicegerent to old *Moloch* were.

Priests were the first Deluders of Mankind,
Who with vain Faith made all their Reason blind :
Not *Lucifer* himself more proud than they,
And yet persuade the World they must obey ;
'Gainst Avarice and Luxury complain,
And practise all the Vices they arraign.
Riches and Honour they from Laymen reap,
And with dull *Crambo* feed the silly Sheep.
As *Killigrew* buffoons his Master, they
Droll on their God, but a much duller way ;
With *Hocus Pocus*, and their heavenly flight,
They gain on tender Consciences at Night.
Whoever has an over-zealous Wife,
Becomes the Priest's *Amphitrio*, during Life.
Who would such Men Heaven's Messengers believe,
Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive ?
Baal's wretched Curates legerdemain'd it so,
And never durst their Tricks above-board show.

When our first Parents Paradise did grace,
The *Serpent* was the Prelate of the Place.
Fond *Eve* did for this subtil Tempter's sake,
From the Forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
His God and Lord this Preacher did betray.
To have the weaker Vessel made his Prey.
Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
The chiefest Blessings *Adam's* Chaplain got.

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws detest,
And trace the ways fantastick of a Priest;
Till native Reason's basely forc'd to yield,
And Hosts of upstart Errors gain the Field.

My Muse presum'd a little to digress,
And touch their holy Function with my Verse:
Now to the Stage again she tends direct,
And does on Giant *Lauderdale* reflect.

This haughty Monster, with his ugly Claws,
First temper'd Poison to destroy our Laws;
Declares the Council's Edicts are beyond
The most authentick Statutes of the Land:
Sets up in *Scotland*, a-la-mode *de France*,
Taxes, Excise, and Armies does advance.
This *Saracen* his Country's Freedom broke,
To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke:
This is the Savage Pimp without Dispute,
First brought his Mother for a Prostitute.
Of all the Miscreants e'er went to Hell,
This Villain Rampant bears away the Bell.
Now must my Muse deplore the Nation's Fate,
Like a true Lover for her dying Mate.

The Royal Evil so malignant grows,
Nothing the dire Contagion can oppose.
In our Weal-publick scarce one thing succeeds,
For one Man's Weakness a whole Nation bleeds,
Ill-luck starts up, and thrives like evil Weeds. }
Let *Cromwell's* Ghost smile with Contempt, to see
Old *England* struggling under Slavery.

His meager Highness now has got astride,
Does on *Britannia*, as on *Churchil*, ride.

White-liver'd D ——— calls for his swift Jack-all,
To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to master all.

Clifford and *Hyde* before had lost the Day;
One hang'd himself, and t'other ran away.
'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail,
But O ——— and the Duke must needs prevail.

The Duke now vaunts with *Popish* Mirmydons;
Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,
Are man'd by him, or by his *Holiness*,
Bold *Irish* Ruffians to his Court address.
This is the Colony to plant his Knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his murdering Braves.
Here for an Ensign, or Lieutenant's Place,
They'll kill a Judg or Justice of the Peace.
At his Command *Mac* will do any thing;
He'll burn a City, or destroy a King.
From *Tiber* came th'Advice-boat monthly home,
And brought new Lessons to the Duke from *Rome*.
Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Councils dire,
The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inspire:
Heaven had him Chieftain of *Great Britain* made,
Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid;
Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
His Brother, sneaking Heretick, should die.
A Priest should do it, from whose sacred Stroke
All *England* strait should fall beneath his Yoke.
God did renounce him, and his Cause disown,
And in his stead had plac'd him on his Throne.
From *Saul* the Land of Promise thus was rent,
And *Jesse's* Son plac'd in the Government.
The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cause,
And Monarchs are above all human Laws.

Thus said the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
Who strait design'd his Brother to supplant:
Fiends of Ambition here his Soul possess,
And thirst of Empire calentur'd his Breast.

Hence Ruin and Destruction had ensu'd,
And all the People been in Blood imbru'd,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And stopt his Malice in his full career.

Be wise, ye Sons of Men, tempt God no more;
To give you Kings in's Wrath to vex you fore:
If a King's Brother can such Mischiefs bring,
Then how much greater Mischiefs such a King?

Hodge's *Vision from the Monument*, December,
1675. By A. Marvel, Esq.

*A Country Clown call'd Hodge, went up to view
The Pyramid; pray mark what did ensue.*

WHEN Hodge had numbred up how many Score }
The Airy Pyramid contain'd, he swore }
No Mortal Wight e'er climb'd so high before.
To the best Vantage plac'd, he views around
Th' Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets crown'd ;
That wealthy Store-house of the bounteous Flood,
Whose peaceful Tides o'erflow our Land with Good :
Confused Forms flit by his wandring Eyes,
And his wrapt Soul's o'erwhelm'd with Extasies :
Some God it seems has enter'd his plain Breast,
And with's Abode the rustick *Mansion* blest ;
Almighty Change he feels in every part,
Light shines in's Eyes, and Wisdom rules his Heart.
So when her pious Son, fair *Venus* shew'd
His flaming *Troy*, with slaughter'd *Dardans* strew'd ;
She purg'd his Opticks, fill'd with mortal Night,
And *Troy's* sad Doom he read, by Heaven's Light,
Such Light Divine broke on the clouded Eyes
Of humble *Hodge*.

Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policies,
The circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries,
He views, discerns, uncyphers, penetrates,
From *Charles's* Dukes, to *Europe's* armed States.
First he beholds proud *Rome* and *France* combin'd,
By double Vassalage t' enslave Mankind ;
That wou'd the Soul, this wou'd the Body sway,
Their Bulls and Edicts none must disobey.
For these with War sad *Europe* they inflame,
Rome says for God, and *France* declares for Fame.
See Sons of *Satan*, know Religion's Force
Is Gentleness, Fame bought with Blood a Curse.

He

He whom all stil'd Delight of Humane kind,
 Justice and Mercy, Truth with Honour join'd:
 His kindly Rays cherish the teeming Earth,
 And struggling Vertue blest with prosperous Birth.
 Like Chaos you the tott'ring Globe invade,
 Religion cheat, and War ye make a Trade.
 Next the leud Palace of the Plotting King,
 To's Eyes new Scenes of frantick Folly bring;
 Behold (says he) the Fountain of our Woe,
 From whence our Vices and our Ruin flow.
 Here Parents their own Off-spring prostitute,
 By such vile Arts t'obtain some viler Suit;
 Here blooming Youth adore *Priapus* Shrine,
 And Priests pronounce him Sacred and Divine.
 The *Goatish* God behold in his *Alcove*,
 (The secret Scene of damn'd incestuous Love.)
 Melting in Lust, and drunk like *Lot*, he lies
 Betwixt two bright Daughter-Divinities.
 Oh! that like *Saturn* he had eat his Brood,
 And had been thus stain'd with their impious Blood,
 He had in that less Ill, more Manhood shew'd.
 Cease, cease, (O C——) thus to pollute our Isle,
 Return, return to thy long-wish'd Exile;
 There with thy Court defile thy Neighbour-States,
 And with their Crimes precipitate their Fates.
 See where the Duke in damn'd Divan does sit,
 To's vast Designs wracking his pigmy Wit;
 Whilst a choice Senate of th' *Ignatian* Crew,
 The Ways to Murder, Treason, Conquest shew.
 Dissenters they oppress with Law severe,
 That whilst to wound those Innocents we fear,
 Their cursed Sect we may be forc'd to spare.
 Twice the Reform'd must fight a bloody Prize,
 That *Rome* and *France* may on their Ruin rise.
 Old *Bonner* single *Hereticks* did burn,
 These Reform'd Cities into Ashes turn,
 And every Year new Fires make us mourn.

Ireland stands ready for his cruel Reign;
 Well fatned once, she gapes for Blood again,
 For Blood of *English* Martyrs basely slain,
 Our valiant Youth abroad must learn the Trade
 Of unjust War, their Country to invade,
 Whilst others here do guard us, to prepare
 Our gauled Necks his Iron Yoke to bear.
 Lo how the *Wight* already is betray'd,
 And *Bashaw Holmes* does the poor Isle invade;
 T'ensure the Plot, *France* must her Legions lend,
Rome to restore, and to enthrone *Rome's* Friend.
 'Tis in return, *James* does our Fleet betray,
 (That Fleet whose Thunder made the World obey;) }
 Ships once our Safety, and our glorious Might,
 Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenness to fight;
 Whilst *France* rides Sovereign o'er the *British* Main,
 Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen ta'en,
 Thus this rash *Phaeton* with Fury hurl'd,
 And rapid Rage, consumes our *British* World.
 Blast him, O Heavens! in his mad Career,
 And let this Isle no more his Frenzy fear.
 C — F —, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,
 False to thy self, and to thy Friend much more;
 To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope, *Coleman*.
 Whilst with pretended Joy he kiss'd the Rope:
 O'erwhelm'd with Guilt, and gasping out a Lye, }
 Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou let'st him dye,
 With equal Gratitude and Charity.
 In spite of *Jermin*, and of Black-mouth'd Fame;
 This S — is Trick legitimates thy Name.
 With one Consent we all her Death desire,
 Who durst her Husband's and her King's conspire.
 And now just Heaven's prepar'd to set us free,
 Heaven and our Hopes are both oppos'd by thee,
 Thus fondly thou dost *Hyde's* old Treason own,
 Thus makes thy new suspected Treason known.
 Bless me! What's that at *Westminster* I see?
 That piece of Legislative Pageantry!

To our dear *James*, has *Rome* her Conclave lent?
 Or has *Charles* bought the *Paris* Parliament?
 None else would promote *James* with so much Zeal,
 Who by Provifo hopes the Crown to steal:
 See how in humble Guise the Slaves advance,
 To tell a Tale of Army, and of *France*.
 Whilst proud Prerogative in scornful Guise,
 Their Fear, Love, Duty, Danger does despise;
 There in a brib'd Committee they contrive,
 To give our Birth-rights to Prerogative:
 Give, did I say? They sell, and sell so dear,
 That half each Tax *D——y* distributes there.
D——y, 'tis fit the price so great shall be,
 They sell Religion, sell their Liberty.
 These Vipers have their Mothers Entrails torn,
 And would by force a second time be born.
 They haunt the Place to which you once were sent,
 This Ghost of a departed Parliament. *Ob. the*
 Gibbets and Halters Countrymen prepare, *15th. 76.*
 Let none, let none their Renegadoes spare.
 When that Day comes, we'll part the Sheep and Goats,
 The spruce brib'd *Monsieurs* from the true grey Coats.
 New Parliaments, like Manna, all Tasts please,
 But kept too long, our Food turns our Disease.
 From that loath'd Sight, *Hodge* turn'd his weeping Eyes,
 And *London* thus alarms with loyal Cries.
 Tho common Danger does approach so nigh,
 This stupid Town sleeps in Security;
 Out of your Golden Dreams awake, awake,
 Your All, your All, tho you see't not's at Stake;
 More dreadful Fires approach your falling Town,
 Than those which burnt your stately Structures down,
 Such fatal Fires as once in *Smithfield* shone. }
 If then ye stay till *Edwards* Orders give, *Mayon.*
 No mortal Arm your Safety can retrieve.
 See how with golden Baits the crafty *Gaul*
 Has brib'd our Geese to yield the Capital;

And

And will ye tamely see your selves betray'd?
Will none stand up in our dear Country's Aid?

Self-preservation, Nature's first great Law,
All the Creation, except Man, does awe:
'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Priests defac'd
His Heav'n-born Mind, and Nature's Tablets ras'd.
Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd
By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* seal'd.
If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,
It is the grand Prerogative of all:
If to do ill unpunish'd, be their Right,
Such Power's not granted that great King of Night.
Man's Life moves on the Poles of Hope and Fear,
Reward and Pain all Orders do revere.
But if your dear Lord Sov'reign you would spare,
Admonish him in his Blood-thirsty Heir.
So when the Royal Lion does offend,
The beaten Cur's example makes him mend.
This said, poor *Hodge* then in a broken Tone,
Cry'd out, Oh *Charles!* thy Life, thy Life, thy Crown;
Ambitious *James*, and bloody Priests conspire,
Plots, Papists, Murders, Massacres, and Fire;
Poor Protestants! With that his Eyes did roll,
His Body fell, out fled his frightened Soul,

*A Dialogue between two Horses. By Andrew
Marvel Esq; 1674.*

The Introduction.

WE read in profane and sacred Records
Of Beasts, that have utter'd articulate Words;
When Magpies and Parrots cry, *Walk Knaves, walk,*
It is a clear Proof that Birds too may talk.
And Statues without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
Have spoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues:

Livy

Livy tells a strange Story, can hardly be fellow'd,
 That a sacrific'd Ox, when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which, as grave Authors tell you,
 Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that spake, made of Brass;
 And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Ass.
 At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones now and then Sirs,
 Have to Questions return'd Articulate Answers.
 All Popish Believers think something Divine,
 When Images speak, possesseth the Shrine,
 But they that *Faith Catholick* ne'er understood.
 When Shrines give Answer, as Knaves, on the Rood,
 Those Idols ne'er spoke, but are Miracles done
 By the Devil, a Priest, a Fryer, or a Nun.
 If the *Roman Church*, good Christians, oblige ye
 To believe Man and Beast have spoke in Effigie,
 Why should we not credit the publick Discourses,
 In a Dialogue between two inanimate Horses?
 The Horses, I mean of *Wool-Church* and *Charing* —
 Who told many Truths worth any Man's hearing.
 Since *Viner* and *Osborn* did buy, and provide 'em,
 For the two mighty Monarchs that now do bestride 'em,
 The stately brass Stallion, and the white Marble Steed,
 One Night came together, by all 'tis agreed:
 When both Kings being weary of sitting all Day,
 Were stolen off *Incognito* each his own way.
 And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes,
 Not only discours'd, but fell to Disputes.

The Dialogue.

W. Quoth the marble Horse, it would make a Stone speak,
 To see a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lombard-street* break;
 Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
 When both Knaves agreed to be each other's Brother.

C. Here *Charing* broke forth, and thus he went on,
 My Brass is provoked as much as thy Stone,

To

To see Church and State bow down to a Whore;
 And the King's chief Minister holding the Door;
 The Mony of Widows and Orphans imploy'd,
 And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whore's
W. To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne, (Pride:
 And the K—s wicked Life say, God there is none.
C. That he should be stil'd Defender of the Faith,
 Who believes not a jot, what the Word of God saith.
W. That the D— should turn Papist, and that Church defy,
 For which his own Father a Martyr did die.
C. Tho he chang'd his Religion, I hope he's so civil,
 Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.
W. That Bondage and Beggary should be in a Nation,
 By a curst House of Commons, and a blest Restoration.
C. To see a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
 And scarce a wise Man at a long Council-board.
W. That the Bank should be seized, yet the Cheq. so poor,
Lord have Mercy, and a *Cross* might be set on the Door.
C. That a Million and half should be the Revenue,
 Yet the King of his Debts pay no Man a Penny.
W. That a K— should consume three Kingdoms Estates,
 And yet all the Court be as poor as Church-Rats.
C. That of four Seas Dominion, and of their guarding,
 No Token should appear, but a poor Copper Farthing.
W. Our Worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatham*,
 Not our Trade to secure, but for Fools to come at 'em.
C. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli's* Scorn,
 By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Leghorn*.
W. That making us Slaves by Horse and Foot-Guard,
 For restoring the King shall be all our Reward.
C. The basest Ingratitude ever was heard,
 But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.
W. On *Harry the VII's* Head, he that plac'd the Crown,
 Was after rewarded by losing his own.
C. That Parliament-men should rail at the Court,
 And get good Preferments immediately for't.
 To see them that suffer both for Father and Son,
 And helped to bring the latter to his Throne:

That

That with their Lives and Estates did loyally serve,
And yet for all this, can nothing deserve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferments deny'd 'em,
The *Round-heads* insult, and the *Courtiers* deride 'em.
And none get Preferments, but who will betray
Their Country to Ruin, 'tis that opes the way
Of the bold talking Members. ———

W. — If the Bastards you add,

What a number of rascally Lords have been made.

C. That Traitors to the Country in a brib'd House of C.
Should give away Millions at every Summons.

W. Yet some of those Givers, such beggarly Villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty Shillings.

C. No wonder that Beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what's given, do get a good living.

W. Four Knights and a Knave, who were Burgesses made,
For selling their Consciences were liberally paid.

C. How base are the Souls of such low-prized Sinners,
Who vote with the Country for Drink and for Dinners.

W. 'Tis they that brought on us this scandalous Yoke,
Of excising our Cups, and taxing our Smoke.

C. But thanks to the Whores who made the K — dogged,
For giving no more the R — are prorogued.

W. That a King should endeavour to make a War cease,
Which augments and secures his own Profit and Peace.

C. And Plenipotentiaries sent into *France*, (Brains.
With an addle-headed Knight, and a Lord without

W. That the King should send for another *French* Whore,
When one already had made him so poor.

C. The Misses take place, and advanc'd to be Dutches,
With Pomp great as Queens in their Coach and six
Horses: (Lords,

Their Bastards made Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, and
And all the high Titles that Honour affords.

W. While these Brats and their Mothers, do live in such
Plenty,

The Nation's impoverish'd, and the Chequer quite
empty:

And

And tho War was pretended when the Mony was lent,
More on Whores, than in Ships, or in War, hath
been spent.

C. Enough, dear Brother, altho we speak Reason;
Yet Truth many times being punish'd for Treason,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongues,
Bold speaking hath done both Men and Beasts wrong.
When the Ass so boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knowest what Danger was like to come of it;
Tho the Beast gave his Master ne'er an ill Word,
Instead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wish'd for a Sword.

W. Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have said:
Our Riders are absent, who is't that can hear?
Let's be true to our selves, who then need we fear?
Where is thy K— gone? (*Char.*) To see Bishop *Laud*.

W. To cuckold a Scrivener, mine's in Masquerade;
On such Occasions he oft strays away,
And returns to remount me about Break of Day:
In very dark Nights sometimes you may find him,
With a Harlot got up on my Crupper behind him.

C. Pause Brother a while, and calmly consider
What thou hast to say against my *Royal Rider*.

W. Thy Priest-ridden King turn'd desperate fighter
For the *Surplice*, *Lawn-sleeves*, the *Cross* and the *Mitre*;
Till at last on the Scaffold he was left in the lurch
By Knaves, that cry'd up themselves for the Church,
Archbishops and Bishops, Archdeacons and Deans.

C. Thy King will ne'er fight unless't be for *Queans*.

W. He that dies for Ceremonies, dies like a Fool.

C. The K—— on thy Back is a lamentable Tool.

W. The Goat and the Lion I equally hate,
And Freeman alike value Life and Estate:
Tho the Father and Son be different Rods,
Between the two Scourgers we find little odds;
Both infamous stand in three Kingdoms Votes,
This for picking our Pockets, that for cutting our
Throats.

C. More tolerable are the Lion Kings Slaughters,
Than the Goat making Whores of our Wives and
our Daughters.

The Debauched and Cruel since they equally gall us,
I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus*.

W. One of the two Tyrants must still be our Case,
Under all that shall reign of the false S — Race.
De Wit and *Cromwel* had each a brave Soul,
I freely declare it, I am for old *Noll* ;
Though his Government did a Tyrant resemble,
He made *England* great, and his Enemies tremble.

C. Thy Rider puts no Man to Death in his Wrath,
But is bury'd alive in Lust and in Sloth.

W. What is thy Opinion of *James Duke of York* ?

C. The same that the Frogs had of *Jupiter's Stork*.
With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick's* Disciples will make *England* smart.
If e'er he be King, I know *Britain's* Doom,
We must all to a Stake, or be Converts to *Rome*.
Ah ! *Tudor*, ah ! *Tudor*, we have had St — s enough ;
None ever reign'd like old *Bess* in the Ruff.
Her *Walsingham* could dark Counsels unriddle,
And our Sir *J — pb* write new Books, and fiddle.

W. Truth Brother, well said, but that's somewhat bitter,
His perfum'd Predecessor was never more fitter :
Yet we have one Secretary Honest and Wise ;
For that very Reason, he's never to rise.

But can'st thou devise when things will be mended ?

C. When the Reign of the Line of the St — s is ended.

Conclusion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Rome's* first Age,
Prodigious Events did surely presage,
That should come to pass, all Mankind may swear,
That which two inanimate Horses declare.
But I should have told you before the Jades parted,
Both gallop'd to *Whitehall*, and there humbly farted ;
Which

Which Tyranny's Downfal portended much more
 Than all that the Beasts had spoken before.
 If the *Delphick Sybil's* oracular Speeches
 (As learned Men say) came out of their Breeches,
 Why might not our Horses, since Words are but Wind,
 Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewise behind?
 Tho Tyrants make Laws, which they strictly proclaim,
 To conceal their own Faults and cover their own Shame;
 Yet the Beasts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wall,
 Will publish their Faults and prophesy their Fall;
 When they take from the People the Freedom of Words,
 They teach them the sooner to fall to their Swords.
 Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan, (Son.
 (They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to the
 For Wine and strong Drink make Tumults encrease,
 Chocolate, Tea and Coffee, are Liquors of Peace;
 No Quarrel, or Oaths among those that drink them,
 'Tis *Bacchus* and the Brewer, swear damn'em and sink'em.
 Then C——; thy late Edict against Coffee recal,
 There's ten times more Treason in Brandy and Ale.

*On the Lord-Mayor and Court of Aldermen,
 presenting the late King and Duke of York,
 each with a Copy of their Freedoms, Anno
 Dom. 1674.*

By A. Marvel Esq;

I.

THE *Londoners* Gent. to the King do present
 In a Box the City Maggot;
 'Tis a thing full of Weight, that requires the Might
 Of whole *Guild-Hall* Team to drag it.

Whilst

II. (dwelt,
Whilst their Churches unbuilt, and their Houses un-
And their Orphans want Bread to feed 'em;
Themselves they've bereft of the little Wealth they
To make an Offering of their Freedom. (had left,

III.
O ye addle-brain'd Cits! who henceforth in their wits
Would intrust their Youth to your heeding?
When in Diamonds and Gold you have him thus en-
You know both his Friends and his Breeding? (roll'd,

IV.
Beyond Sea he began, where such a Riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him;
And now he's come o'er ten times worse than before,
When none but such Fools would receive him.

V.
He ne'er knew, not he, how to serve or be free,
Tho he has past thro so many Adventures;
But e'er since he was bound, (that is, he was crown'd)
He has every day broke his Indentures.

VI.
He spends all his Days in running to Plays,
When he should in the Shop be poring;
And he wafts all his Nights in his constant Delights,
Of Revelling, Drinking, and Whoring.

VII.
Throughout Lombard-street each Man he did meet,
He would run on the Score and Borrow;
When they ask'd for their own, he was broke and
And his Creditors left to sorrow. (gone,

VIII.
Tho oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would cease
To vex his poor Neighbours with Quarrels;
And when he was beat, he still made his Retreat
To his Cleavelands, his Nells, and his Carwels.

IX.
Nay, his Company leud were twice grown so rude,
That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,

And the House being well bar'd, with Guard upon
They'd rob'd us of all our Propriety. (Guard,

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Ashley* betray'd,
As had cancel'd all former Disasters; (Trumpets,
And your Wives had been Strumpets to his Highness's
And Footboys had all been your Masters.

XI.

So many are the Debts, and the Bastards he gets,
Which must all be defray'd by *London*
That notwithstanding the Care of Sir *Thomas Player*,
The Chamber must needs be undone.

XII.

His Words nor his Oath cannot bind him to Troth,
And he values not Credit or History;
And tho he has serv'd thro two Prenticeships now,
He knows not his Trade nor his Mystery.

XIII.

Then *London* rejoice in thy fortunate Choice,
To have made him free of thy Spices;
And do not mistrust, he may once grow more just,
When he's worn off his Follies and Vices.

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the Kingdom's Darling?
Ye hug it, and draw like Ants at a Straw,
Tho too small for the Gristle of Sterling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the Duke's Ills?
(He is too far gone to begin it)
Or that your fine Show in Processioning go,
With the Pix and the Host within it?

XVI.

The very first Head of the Oath you him read,
Shew you all how he's to govern,
When in Heart (you all knew) he ne'er was nor will
To his Country or to his Sovereign. (be true

↓

XVII.

XVII.

And who pray could swear, that he would forbear
To cull out the Good of an Alien,
Who still doth advance the Government of France
With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian*?

XVIII.

And now, Worshipful Sirs, go fold up your Furs,
And *Vyners* turn again, turn again;
I see whoe'er's freed, you for Slaves are decreed,
Until you *burn again, burn again.*

On Blood's Stealing the Crown.

By A. Marvell, Esq;

WHEN daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd,
Upon the *Englisb* Diadem distrain'd;
He chose the Cassock, Suringle and Gown,
The fittest Mask for one that robs the Crown:
But his Lay-Pity underneath prevail'd,
And whilst he sav'd the Keeper's Life, he fail'd.
With the Priest's Vestment had he but put on
The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

Farther Instructions to a Painter, 1670.

By A. Marvell, Esq;

PAINTER, once more thy Pencil re-assume,
And draw me in one Scene *London* and *Rome*:
Here holy *Charles*, there good *Aurelius* sat,
Weeping to see their Sons degenerate;
His *Romans* taking up the *Teemer's* Trade,
The *Britans* jiggling it in Masquerade:

Whilst the brave Youths tir'd with the Toil of State,
 Their weary'd Minds and Limbs to recreate,
 Do to their more belov'd Delights repair,
 One to his ———, the other to his Player.

Then change the Scene, and let the next present
 A Landskip of our motley Parliament ;
 And place hard by the Bar, on the Left hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming Wand :

Our Pig-ey'd ——— on his ——— Fashion,

Set by the worst Attorney of our Nation :

This great Triumvirate that can divide
 The Spoils of *England* ; and along that side
 Place *Falstaff's* Regiment of thred-bare Coats,
 All looking this way, how to give their Votes.

And of his dear Reward let none despair,
 For Money comes when *Sey* ——— leaves the Chair.

Change once again, and let the next afford

The Figure of a Motley Council-Board

At *Arlington's*, and round about it set

Our mighty Masters in a warm debate.

Full Bowls, and lusty Wine repeat,

To make them t'other Council-Board forget :

That while the King of *France* with pow'ful Arms,

Gives all his fearful Neighbours strange Alarms,

We in our glorious Bacchanals dispose

The humbled Fate of a *Plebeian* Nose.

Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,

Draw me a Champion mounted on a Steed ;

And after him a brave Brigade of Horse,

Arm'd at all points, ready to reinforce

His ; this Assault upon a single Man.

'Tis this must make *Obryan* great in Story,

And add more Beams to *Sandy's* former Glory.

Draw our *Olympia* next, in Council set

With *Cupid*, *S* ———, and the Tool of State :

Two of the first Recanters of the House,

That aim at Mountains, and bring forth a Mouse ;

Who make it by their mean Retreat appear,
 Five Members need not be demanded here.
 These must assist her in her Countermines,
 To overthrow the *Derby-House* Designs:
 Whilst *Positive* walks, like *Woodcock* in the *Park*,
 Contriving Projects with a Brewer's Clark.
 Thus all employ themselves, and without pity,
 Leave *Temple* singly to be beat i'th' City.

OCEANA and BRITANNIA.

By A. Marvell, Esq;

Non ego sum Vates, sed prisca conscientia ævi.

Oceana. **W**Hither, O whither wander I forlorn?
 Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a Scorn!
 My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
 Thy Offspring *Archon*, Heir to thy just Worth.
Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries!
Lucina help, assuage my Miseries.
Saturnian Spite pursues me thro the Earth,
 No corner's left to hide my long-wish'd Birth.
 Great Queen o'th' Isles, yield me a safe Retreat
 From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.
 To me, O *Delos*, on my Child-bed smile,
 My happy Seed shall fix thy floating Isle;
 I feel fierce Pangs assault my teeming Womb,
Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother come!

Brit. What doleful Shrieks pierce my affrighted Ear!
 Shall I ne'er rest for this leud Ravisher?
 Rapes, Burnings, Murders, are his Royal Sport,
 These *Modish Monsters* haunt his perjur'd Court.
 No tumbling Player so oft e'er chang'd his Shape,
 As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timorous *French Ape*.

True Protestants in *Roman* Habits drest,
 With *Scrogs* he baits, that rav'nous Butcher's Beast ;
Tresilian Jones, that fair-fac'd Crocodile,
 Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and smile :
Neronian Flames at *London* do him please,
 At *Oxford* plots to act *Agathocles*.
 His Plot's reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
 And's fatal hour shall know no Foe nor Friend.
 Last *Martyr's* Day I saw a Cherub stand
 Across my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
 The other on th' enthralled *Gallick* Shore,
 Aloud proclaim their Time shall be no more.
 This mighty Power Heaven's equal Ballance sway'd,
 And in one Scale Crowns, Crossiers, Scepters laid ;
 I'th' other a sweet smiling Babe did lie,
 Circled with *Glorie*, deck'd with Majesty.
 With stedd' Hand he pois'd the Golden Pair,
 The gilded Gew-gaws mounted in the Air ;
 The ponderous Babe descending in its Scale,
 Leapt on my shore —————
 Nature triumph'd, Joy eccho'd thro the Earth,
 The Heav'ns bow'd down to see the blessed Birth.
 What's that I hear ? A new-born Babe's soft Cries,
 And joyful Mother's tender Lullabies !
 'Tis so, behold my Daughter's past all harms,
 Cradling an Infant in her fruitful Arms ;
 The very same th' Angelick Vision shew'd
 In Mein, in Majesty how like a God !
 What a firm Health does on her Visage dwell ?
 Her sparkling Eyes immortal Youth foretel.
Rome, Sparta, Venice, could not all bring forth
 So strong, so temperate, such lasting Worth.
Marpesia, from the North with speed advance,
 Thy Sister's Birth brings thy Deliverance ;
Fergusian Founders this just Babe exceeds,
 I'th' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial Deeds :
 Ye *Panopeians*, kneel unto your equal Queen,
 Safe from the foreign Sword, and barbarous Skeen.
Transports

Transports of Joy divert my yearning Heart
From my dear Child, my Soul, my better Part :
Heav'n show'r her choicest Blessings on thy Womb,
Our present Help, our Stay in time to come.
Thou best of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons, say
What forc'd thy Birth, and got this glorious Day?

Ocea. Scap'd the slow Jaws o'th' grinding Pensioners,
I fell i'th' Traps of *Rome's* dire Murderers ;
Twice rescu'd by my loyal Senate's Power,
Twice I expected my Babe's happy Hour.
Malignant Force twice check'd their pious Aid,
And to my Foes as oft my State betray'd.
Great, full of Pain, in a dark Winter's-night,
Threaten'd, pursu'd, I scap'd by sudden flight :
Pale Fear gave speed to my weak trembling Feet,
And far I fled e'er Day our World could greet ;
That dear-lov'd Light which the whole Globe doth
Spur'd on my flight, and added to my fear : (cheer,
Whilst black Conspiracy, that Child of Night,
In Royal Purple clad, outdares the Light.
By day her self the Faith's Defender stiles,
By night digs Pits, and spreads her Papal Toils :
By day she to the pompous Chappel goes,
By night with *Tork* adores *Rome's* Idol-shows.
Witness, ye Stars, and silent Powers of Night,
Her Treacheries have forc'd my innocent flight.
With the broad Day my Danger too drew near,
Of help of Council void, how shall I steer ?
I'th' Pulpit damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd,
Where should I hide, where should I rest defam'd ?
Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
And sobbing Voice to the all-helping Skies.
As by Heav'n sent, a Reverend Sire appears,
Charming my Grief, stopping my flood of Tears :
His busy circling Orbs (two restless Spies)
Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging *Argos* Eyes :
Like fleeting Time, on's Front one Lock did grow,
From his glib Tongue Torrents of words did flow :

Propose, Resolve, *Agrarian* Forty One,
Lycurgus, Brutus, Solon, Harrington.
 He said, he knew me in my Swadling Bands,
 Had often danc'd me in his careful hands:
 He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and swore,
 Enshrin'd in me, his Fame he did adore.
 His Name I ask'd; he said, *Politico*,
 Descended from the Divine *Nicolo*.
 My State he knew, my Danger seem'd to dread,
 And to my safety vow'd Hand, Heart, and Head.
 Grateful Returns I up to Heaven send,
 That in distress had sent me such a Friend.
 I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he shew'd
Oxford's old Towers, once the Learn'd Arts abode:
 (Once great in fame, now a Pyratick Port,
 Where *Romish Priests* and *Elvish Monks* resort.)
 He added, Near a new-built College stood,
 Endow'd by *Plato* for the Publick Good:
 Thither allur'd by learned honest Men,
Plato vouchsaf'd once more to live again:
 Securely there I might my self repose,
 From my fierce Grievs, and my more cruel Foes.
 Tir'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear,
 The welcome News my drooping Soul did chear.
 His pleasing words shortned the time and way,
 And me beguil'd at *Plato's* house to stay.
 When we came in, he told me (after rest)
 He'd shew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Guest:
 I scarce reply'd, with Weariness oppress'd.
 To my desir'd Apartment I repair'd,
 Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
 My waking Cares and stabbing Frights recede,
 And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowsy Head.
 At last the Summons of a busy Bell,
 And glimmering Lights did Sleep's kind Mists dispel:
 From bed I stole, and creeping by the Wall,
 Thro a small Chink I spy'd a spacious Hall;

Tapers as thick as Stars did shed their Light
 Around the Place, and made a Day of Night.
 The curious Art of some great Master's Hand
 Adorn'd the Room—*Hyde, Clifford, D—y*, stand
 In one large Piece, next them the two *Dutch Wars*;
 In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
 Here *London* Flames in Clouds of Smoke aspire,
 Done to the life, I'd almost cry'd out *Fire!*
 But living Figures did my Eyes divert
 From those, and many more of wondrous Art.
 There enter'd in three mercenary Bands:
 (The different Captains had distinct Commands)
 The Beggars desperate Troop did first appear,
Littleton-led, proud *S—ve* had the Rear;
 The disguis'd *Papists* under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better Pay.)
 Next greedy *Lee* led party-colour'd Slaves,
 Deaf Fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong sagacious Knaves,
 Brought up by *M—*: then a nobler Train,
 (In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
 The *Pope's* Solicitors brought into th' Hall,
 Not guilty Lay, much guilty Spiritual.
 I also spy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colbert and *Portsmouth*, *York* and *Mazarine*.
 Immediately in close Cabal they join,
 And all applaud the glorious Design.
 'Gainst me and my lov'd Senate's free-born Breath,
 Dire Threats I heard, the Hall did eccho Death.
 A Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
 A tinkling Bell, a mumbling Priest I heard.
 At Elevation every Knee ador'd
 The Baker's Craft, Infallible's vain Lord.
 When *Catiline* with Vipers did conspire
 To murder *Rome*, and bury it in Fire,
 A Sacramental Bowl of human Gore
 Each Villain took, and as he drank he swore.
 The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
 These *Catilines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.

Whilst

Whilst to their Breatden Whimfies they did kneel,
 I crept away, and to the door did steal:
 As I got out, by Providence I flew
 To this close Wood, too late they did pursue.
 That dreadful Night my Childbed Throws brought on,
 My Cries mov'd yours and Heaven's Compassion.

Britan. O happy Day! a Jubilee proclaim,
 Daughter adore th' unutterable Name!
 With grateful heart breathe out thy self in Prayer;
 In the mean time thy Babe shall be my Care.
 There is a Man, my Island's Hope and Grace,
 The chief Delight and Joy of human Race,
 Expos'd himself to War in tender Age,
 To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage;
 With all the Graces blest his riper Years,
 And full-blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's Fears.
 By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven he's call'd
 To break my Yoke, and rescue the Enthral'd.
 This, this is he, who with a stretch'd-out Hand,
 And matchless Might, shall free my groaning Land:
 On Earth's proud Basilisks he'll justly fall,
 Like *Moses* Rod, and prey upon them all.
 He'll guide my People thro' the raging Seas,
 To Holy Wars and certain Victories.
 His spotless Fame, and his immense Desert,
 Shall plead Love's Cause, and storm this Virgin's Heart.
 She like *Ageria* shall his Breast inspire
 With Justice, Wisdom, and Celestial Fire:
 Like *Numa* he her Dictates shall obey,
 And by her Oracles the World shall sway.

On his Excellent Friend Mr. Andrew Marvell.

1677.

WHILE lazy Prelates lean'd their Mitred Heads
 On downy Pillows, lull'd with Wealth and Pride,
 (Pre-

(Pretending Prophecy, yet nought foresee)
Marvell, this Island's watchful Centinel,
 Stood in the gap, and bravely kept his Post,
 When Courtiers too in Wine and Riot slept.
 'Twas he th' approach of *Rome* did first explore,
 And the grim Monster, Arbitrary Power :
 The ugliest Giant ever trod the Earth,
 Who like *Goliath* march'd before the Host.
 Truth, Wit, and Eloquence, his constant Friends,
 With swift dispatch he to the Main-Guard sends ;
 Th' Alarm strait their Courage did excite,
 Which check'd the haughty Foes bold Enterprize,
 And left them halting between Hope and Fear.
 He like the Sacred *Hebrew* Leader stood,
 The Peoples surest Guide, and Prophet too.
Athens may boast of virtuous *Socrates*,
 The Chief among the *Greeks* for moral Good ;
Rome of her Orator, whose fam'd Harangues
 Foil'd the debauched *Antony's* Designs :
 We him, and with deep Sorrows wail his Loss ;
 But whether Fate or Art untwin'd his Thred,
 Remains in doubt. Fame's lasting Register
 Shall leave his Name enrol'd as great as theirs,
 Who in *Philippi* for their Country fell.

*An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax. By the
 Duke of Buckingham.*

I.

UNDER this Stone does lie
 One born for Victory,
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
 Who e'er for that alone a Conqueror wou'd be.
 Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd,
 He had the Fierceness of the manliest Mind,
 And eke the Meekness too of Womankind.

3
 He

He never knew what Envy was, or Hate;
 His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honesty,
 And with another thing quite out of date,
 Call'd Modesty.

II.

He ne'er seem'd impudent, but in the Field; a Place
 Where Impudence it self dares seldom shew her Face.
 Had any Stranger spy'd him in the Room,
 With some of those whom he had overcome,
 And had not heard their Talk, but only seen,
 Their Gesture and their Mien,
 They wou'd have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been:
 For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
 While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
 His Modesty still made him blush to hear
 How often he had them defeated.

III.

Thro his whole Life, the Part he bore
 Was Wonderful and Great;
 And yet it so appear'd in nothing more,
 Than in his private last Retreat:
 For it's a stranger thing to find
 One Man of such a glorious Mind,
 As can dismiss the Pow'r he's got,
 Than Millions of the Polls and Braves;
 Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
 Who such a pother make,
 Thro Dulness and Mistake,
 In seeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
 And with Expence of Blood had bought
 Store great enough he thought,
 Of Fame and of Renown,
 He then his Arms laid down,
 With

With full as little Pride
 As if he had been of his Enemy's side,
 Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:
 He neither Wealth nor Places sought;
 For others, not himself, he fought.
 He was content to know,
 For he had found it so,
 That, when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,
 And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble.
 He might have been a King,
 But that he understood,
 How much it is a meaner thing,
 To be unjustly Great, than honourably Good.

V.

This from the World did Admiration draw,
 And from his Friends both Love and Awe,
 Remembring what in Fight he did before:
 And his Foes lov'd him too,
 As they were bound to do,
 Because he was resolv'd to fight no more.
 So blest'd of all, he dy'd; but far more blest'd were we,
 If we were sure to live, till we could see
 A Man as Great in War, in Peace as Just as He.

An Essay on the Earl of Shaftsbury's Death.

When ever Tyrants fall, the Air
 And other Elements prepare
 To combat in a Civil War;
 Large Oaks up by the roots are torn,
 The Savage Train
 Upon the Forest or the Plain,
 To a Procession thro the Sky are born:
 Sulphureous Fire displays
 Its baneful Rays.

Then

Then from the hollow Womb
 Of some rent Cloud does come
 The blazing Meteor or destructive Stone.
 Distant below, the grumbling Wind,
 Pent up in Earth, a vent would find ;
 But failing, roars
 Like broken Waves upon the rocky Shores.
 The Earth with Motion rolls ;
 Those Buildings which did brave the Sky,
 Now in an humble posture lie ;
 While here and there
 A subtle Priest and Soothsayer
 The fatal Dirges howl.
 Thus when the first twelve *Cæsars* fell,
 A Jubilee was kept in Hell :
 But when that Heaven designs the Brave
 Shall quit a Life to fill a Grave,
 The Sun turns pale, and courts a Cloud,
 From Mortals fight his Grief to shroud ;
 Shakes from his face a Shower of Rain,
 And faintly views the World again.
 The Tombs of antient Heroes weep,
 Hard Marble Tears lets fall ;
 The *Gemii*, who possess the Deep,
 And seem the Island's Fate to keep,
 Lament the Funeral.
 Silence denotes the greatest Woe,
 So Calms precede a Storm ;
 Deep Waters smoothest are we know,
 And bear the evenest Form.
 So 'tis when Patriots cease to be,
 And hast to Immortality ;
 Their noble Souls blest Angels bear
 To the Ethereal Palace there ;
 Mounting upon the ambient Air,
 While wounded Atoms press the Ear
 Of Mortals who far distant are.

Hence

Hence sudden Grief does seize the Mind,
For Good and Brave agree;
Each Being moves unto his Kind
By native Sympathy.

So 'twas when mighty *Cooper* dy'd,
The *Fabius* of the Isle,

A sullen Look the Great o'er-spread,
The Common People look'd as dead,
And Nature droop'd the while.

Living ; Religion, Liberty,

A mighty Fence he stood ;

Peers Rights and Subjects Property

None stronglier did maintain than he,

For which *Rome* sought his Blood.

Deep Politician, *English* Peer,

That quash'd the Power of *Rome*;

The Change of State they brought so near,

In bringing *Romish* Worship here,

Was by thy Skill o'erthrown.

'Less Heav'n a Miracle design'd,

Sure it could never be,

One so Gygantick in his Mind,

That soar'd a pitch 'bove Human Kind,

So small a Corps should be.

Time was, the Court admir'd thy Shrine,

And did thee homage pay :

But wisely thou didst countermine,

And having found the black Design,

Scorn'd the ignoble way.

Having thus strongly stem'd the Tide,

And set thy Country free;

Thou, *Cato*-like, in Exile prid'st,

'Mongst Enemies belov'd resid'st,

Whilst good Men envy thee.

And as the Sacred *Hebrew* Seer

Canaan to view desir'd ;

So Heav'n did shew this Noble Peer

The End of *Popish* Malice here :

Which done, his Soul expir'd.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend, 1682.

'TIS strange that you, to whom I've long bin known,
 Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town.
 As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
 With double Eagerness, is hard to bay.
 So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
 To ease my Spleen, I strait go home and write;
 I love to bring Vice ill-conceal'd to light.
 And I have found that they that Satyr write,
 Alone can season th' useful with the sweet.
 Should I write Songs, and, to cool shades confin'd,
 Expire with Love, who hate all Womankind;
 Then in my Closet, like some fighting Sparks,
 Thinking on *Phyllis* Love upon my Works;
 I grant I might, with bolder Muse inspir'd,
 Some Hero sing, worthy to be admir'd.
 Our King hath Qualities might entertain
 With noblest Subjects *Waller's* lofty Pen:
 But then you'll own no Man is thought his Friend,
 That doth not love the *Pope*, and *Tork* commend:
 He who his evil Counsellors dislikes,
 Say what he will, still like a Traitor speaks.
 Now I Dissimulation cannot bear,
 Truth and good Sense my Lines alike must share;
 I love to call each Creature by his Name,
H—— a Knave, *S*—— an honest Man:
 With equal scorn I always did abhor
 Th' effeminate Fops, and bustling Men of War:
 The careful Face of Ministers of State,
 I always judg'd to be a downright Cheat:
 The smiling Courtier, and the Counsellor grave,
 I always thought two different Marks of Knave:
 They that talk loud, and they that draw i'th' Pit,
 These want of Courage shew, those want of Wit.
 Thus all the World endeavours to appear,
 What they'd be thought to be, not what they are.

If

If any then by most unhappy Choice,
 Seek for Content in *London's* Crowd and Noise,
 Must form his Words and Manners to the Place:
 If he'll see Ladies, must like *Villers* dress,
 In a soft Tone without one word of Sense;
 Must talk of Dancing and the Court of *France*;
 Must praise alike the ugly and the fair,
Buckly's good Nature, *Felton's* Shape and Hair;
 Exalt my Lady *Portsmouth's* Birth and Wit,
 And vow she's only for a Monarch fit,
 Altho the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
 She's lain with *Beaufort* and the Count *de Leau*.
 This Method, with some ends of Plays
 Basely apply'd, and drest in a *French* Phrase,
 To Ladies Favour can e'en *Hewit* raise.

He that from Business would Preferment get,
 Plung'd in the Tolls and Infamies of State,
 All taste of Honour from his Breast must drive,
 And in a course of Villanies resolve to live;
 Must cringe and flatter the King's Owls and Curs;
 Nay worse, must be obsequious to his Whores;
 Must always seem t' approve what they commend;
 What they dislike, by him must be condemn'd.
 And when at last by a thousand different Crimes,
 The Monster to his wish'd-for Greatness climbs,
 He must in his continu'd Greatness wait,
 With Guilt and Fears, th' imprison'd *Danby's* Fate.
 This Road has *H*—x and *S*—r gone,
 And thus must answer for the Ills they've done.
 Who then would live in so deprav'd a Town,
 Where Pleasure is but Folly, Power alone
 By Infamy obtain'd? —————

Wise *Heracitus* all his life-time griev'd;
Democritus in endless Laughter liv'd:
 Yet to the first no Fears of Plots were known,
 Nor Parliaments remov'd to *Popish* Town;
 Murders not favour'd, Vertues not suppress,
 Laws not derided, Commons not oppress;

Nor King, who *Claudius* like, expels his Son,
 To make th' Imperious *Nero* Prince of *Rome*;
 Nor yet to move the other's merry Vein,
 Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i' th' Street could name)
 Most learned Proof in publick daily give,
 That they themselves do their own Shame contrive;
 While their leud Wives, scouring from place to place
 T' expose their secret Members, hide their Face,

But lo! how would this Sage have burst his Spleen,
 Had he seen Whore and Fool with merry King,
 And Ministers of State at Supper sit,
 Mistaking bawdy Ribaldry for Wit:
 Whilst C——, with tottering Crown and empty Purse,
 (Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curse)
 Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
 Delights himself with any he can get;
 Pimps, Fools, Parasites, make up the Rout,
 For want of Wedding-Garments none's left out.

But I shall weary both my self and you,
 To tell you all the Follies that I know:
 How a great Lord, in numbers lost, thought fit,
 Tho void of Sense, to set up for a Wit:
 And how with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
 An Epitaph to cruel *Cloris* pend.
 His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
 For who shoud't be, but the Lord A——?
 But should I here waste Paper, to declare
 The senseless Tricks of every silly Peer,
 I'd as good tell how many several ways
 The trusty Duke his Country still betrays;
 How full the World is stufft with Knave and Fool,
 How to be very honest is counted dull;
 How to speak plain, and Greatness to despise,
 Is thought a Madness, but Flattery is wise;
 Dissimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend
 A very Trifle; provided still our end
 Be but the Snare we call our Interest,
 Then nothing is so bad, but that is best.

I'll therefore end this vain Satyrick Rage,
And leave the Bishops to reform the Age.

*A Character of the English. In Allusion
to Tacit. de Vit. Agric.*

THE Freeborn *English*, Generous and Wise,
Hate Chains, but do not Government despise:
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes they,
When lawfully exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and Wrong they scorn to bear,
More guided by their Judgment than their Fear;
Justice with them is never held severe.
Here Power by Tyranny was never got,
Laws may perhaps insnare them, Force cannot;
Rash Counsels here have still the same effect,
The surest way to reign is to protect.
Kings are least safe in their unbounded Will,
Join'd with the wretched Power of doing Ill;
Forsoaken most when they're most absolute,
Laws guard the Man, and only bind the Brute:
To force that Guard, and with the worst to join,
Can never be a prudent King's Design;
What King would chuse to be a *Caesare*?
Break his own Laws, stake an unquestion'd Throne,
Conspire with Vassals to usurp his own?
'Tis rather some base Favourites vile Pretence,
To tyrannize at the wrong'd King's Expence.
Let *France* grow proud, beneath the Tyrant's Lust,
While the rackt People crawl and lick the Dust:
The mighty Genius of this Isle disdains
Ambitious Slavery and Golden Chains.
England to servile Yoke did never bow;
What Conq'rors ne'er presum'd, who dares do now?
Roman nor *Norman* ever could pretend
To have enslav'd, but made this Isle their Friend.

Cullen with his Flock of Misses, 1679.

AS Cullen drove his Sheep along
 By Whiteball, there was such a throng
 Of Earls Coaches at the Gate,
 The silly Swain was forc'd to wait.
 Chance threw him on Sir Edward S——ton,
 The silly Knight that rhimes to Mutton :
 Cullen (said he) this is the Day,
 For which poor England once did pray ;
 That day that sets our Monarch free,
 From butter'd Buns and Slavery.
 This Hour from French Intrigues ('tis said)
 He'll clear his Council and his Bed.
 Portsmouth he vouchsafes to know,
 Was the cast Whore of Count de Loë.
 She must return and sell her Place ;
 Buyers (you see) flock in apace.
 Silence i'th' Court being once proclaim'd,
 In steps fair Richmond once so fam'd ;
 She offers much, but was refus'd,
 And of Miscarriages accus'd.
 Nor would his Majesty accept her
 At thirty, who at fifteen left her.
 She blush'd, and modestly withdrew :
 Next Middleton appear'd in view,
 Who strait was told of M——gue,
 Of Cates from Hyde, of Clothes from France,
 Of Armpits, Toes of Nauseance :
 At which the Court set up a Laughter,
 She never pleads but for her Daughter ;
 A buxom Lass fit for the place,
 Were not her Father in Disgrace :
 Besides some strange incestuous Stories
 Of Harvey and her long C——ies.

With

With these Exceptions she's dismiss'd,
 And *Moreland* Fair enters the List,
 Husband in Hand most decently,
 And begs at any rate to buy.
 She offer'd Jewels of great Price,
 And dear Sir *Samuel's* next Device ;
 Whether it be a Pump or Table,
 Glas-House, or any other Bauble.
 But she was told she had been try'd,
 And for good Reason laid aside.

Next in steps pretty Lady *Gray*,
 Offers her Lord should nothing say
 'Gainst the next Treasurer accus'd,
 So her Pretence was not refus'd.
*R——*ly in Rage bid her be gone,
 And play her Game out with her Son ;
 Or if she lik'd an aged Carcase,
 For *L——* get a noble Marquess.

Shrew——y offer'd for the Place,
 All she had gotten from his Grace ; *D—— of Buck.*
 She knew his wants, and could comply
 With all his wants of Leachery.
 She was dismiss'd with Scorn, and told
 Where a tall *P——* was to be sold.

Then in came Dowdy *M——rine*,
 That foreign antiquated Quean ;
 Who soon was told, the King no more
 Would deal with an intriguing Whore :
 That she already had about her
 Too good an Equipage *de Foutré*.
 Her Grace at these Rebukes lookt blank,
 And sneakt away to Villain *Frank*.

Fair *Dawson* too her Claim put in,
 'Twas urg'd she was too much a-kin :
 She modestly reply'd, No more
 A-kin than *S——sex* was before :
 Besides, she had often heard her Mother
 Call her the Daughter of another :

She did not drivel, and had Sense,
To which all his had no pretence;
Yet for the present she's put off,
And told she was not Whore enough.

L———; smil'd at that Exception,
And doubted not of good Reception;
Put in her Claim, vowing she'd steal
All that her Husband got of Neal:
To buy the Place all she could get,
By his long Suit with Mr. Pitt,
But from *Goliath's* Size of *Gath*,
Down to the Pitch of little *Wroth*,
The Court was told she lay with all
The roaring Roysters of *Whitehal*:
For which old R——y, lest she'd grudge,
Gave her the making of a Judge.
She bow'd, and straight went her way,
To haunt the Court, Park, and Play.

In step stately Carry F——zier,
Straight the whole Court began to praise her:
As fine as Chains and Point could make her,
She vow'd the King or Goal must take her.
R——y reply'd, he was retrenching,
And vow'd no more of costly Wenching:
That she was proud, and went too gaudy,
Nor could she swear, drink, or talk bawdy;
Virtues requisite for that Place,
More than Youth, Wit, or a good Face.

C——land offer'd down a Million,
But she was soon told of *Castillon*.
At that Name she fell a weeping,
And swore she was undone with keeping:
That C——l, G——n, had so drain'd her,
She could not live on the remainder.
The Court said, There was no Record,
Of any to that Place restor'd:
Nor might the King at these Years venture,
Who in his Prime could not content her.

Young

Young Lady J — : slept up, and urg'd,
 She'd give the Deed her Father forg'd.
 But she was told, her Family
 Was tainted with Presbytery.
 She said her Mother, with clean Heart
 And Hand, had lately done her part,
 In bringing M — vine to bed,
 Nor was't her Fault the Babe was dead.
 For her R — y own'd his Passion,
 But said he staid for Declaration;
 Ingag'd, no Matter of great Weight
 To pass, till after some Debate
 In his great Council: so they adjourn'd,
 And Cullen with his Flocks return'd,
 Swearing there was at every Fair
 Blither Girls than any there.

Sir Tho. Armstrong's Ghost.

(ploy,

THE Groans, dear *Armstrong*, which the World em-
 Would please thy Ghost, to see transform'd to Joy.
 Hadst thou abroad found Safety in thy Flight,
 Thy 'mmortal Honour had not shin'd so bright;
 Thou still hadst been a worthy Patriot thought:
 But now thy Glory's to Perfection brought.
 In Exile and in Death to *England* true,
 What more could Brutus or just *Cato* do?
 What can the Villains spread to blast thy Fame,
 Unless thy former Loyalty they blame?
 To be concern'd the *Stuarts* to restore,
 Is a Reproach that hardly can be bore,
 The utmost Plague a Nation could befall,
 Like the forbidden Fruit, it curst us all.
 Yet thou in Season a brave Convert grew,
 Abhor'dst their Counsels and their Int'rest too:
 And Death at last before their Smiles prefer'd;
 So holy *Crimmer* burns the Hand that err'd.

Let

Let 'em now place thy Quarters in the Air,
 'Twill please thy Soul to think they flourish there:
 Thou scorn'st to hope for Freedom in the Grave,
 And slumb'ring lie, whilst *England* was a Slave.
 Thy Carcase stands a Monument to all,
 Till the whole Progeny a Victim fall;
 And like their Father, tread that Stage, which some
 In a blasphemous Strain call Martyrdom;
 For they in Guilt transcendently excel
 All that e'er Poets or Historians tell.
 To act fresh Murders, and by Flames devour,
 Is but the Recreation of their Power:
 For they alone are for Destruction chose,
 Who either *Rome* or Tyranny oppose:
Tarquin and *Nero* were but Types of these,
 In whom all Crimes are in their last Degrees,
 Swelling like *Nile* in a prodigious Flood
 Of execrable Villanies and Blood.
 Yet how the Age their Lives and Peace betray,
 And those they ought to sacrifice th' obey.
 They lick up Poison, and to Tortures run,
 And madly hug all *Egypt's* Plagues in one.
 Degenerous Slaves, such Monsters to adore!
 Was ever *Sodom* so caress'd before?
 Quick Vengeance put a Period to their Breath,
 By their Destruction ease the groaning Earth!
 For Mortals attempt the righteous Work in vain;
 Heaven it self does th' immediate Glory claim,
 For they're reserv'd by Thunder to be slain.

*The Royal Game: or, A Princely new Play
 found in a Dream, &c. 1672.*

PROLOGUE

Whoever looks about and minds things well,
 And on Affairs abroad doth take a View,

May

May think the Story which I here do tell
 Was never dreamt, it falleth out so true.
 I do confess it's something hard to find
 A crooked Path directly in the dark;
 And while a Man's asleep, you know he's blind,
 And cannot easily hit on a Mark.
 Well, be it so; yet this you know is right,
 What's seen i' th' Day is dreamt again at Night.
 A Dream I hope will no wise Man offend,
 Nor will it Treason be (I trow) to lend
 A Copy of my Dream unto my Friend.
Cabal, beware your Shins,
 For thus my Tale begins.

The Dream of the Cabal: A Prophetick Satyr,
 Anno 1672.

AS t'other Night in Bed I thinking lay,
 How I my Rent shou'd to my Landlord pay,
 Since Corn, nor Wool, nor Beast would Money make;
 Tumbling perplex'd, these Thoughts kept me awake.
 What will become of this mad World, quoth I?
 What's its Disease? what is its Remedy?
 Where will it issue? whereto does it tend?
 Some ease to Misery 'tis to know its end.
 Till Servants dreaming, as they us'd to do,
 Snor'd me asleep, I fell a dreaming too.
 Methought there met the Grand Cabal of Seven,
 (Odd numbers some Men say do best please Heaven)
 When sat they were, and Doors were all fast shut,
 I secret was behind the Hangings put:
 Both hear and see I could; but he that there
 Had plac'd me, bad me have as great a care
 Of slipping, as my Life: and e'er that out
 From thence I came, resolv'd shou'd be my Doubt;
 What would become of this mad World, unless
 Present Designs were cross'd with ill Success.

An awful Silence there was held some space,
Till trembling thus began one call'd his Grace.

Great Sir, your Government for first twelve Years
Has spoil'd the Monarchy, and made our Fears [Buck.
So potent on us, that we must change quite
The old Foundations, make new, wrong or right.
For too great mixture of Democracy
Within this Government allay'd must be;
And no Allay like nulling Parliaments,
O' th' Peoples Pride and Arrogance th' Events;
Factionous and saucy, disputing Royal Pleasure,
Who your Commands by their own Humours measure.
For King in Barnacles (to the Rack-staves ty'd)
You must remain, if these you will abide.

So spake the long blue Ribbon: then a second,
Tho not so tall, yet quite as wise is reckon'd, [Orm.
Did thus begin. Great Sir, you are now on
A tender Point much to be thought upon,
And thought on only; for by antient Law,
'Twas Death to mention what my Lord foresaw:
His trembling shew'd it, wherefore I'm so bold
T' advise its standing, lest it shou'd be told
We did attempt to change it; for so much
Omr Ancestors secur'd it, that to touch,
Like sacred Mount, 'tis Death, and such a Trick,
I no ways like my Tongue shou'd break my Neck.

Thus said, he sat. Then Lord of Northern Tone,
In Gall and Guile a second unto none,
Inraged rose, and Col'rick, thus began:
Dead Majesty, Mile Beam of Fame, a Son
Of th' hundred and tenth Monarch of the North
Dee'l split the Weam of th' Loon that spoke afore;
Shame saw the Crag of that ill-manner'd Lord,
That ment his King durst speak so saw a Word;
And aw my Saul, right weel the first Man meant
Dee'l hoop his Lug that loves a Parliament,
Twa Houses aw my Saul are too too mickle,
They'l gar the Leard shall ne'er have more a Brickle;

Ne Mony get to gee the bonny Lais,
But full as good be born without a T——
Ten thousand Plagues light on his Crag, that gang
To make you be but third part of a King.
Dee'l take my Saul, I'll ne'er the matter mince,
I'd rather Subject be than like a Prince.
To hang, and burn, and sleigh, and draw, and kill,
And measure aw things by my awn gude Will,
Is gay Dominion : a Checkmate I hate,
Of Men, or Laws, it looks so like a State.
This eager well-meant Zeal some Laughter stir'd,
Till Nose half Plush, half Flesh, the Inkhorn Lord
Crav'd Audience thus : Grave Majesty Divine [*Arling.*
(Pardon that *Cambridg* Title, I make mine)
We now are enter'd on the great'st Debate
That can concern your Throne and Royal State.
His Grace hath so spoke all, that we who next
Speak after, can but comment on his Text :
Only 'tis wonder, at this sacred Board
Shou'd sit 'mongst us a *Magna Charta* Lord,
A Peer of old rebellious Barons breed,
Worst, and great'st Enemies to Royal Seed.
But to proceed ; well was it urg'd by's Grace,
Such Liberty was giv'n for twelve Years space
That are by-past, there's no necessity
Of new Foundations, if safe you'll be.
What Travel, Charge, and Art, before was set
This Parliament, we had, you can't forget ;
Now force, cajole, and court, and bribe, for fear
They wrong should run, e'er since they have been here.
What Diligence, what Study, Day and Night,
Was on us, and what Care to keep them right ?
Wherefore if good you can't make Parliament,
On whom such Costs, such Art and Pains were spent,
And Monys, all we had for them to do,
Since we miss that, 'tis best dismiss them too.
'Tis true, this House the best is you can call,
But in my Judgment, best is none at all.

Well

Well mov'd, the whole Cabal cry'd, Parliaments
Are Clogs to Princes, and their brave Intent.
One did object, 'twas against Majesty
T' obey the Peoples Pleasure ; another he
Their Inconvenience argues, and that neither
Close their Designs were, nor yet speedy either.

Whilst thus confused chatter'd the Cabal,
And many mov'd, none heard, but speak did all ;
A little bobtail'd Lord, Urchin of State, [*Chan. Shaft.*]
A Praise-God-bare-bone Peer, whom all Men hate ;
Amphibious Animal, half Fool, half Knave ;
Beg'd Silence, and this purblind Counsel gave.

Blest and best Monarch that e'er Scepter bore,
Renown'd for Vertue, but for Honour more :
That Lord spake last, has well and wisely shown,
That Parliaments, nor new, nor old, nor none
Can well be trusted longer ; for the State
And Glory of the Crown hate all Checkmate.
That Monarchy may from its Childhood grow
To Man's Estate, *France* has taught us how ;
Monarchy's Divine, Divinity it shows ;
That he goes backward that not forward goes.
Therefore go on, let other Kingdoms see
Your Will's your Law, that's absolute Monarchy ;
A mixt Hodg-podg will now no longer do,
Cesar or nothing you are brought unto :
Strike then, Great Sir, 'fore these Debates take wind,
Remember that Occasion's bald behind.
Our Game is fore in this, if wisely play'd,
And sacred Votes to th' Vulgar not betray'd :
But if the Rumour shou'd once get on wing,
That we consult to make you absolute King,
The Plebeians head, the Gentry forsooth,
They straight would snort, and have an aking Tooth.
Lest they, I say, should your great Secrets scent,
And you oppose in nulling *Parliament*,
I think it safer, and a greater Skill,
To obviate, than to overcome ill :

For

For those that lead the Herd are full as rude,
When th' Humour takes, as th' following Multitude;
Therefore be quick in your Resolves, and when
Resolv'd you have, execute quicker then.
Remember your great Father lost the Game
By slow Proceedings, mayn't you do the same?
An unexpected, unregarded Blow
Wounds more than ten made by an open Foe.
Delays do Dangers breed; the Sword is yours
By Law declar'd, what need of other Powers?
We may unpolitick be judg'd, or worse,
If we can't make the Sword command the Purse;
No Art, or Courtship can the Rule so shape
Without a Force, it must be done by Rape.
And when 'tis done, to say you cannot help,
Will satisfy enough the gentle Whelp.
Phanaticks they'll to Providence impute
Their Thralldom, and immediately grow mute:
For they, poor pious Fools, think the Decree
Of Heaven falls on them, tho from Hell it be;
And when their Reason is abas'd to it,
They forthwith think 'tis Religion to submit;
And vainly glorying in a passive Shame,
They'll put off Man to wear the Christian Name.
Wherefore to lull them, do their Hopes fulfil
With Liberty, they're halter'd at your Will;
Give them but Conventicle-room, and they
Will let you steal their Englishman away;
And heedless be, till you your Nets have spread,
And pull'd down Conventicles on their Head.
Militia then and Parliaments cashier,
A formidable standing Army rear;
They'll mount you up, and up you soon will be,
They'll fear, who ne'er did love your Monarchy:
And if they fear, no matter for their Hate,
To rule by Law becomes a sneaking State.
Lay by all Fear, care not what People say,
Regard to them will your Designs betray:

When

When bite they can't, what hurt can barking do?
 And, Sir, in time we'll spoil their barking too,
 Make Coffee-Clubs talk of more humble things
 Than State-Affairs, and Interest of Kings.

Thus spake the rigling Peer : when one more grave,
 That had much less of Fool, but more of Knave,
 Began : Great Sir, it gives no small content, [Cliff.
 To hear such Zeal (for you) 'gainst Parliament.
 Wherefore, tho I an Enemy no less
 To Parliaments than you your selves profess ;
 Yet I must also enter my Protest
 'Gainst these rude rumbling Counsels indigest ;
 And, Great Sir, tell you, 'tis a harder thing
 Than they suggest, to make you abs'lute King.
 Old Buildings to pull down, believe it true,
 More danger in it hath, than building new.
 And what shall prop your Superstructure, till
 Another you have built that suits your Will?
 An Army shall, say they. (Content) but stay,
 From whence shall this new Army have its Pay?
 For easy gentle Government a while
 Must first appear i' th' Kingdom, to beguile
 The Peoples Minds, and make them cry up you,
 For razing old, and making better new.
 For Taxes with new Government all will blame,
 And put the Kingdom soon into a Flame :
 For Tyranny has no such lovely Look
 To catch Men with, unless you hide the Hook ;
 And no Bait hides it more than present Ease ;
 Ease but their Taxes, then do what you please.
 Wherefore, all wild Debates laid by, from whence
 Shall Mony rise to bear this vast expence?
 For our first Thoughts thus well resolved, we
 In other things much sooner shall agree,
 Join then with Mother-Church, whose Bosom stands
 Ope to receive us, stretching forth her Hands :
 Close but this Breach, and she will let you see
 Her Purse as open as her Arms shall be.

For,

For, Sacred Sir, (by guess I do not speak)
Of poor she'll make you rich, and strong of weak.
At home, abroad, no Money, nor no Men,
She'll let you lack, turn but to her agen.

The *Scot* cou'd here no longer hold, but cry'd, [*Laud.*
Dee'l take the Pape, and all that's on his side;
The Whore of *Rome*, that mickle Man of Sin,
Plague take the Mother, Bears, and aw the Kin.
What racks my Saul! must we the holy Rood
Place in God's Kirk again? troth 'tis not gude.
I defy the Loon, the Dee'l and all his Works,
The Pape shall lig no mare in God's gude Kirk.

The *Scot* with Laughter check'd, they all agreed,
The Lord spoke last shou'd in his Speech proceed, [*Chif.*
Which thus he did: Great Sir, You know 'tis Season
Salts all the Motions that we make with Reason;
And now a Season is afforded us,
The best e'er came, and most propitious.
Besides the Sum the Cath'licks will advance,
You know the Offers we are made from *France*;
And to have Money and no Parliament,
Must fully answer your design'd Intent.
And thus without tumultuous Noise, or Huff
Of Parliaments, you may have Money enough;
Which if neglected now, there's none knows when
Like Opportunities may be had agen:
For all to extirpate, now combin'd be,
Both Civil and Religious Liberty.
Thus Money you'll have to exalt the Crown,
Without stooping Majesty to Country Clown.
The Triple League, I know, will be objected,
As if that ought by us to be respected:
But who to Heretick or Rebel pay'th
The Truth ingaged to by solemn Faith,
Debaucheth Vertue; by those very things
The Church profaneth, and debaseth Kings:
As you your self have admirably shown
By burning solemn Cov'nant, tho your own;

Faith,

Faith, Justice, Truth, Plebeian Vertues be,
 Look well in them, and not in Majesty.
 For publick Faith is but a publick Thief,
 The greatest Cheat in Nature's vain Belief.
 The second Lord tho check'd, yet did not fear,
 Impatient grew, and could no longer bear,
 But rose in Heat, and that a little rude,
 The Lord's Voice interrupts, and for Audience su'd.

Great Majesty, authentick Authors say,
 When Hand was lifted up *Crasus* to slay,
 The Father's Danger on th' dumb Son did make
 Such deep Impressions that he forthwith spake.
 Pardon, Great Sir, if I, in imitation,
 Seeing the Danger to your Land and Nation,
 Do my resolv'd-on Silence also break,
 Altho I see the Matter I shall speak,
 Under such Disadvantages will fall,
 That it, as well as I, exploded shall.
 But vainly do they boast they loyal are,
 That can't for Princes Good, Reflections bear;
 Nor will I call Compurgators to prove,
 What Honour to the Crown I've born, with Love:
 My Acts have spoken, and sufficient are,
 Above what e'er Detractors did or dare.
 Wherefore, Great Sir, 'tis Ignorance, or Hate,
 Dictates these Counsels, you to precipitate.
 For say't again I will, not eat my Word,
 No Council's Power, no nor yet the Sword,
 Can old Foundations alter, or make new;
 Let Time interpret who hath spoken true.
 Those Country Gentry with their Beef and Bacon,
 Will shew how much your Courtiers are mistaken:
 For Parliaments are not of that cheap rate,
 That they will down without a broken Pate;
 And then I doubt you'll find those worthy Lords
 More Brave, and Champions with their Tongues than
 Wherefore, Dread Sir, incline not Royal Ear (Swords.
 To their Advice, but safer Counsels hear;

Stay

Stay till these Lords have got a Crown to lose,
And then consult with them which way they'll chuse.
Will you all hazard for their Humours sake,
Who nothing have to lose, nothing to stake;
And at one Game your Royal Crown expose,
To gratify the foolish Lusts of those
Who hardly have Subsistence how to live,
But what your Crown and Grace to them does give?
And one of those (Bag-pudding) Gentlemen,
(Except their Places) won'd buy nine or ten.
Then, why they shou'd thus slight the Gentlemen,
I see no Reason, nor think how they can:
For had not Gentleman done more than Lord,
I'll boldly say't, you ne'er had been restor'd.
But why of Armies now, Great Sir, must we
So fond (just now) all on the sudden be?
What faithful Guardians have they been to Pow'rs
That have employ'd 'em, that you'd make 'em yours?
Enough our Age, we need not seek the Glory
Of Armies Faith in old, or doubtful Story.
Your Father 'gainst the Scots an Army rear'd,
But soon that Army more than Scot he fear'd:
He was in hast to raise 'em, as we are,
But to disband 'em was far more his Care.
How *Scotish* Army after did betray
His Trust and Person both, I need not say.
Rump-Parliament an Army rear'd, and they
The Parliament that rais'd them, did betray:
The Lord Protector they set up one hour,
And next pull'd down the Protectorian Pow'r.
Your Father's Block and Judges the same Troops
Did guard, some Tongues at Death of both made
And will you suffer Armies to beguile, (hoops:
And give your Crown and them to Cross and Pile?
What if, as *Monk*, both shou'd swear, lye and feign,
Till he does both your Trust and Army gain,
And you believe his Oath and Faith is true,
But serves himself instead of serving you?

L

Pardon,

Pardon, Great Sir, if Zeal transports my Tongue,
 T' express what e'en your Greatness don't become.
 Expose I can't your Crown and sacred Throat,
 To the false Faith of a common Red-coat.
 The Law your All does fence secure from Fears;
 That kept, what trouble needs of Bandileers?
 Consider, Sir, 'tis Law that makes you King,
 The Sword another to the Crown may bring;
 For Force knows no distinction; longest Sword
 Makes Peasant Prince, Lacquey above his Lord.
 If that be all that we must have for Laws,
 Your Will inferior may be to *Jack Straw's*,
 If greater Force him follow; there's no Right
 Where Law is failing, and for Will Men fight.
 Best Man is he alone, whose Steel's most strong;
 Where no Law is, there's neither right nor wrong.
 That Fence broke down, and all in common laid,
 Subjects may Prince, and Prince may them invade.
 See, greatest Sir, how these your Throne lay down,
 Instead of making great your Royal Crown;
 How they divest you of your Majesty:
 For Law destroy'd, you are no more than we.
 And very vain would be the Plea of Crown,
 When Statute Laws, and Parliaments are down.
 This Peer proceeded on, to shew how vain
 A Holy League would be with *Rome* again,
 And what Dishonour 'twould be to our Crowns,
 If unto *France* give cautionary Towns.

He's interrupted, and bid speak no more
 By's enrag'd Majesty, who deeply swore,
 His Tongue had so run over, that he'd take
 Such Vengeance on him, and Example make
 To after-Times, that all who heard should fear,
 To speak what wou'd displease the Royal Ear;
 And bid the Lord that spoke before, go on,
 And silence all should keep till he had done;
 Who thus his Speech resum'd. If Lord spake last,
 To interrupt me had not made such hast,

†

I soon

I soon had done ; for I was come, Great Sir,
 T' advise your sending *Dutch* Ambassador.
 But much it does concern you whom to trust,
 With this Embassy: for none true, or just,
 Wise, stout, or honourable, nor a Friend,
 Should you in any wise resolve to send,
 Left any unseen, or unlucky Chance
 Shou'd in this War befall to us or *France*.
 We may that loathed Wretch give to the Hate
 Of th' People's Fury, them to satiate.
 And when all's done that can be done by Man,
 Much must be left to Chance, do what we can.
 And if you'll make all *Christendom* your Friend,
 And put to *Dutch-land-League* an utter end ;
 Then surely you may have of Men and Treasure,
 Enough of both to execute your Pleasure.

This Speech being ended, five or six agree,
France shall be lov'd, and *Holland* hated be.
 All gone, I wak'd, and wonder'd what should mean
 All I had heard, methought 'twas more than Dream.
 And if Cabal thus serve us *Englishmen*,
 'Tis ten to one but I shall dream again.

*On the Three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday
 Morning, Feb. the 26th, 1671.*

N EAR *Holborn* lies a Park of great Renown,
 The Place, I do suppose, is not unknown ;
 For brevity sake the Name I shall not tell,
 Because most genteel Readers know it well.
 Since middle Park near *Charing-Cross* was made,
 They say there is a great Decay of Trade:
 'Twas there a Gleek of Dukes, by Fury brought,
 With bloody mind a sickly Damsel sought,
 And against Law her Castle did invade,
 To take from her her Instrument of Trade.

'Tis strange (but sure they thought not on't before)
 Three Bastard Dukes should come t'undo one Whore.
 Murder was cry'd (truth is, her Case was sad)
 When she was like to lose e'en all she had :
 In came the Watch, disturb'd with Sleep and Ale,
 By Noises shrill, but they could not prevail,
 T' appease their Graces; strait rose mortal Jars
 Betwixt the Night Black-Guard and Silver Stars ;
 Then fell the Beadle by a Ducal Hand,
 For daring to pronounce the sawcy Stand.
 The way in Blood certain Renown to win,
 Is first with bloody Noses to begin.
 The high-born Youths their hasty Errand tell,
 Dam ye you Rogue, we'll send your Soul to Hell.
 They need not send a Messenger before,
 They're too well known there to stay long at Door.
 See what mishaps dare e'en invade *Whiteball* ;
 This silly Fellow's Death puts off the Ball,
 And disappoints the Queen, poor little Chuck,
 I warrant 'twou'd have danc'd it like a Duck.
 The Fiddlers, Voices, Entries, all the Sport,
 And the gay Show put off, where the brisk Court
 Anticipates in rich Subsidy-Coats,
 All that is got by mercenary Votes.
 Yet shall *Whiteball* the Innocent, the Good,
 See these Men dance all daub'd with Lace and Blood.
 Near t'other Park there stands an aged Tree,
 As if 'twere made o'th' nonce for Three ;
 Where, that no Ceremony may be lost,
 Each Duke for State may have a several Post.
 What Storms may rise out of To black a Cause,
 If such Turd-Flies shall break thro Cobweb Laws !

The

*The History of Infipids: A Lampoon, 1676.**By the Lord Roch—r.*

1.
C Haft, pious, prudent, C—— the Second,

The Miracle of thy Restoration
 May like to that of Quails be reckon'd,

Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation;
 The wish'd-for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
 Became their Curse and Punishment.

2.
 The Vertues in thee, C——, inherent,
 Altho thy Count'nance be an odd-piece,
 Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent

As e'er was *Harry* with a Codpiece:
 For Chastity and pious Deeds,
 His Grandfire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

3.
 Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*
 Espoused half a dozen Wives;
 C—— only one resolv'd to marry,

And other Mens he never ——
 Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
 Than e'er had *Harry* by threescore.

4.
 Never was such a Faith's Defender;
 He like a politick Prince, and pious,
 Gives Liberty to Conscience tender,
 And doth to no Religion tie us.

Turks, Christians, Jews, Papists, he'll please us,
 With *Moses, Mahomet*, or *J—s*.

5.
 In all Affairs of Church or State,
 He very zealous is, and able;
 Dévout at Prayers, and sits up late
 At the Cabal and Council-Table:

His very Dog at Council-Board,
Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

6.

Let C ——— his Policy no Man flout,
The wisest Kings have all some Folly;
Nor let his Piety any doubt:

C ——— like a Sovereign wise and holy,
Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
And Bishops those that love a Wench.

7.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preserving those that cut off his Head;
Old Cavaliers, the Crown's best Guard,
He lets them starve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endu'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

8.

Blood that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parlon's Gown;
How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing Ormond and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no Man Good,
Let's steal the King, and out-do Blood.

9.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you must not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes;
Here with a Place, there with a Pension.
When to give Money he can't cologue 'em,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'em.

10.

But they long since, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and sold the Nation;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give thee, C ———, a Resolution
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
 Tho Victories were *Cesar's* Glory;
 Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
 But left them stiled great in Story:
 Malicious Fate doth oit devise
 To beat the Brave, and fool the Wife.

12.

Charles in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
 To have been Sovereign of the Deep,
 When *Opdam* blew up in the Air:
 Had not his Highness gone to sleep,
 Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
 The *Dutch* else had been in sad taking.

13.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
 Tho we paid dear for that Design:
 Had we not three days parl'ing staid,
 The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been thine.
 Tho the false *Dane* agreed to sell 'em,
 He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

14.

Had not *Charles* sweetly chous'd the States,
 By *Bergen* baffle grown more wise,
 And made them shite as small as Rats,
 By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet's surprize:
 Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

15.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
 And once the Navy's wife Division,
 Defeated *Charles* his best Designs,
 Till he became his Foes Derision.
 But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chattam*,
 Had he had Ships but to come at 'em.

16.

Our *Blackbeath* Host without Dispute,
 Rais'd (put on Board, why, no Man knows)

L 4

Must

Must *Charles* have render'd absolute,
 Over his Subjects, or his Foes.
 Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
 By taking *Maeſtricht* with our Tools?

17.

But *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
 To run ſo many ſad Diſaſters;
 To join thy Fleet with falſe *D'Eure*,
 To make the *French* of *Holland* Maſters?
 Was't *Carwell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
 That made thee break the Triple League?

18.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreſeen
 The glorious Triumphs of his Maſter,
 The *Wool-Church* Statue Gold had been,
 Which now is made of Alabaſter:
 But wiſe Men think, had it been Wood,
 'Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

19.

Thoſe that the Fabrick well conſider,
 Do of it diverſly diſcourſe;
 Some paſs their Censure of the Rider,
 Others their Judgment of the Horſe:
 Moſt ſay the Steed's a goodly thing,
 But all agree 'tis a leud King.

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
 Freeman of *London* *Charles* is made;
 Then to *Whitehall* a rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was beſtow'd on the *French* Jade.
 But wonder not it ſhould be ſo, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themſelves with Grocers.

21.

Cringe, ſcrape no more, ye City Fops,
 Leave off your Feaſting and fine Speeches;
 Beat up your Drums, ſhut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiſs your Breeches:

Arm'd

Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,
You're free-born Subjects, not French Mules.

22.

New Up-starts, Pimps, Bastards, Whores,
That Locust-like devour the Land,
By shutting up th' Exchequer Doors,
When thither our Mony was trapan'd,
Have render'd C——'s Restoration
But a small Blessing to the Nation.

23.

Then C—— beware of thy Brother York,
Who to thy Government gives Law;
If once we fall to the old Sport,
You must again both to Breda:
Where 'spite of all that would restore you,
Grown wise by Wrongs, we shall abhor you.

24.

If of all Christian Blood the Guilt
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven;
That Sea by treacherous Lewis spilt,
Can never be by God forgiven:
Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Pest'lence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

25.

That false rapacious Wolf of France,
The Scourge of Europe, and its Curse,
Who at his Subjects Cry does dance,
And studies how to make them worse.
To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

26.

Such know no Laws but their own Lust,
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood;
They count it Tribute due and just,
Still spent and spilt for Subjects Good.
If such Kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.

27.

Such Kings, curst be the Power and Name,
 Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;
 Monsters which Knaves sacred proclaim,
 And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
 What can there be in Kings Divine?
 The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

28.

Then farewell sacred Majesty,
 Let's pull all brutish Tyrants down;
 Where Men are born, and still live free,
 Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
 Mankind like miserable Frogs,
 Prove wretched, king'd by Storks and Logs.

ROCHESTER's Farewell, 1680.

TIR'D with the noisom Follies of the Age,
 And weary of my part, I quit the Stage:
 For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors
 Long I with charitable Malice strove, (are?
 Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove:
 But thriving Vice under the Rod still grew,
 As aged Letchers whip'd, their Lust renew.
 Yet tho my Life hath unsuccessful been,
 (For who can this *Augaen* Stable clean?)
 My gen'rous end I will pursue in Death,
 And at Mankind rail with my parting Breath.
 First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
 With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear:
Mulg — e their Head; but Gen'ral have a Care,
 Tho skill'd in all those Arts that cheat the Fair,
 The undiscerning, the impartial *Adoor*,
 Spares not the Lover on the Ladies score.
 Think how many perish by one fatal shot,
 The Conquests all thy Ogling ever got.

Think

Think then (as I presume you do) how all
 The *English* Beauties will lament your Fall;
 Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry Heart,
 Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
 Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 To stay and tie the Cravat-string at home?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Huit*, *Damme*, there's no Action there.
 Hadst thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,
 To hinder this thy Eagerness to fight?
 That without danger thou a Brave mightst be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews*—y.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
 But who such Courage could suspect in you?
 For say, what reason could with you prevail,
 To change embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?
 Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord*—t go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant but desperate.
 For who would not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Money, or has got a Wife?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazar*,
 One flies from's Creditors, the other from *Praxier*.
 'Twere Cruelty to make too sharp Remarks
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.
 Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
 When all the pert young Volunteers I see;
 Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
 As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
 Their Names shall equal or exceed in Story,
 Chit *Sund*—d, Chit *God*—n, and Chit *L*—y.
 When thou letst *Plimouth* go, 'twas such a Jest,
 As when the Brother made the same Request;
 Had *Richmond* but got leave as well as he,
 The Jest had been compleat, and worthy thee.
 Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
 It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance.
 First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
 With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War:

 }
 What

What is of Soldier seen in all the heap,
 Besides the fluttering Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
 From Gen'ral *Mulg — e*, down to little *Wrobb*?
 But now they're all embark'd, and curse their Fate,

Curse *Charles* that gave them leave, and much more
 Who, than *Tangier*, to *England* and the King
 No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring;
 And with the *Moors*, since now their Hand was in,
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
 Where, by the wiser Sparks that stay at home,
 In safe Ideas by their Fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maestricht*) is at *Windfor* storm'd,
 But now we talk of *Maestricht*; where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
 He with his thick impenetrable Skull,
 The solid, hardened Armour of a Fool;
 Well might himself to all Wars ill expose,
 Who (come what will, yet) had no Brains to lose.
 Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be;
 This Fool by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Van — n*) led,
 Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his Head;
 By great Example, he this Path doth tread:
 Following such senseless Asses, up and down,
 (For *Saul* fought Asses when he found a Crown)
 But *Rose* is risen, as *Samuel* at his Call,
 To tell that God hath left th' ambitious *Saul*.
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun
 See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Royal Throne.
 So Heaven says, but *Bran*, — — — says he shall;
 But whoe'er he protects is sure to fall.
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he?
 What Good can come from him who *York* forsook,
 T' espouse the Interest of this booby Duke?

But

But who the best of Masters could desert,
Is the most fit to take a Traitor's part.
Ungrateful ! This thy Masterpiece of Sin
Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didst begin :
Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
Whose later Crimes still do thy first excel :
The very top of Villany we seize
By steps in order, and by just degrees.
None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way ;
But when degrees of Villany we name,
How can we chuse but think on *Buckingham* ?
He who thro all of them had boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
His treasur'd Sins of Supererrogation,
Swell to a Sum enough to damn a Nation.
But he must here, *per* force, be let alone,
His Acts require a Volume of their own :
Where rank'd in dreadful order shall appear
All his Exploits from *Shrews*—y to *Le Meer*.
But stay, methinks I on a sudden find
My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd :
But where in all this Choice shall I begin ?
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine* ?
For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear
(And Bawds and Statesmen grow in Plenty there)
To thee submit and yield, should we be just
To thy experienc'd and well-travel'd Lust :
Thy well-known Merits claim that thou shouldst be
First in the glorious Roll of Infamy.
To thee they all give place, and Homage pay,
Do all thy lecherous Decrees obey ;
Thou Queen of Lust, the bawdy Subjects they.
While *Suffex*, *Brogbill*, *Betty Felton* come,
Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne ;
For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
Than be anointed the Imperial Whore ?

For tell me, in all *Europe* where's the part;
 That is not conscious of thy leud Desert?
 The great *Pedallion* Youth, whose Coquests run
 O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,
 Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust have shown.
 All Climes, all Countrys do with Tribute come
 (Thou World of Leudness) to thy boundless Womb;
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never Ebb does know,
 Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
 Leud *Messaline* was but a Type of Thee,
 Thou highest, last degree of Letchery:
 For in all Ages, except her and you,
 Who ever sin'd so high, and stoop'd so low?
 She to th' Imperial Bed each Night did use
 To bring the sink of the exhausted Stew;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.
 But thou to our admiring Age dost show
 More Sin than innocent *Rome* did ever know;
 And having all her Leudnesses out-ran,
 Takes up with Devil, having tir'd Man:
 For what is else that loathsome ugly Black,
 Which you and *Suffex* in your Arms do take?
 Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast,
 Make thee come short of all thy Leudness past:
 Tho on thy Head, grey Hairs, like *Etna's* Snow,
 Are shed, thou'rt Fire and Brimstone all below:
 Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once do rage
 The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
 My Lady Dutchess takes the second place,
 Proud with thy Favour and peculiar Grace;
 Ev'n she with all her Piety and Zeal,
 The hotter Flames that burn in thee does feel.
 Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire
 The lustful Seeds of thy contagious Fire;
 So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.

Of what important use Religion's made,
By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade!
As Wines prohibited, securely pass,
Changing the Name of their own native Place :
So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,
Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame.
Wherever too much Sanctity you see,
Be more suspicious of hid Villany.
Whose-ever's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,
If Man, suspect him Rogue ; if Woman, Whore :
And such a thing art thou, religious Pride,
So very leud, and yet so sanctify'd.
Let now the Dutcheſs take no further Care,
Of numerous Stallions let her not despair,
Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
To send her *Bromley*, *H—* and *Mazarine* ;
This last doth banish'd *Monmouth's* Place supply,
And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.

For *Monmouth* he had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence :
A Proof that since such things as she prevail,
Her Highness Head is lighter than her Tail.
But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
The common Theam of every rhiming Sot :
She'l after railing make us laugh a while,
For at her Folly who can chuse but smile ?
While them who always slight her, great she makes,
And so much Pains to be despis'd she takes :
Goes sauntring with her Highness up to Town,
To an old Play, and in the dark comes down ;
Still makes her Court to her as to the Queen,
But still is jussled out by *Mazarine*.
So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
Than even she who her from Exile brought :
O *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth* ! not to take
The Offer the great *Sun—d* did make,
When cringing at thy Feet ; e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
The Golden Calf that's worship'd by the Croud.

But

But thou for *Y—k*, who now despises thee,
 To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftbury*.
 If this is all the Policy you know,
 This all the Skill in States you boast of so,
 How wisely did thy Country's Laws ordain,
 Never to let the foolish Woman reign?
 But what must we expect, who daily see
 Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by unthinking thee?

Marvel's Ghost. By Mr. Ayloffe.

FROM the dark Stygian Lake I come,
 T' acquaint poor *England* with her Doom;
 Which by th' infernal Sisters late,
 I copy'd from the Book of Fate:
 And tho the Sense may seem disguis'd,
 'Tis in these following Lines compris'd.

When *England* shall forsake the Broom,
 And take the Thistle in the room;
 A wanton Fidler shall be led
 By Fate to shame his Master's Bed;
 From whence a spurious Race shall grow,
 Design'd for *Britain's* Overthrow.
 These, whilst they do possess her Throne,
 Shall serve all Interests but their own;
 And shall be, both in Peace and War,
 Scourges unto themselves and her.
 A brace of exil'd Youths, whose Fates
 Shall pull down Vengeance on those States
 That harbour'd them abroad, must come
 Well skill'd in foreign Vices home;
 And shall, their dark Designs to hide,
 With two contending Churches side;
 Till with cross persecuting Zeal,
 They have destroy'd the Commonweal.

Then

Then Incest, Murder, Perjury,
 Shall fashionable Vertues be ;
 And Villanies infest this Isle,
 Shall make the Son of *Claudius* smile.
 No Oaths nor Sacraments hold good,
 But what are seal'd with Lust and Blood :
 Lust, which cold Exile could not tame,
 Nor Plague nor Fire at home reclaim.
 For this she shall in Ashes mourn,
 From *Europe's* Envy turn her Scorn,
 And curse the Day that e'er gave Birth
 To *Cecil*, or to *Monk* on Earth.

But as I onwards strove to look,
 The angry Sister shut the Book,
 And said : No more, that fickle State
 Shall know no further of her Fate ;
 Her future Fortunes must be hid,
 Till her known Ills be remedy'd ;
 And she to those Resentments come,
 That drove the *Tarquins* out of *Rome* ;
 Or such as did in Fury turn
 The *Assyrian's* Palace to his Urn.

The True Englishman. 1686.

CUrs'd be the tim'rous Fool, whose feeble Mind
 Is turn'd about with ev'ry blast of Wind ;
 Who to Self-int'rest basely does give ear,
 And suffers Reason to be led by Fear.
 He only merits a true *English* Name,
 Who always says, and does, and is the same ;
 Who dares be honest, tho at any rate,
 And stands prepar'd to meet the worst of Fate :
 He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does despise,
 And won't be knavish to be counted wise :
 No publick Storm can his clear Reason blind,
 Or bad Example influence his Mind.

M

Let

Let *M* ——— like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
 For his aspiring Projects and Amours,
 Unman himself to sneak, fawn, cringe and whine,
 And play the Spaniel, till they let him in;
 Then, with a grinning and affected Leer,
 Run his red Snout in every Lady's Ear.

Let a leud Judg come reeking from a Wench,
 To vent a wilder Lust upon the Bench;
 Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
 Swell'd up with Envy, over-act his part;
 Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd,
 And study to be more than doubly damn'd.
 Let a mean scoundrel Lord (for equal fear
 Of hanging, or of starving) falsely swear;
 Let him, whose Knavery and Impudence
 Is known to every Man's Experience,
 With scraps of broken Evidence, contrive
 To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive:
 Nay, tho he swears by the same Deities,
 Whom he has mock'd by Mimick Sacrifice

Let *Rumsey*, with his ill-look'd treacherous Face,
 That swarthy Off-spring of a Hellish Race,
 Whose Mother, big with an intriguing Devil,
 Brought an Epitome of all that's Evil:
 Let him be perjur'd, and as rashly damn
 T' eternal Infamy his odious Name.

Let Knaves and Fools confound the tott'ring State,
 And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's Hate;
 Blinding by false Accounts of Men and Things,
 The most indulgent and the best of Kings.

Let an unthinking hair-brain'd Bigot's Zeal,
 (Not out of any Thought of doing well,
 But in a pure defiance of the Law)
 In bloody Lines his true Idea draw;
 That Men may be inform'd, and early see,
 What such a Man (if once in Pow'r) would be:
 Of Royal Mercy let him stop the Source,
 That Death may have a free and boundless Course;

Till

Till shivering Ghosts come from their gloomy Cell,
And in dumb Forms a fatal Story tell. (Whores,

Let the Court swarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bands and
And honest Men be all turn'd out of doors;
Let Atheism and Profaneness there abound,
And not an upright Man (God save the King) be found.
Let Men of Principles be in Disgrace,
And mercenary Villains in their place;
Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
Lose their just Liberties, and be undone:
Let States-men sudden Changes undertake,
And make the Government's Foundation shake;
Till strange tempestuous Murmurs do arise,
And show a Storm that's gath'ring in the Skies.

Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
Upon the Issue of their Actions wait;
If you've a true, a brave undaunted Mind,
Of *English* Principles, as well as kind,
You'll on the bottom of true Honour stand,
Firm as a Rock, unshaken as the Land:
So when vast Seas of Trouble 'gainst you beat,
They'll break, and force themselves to a Retreat;
No Fate, no Flattery can e'er controul
A steady, resolute, heroick Soul.

On the Young Statesmen. By J. Dryden, 1680.

Clarendon had Law and Sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave,
Bennett's grave Look was a Pretence,
And D——y's matchless Impudence
Help'd to support the Knave.

2.

But Sund——d, God——n, L——y,
These will appear such Chits in Story,
'Twill turn all Politicks to Jest,

M 2

To

To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When Fidlers sing at Feasts.

3.

Protest us, mighty Providence,
What wou'd these Mad-men have?
First, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Sense,
And without Pow'r enslave.

4.

Shall free-born Men in humble awe,
Submit to servile Shame;
Who from Consent and Custom, draw
The same Right to be rul'd by Law
Which Kings pretend to Reign?

5.

The Duke shall wield his conq'ring Sword,
The Chancellor make his Speech;
The King shall pass his honest Word,
The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford;
And then come kiss my Breech.

6.

So have I seen a King on Chess,
(His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Bishops in Distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a Pawn.

Portsmouth's Looking-Glass. By the L. Roch--r.

MEthinks I see you newly risen,
From your embroider'd Bed, and pissing;
With studied Mien and much Grimace,
Present your self before your Glass,
To varnish and rub o'er those Graces,
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces:
To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all these Powers you conquer with;

J.

Lay

Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
In Pouders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs:
And nicely chuse, and neatly spread
Upon your Cheeks the best *French Red*.
Indeed for Whites none can compare,
With those you naturally wear:
And tho her Highness much delights
To laugh and talk about your Whites;
I never could perceive your Grace
Made use of any for your Face.
Here 'tis you practise all your Art,
To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart;
Tattle, and smile, and wink and twink on't;
It almost makes me sp — to think on't.
These are your master-strokes of Beauty,
That keep poor *Rowley* to hard Duty:
And how can all these be withstood
By frail and amorous *Flesh and Blood*?
These are the Charms that have bewitcht him,
As if a Conjurer's Rod had switcht him;
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.
Amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,
At Cards and Council here he sits;
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares not when 'tis walking Weather:
Bus'ness and Power he has resign'd,
And all things to your mighty Mind.
Is there a Minister of State,
Or any Treasurer of late,
That's fawning and imperious too?
He owes his Greatness all to you:
And as you see just Cause to do't,
You keep him in, or turn him out.
Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,
Raise Men, disband them as you please:
Take any Pensions, retrench Wages,
For Petticoats, and lusty Pages:

Contrive and execute all Laws,
 Suting the Judges to the Cause.
 Learn'd *Scroggs*, and honest *Jeffereys*,
 A faithful Friend to you, who e'er is;
 He made the Jury come in booty,
 And for your Service wou'd hang *Doughty*,
 You govern every Council-meeting,
 Make the Fools do as you think fitting.
 Your Royal Cully has Command,
 Only from you at second hand;
 He does but at the Helm appear,
 Sits there and sleeps while your Slaves steer:
 And you are the bright Northern Star,
 By which they guide this Man of War;
 Yet without doubt they might conduct
 Him better, were you better —,
 Many begin to think of late,
 His Crown and C——ds have both one date;
 For as they fall, so falls the State.
 And as his Reins prove loose and weak,
 The Reins of Government must break.

The Impartial Trimmer, 1682.

SINCE there are some that with me see the State
 Of this declining Isle, and mourn its Fate;
 French Counsellors and Whores, French Education,
 Have chang'd our Natures, and enslav'd our Nation:
 There was a Time when Barons boldly stood,
 And spent their Lives for their dear Country's Good;
 Confirm'd our Charter, with a Curse to light
 On those that shou'd destroy that sacred Right,
 Which Pow'r with Freedom can so well unite:
 The hated Name of Rebel is not due
 To him that is to Law and Justice true.

Brutus

Brutus bold Part may justly claim Renown,
Preferring Right to Friendship and a Crown;
For 'twas not Treason then to keep our own.
But now the Nation with unusual need
Cries help, where is our bold, our *English* Breed?
Popery and Slavery are just at hand,
And every Patriot is a S———d.
Shaftsbury's gone, another Change to try;
He hates his Word, yet more the Monarchy.
No Head remains our Loyal Cause to grace,
For *Monmouth* is too weak for that High Place:
More proper for the Court where he was rais'd,
His Dancing envy'd, and his Dressing prais'd;
Where still such Folly is so well protected,
Those few that han't it are oblig'd t' affect it:
For Statesmen, King, and Whore, and all have sworn
T' advance such Wit and Vertue as their own.
Degenerate *Rome* and *Spain* deserves t' outbrave us,
If *Hyde* or *Hallifax* can e'er enslave us;
Or he that kneels betwixt his Dogs and Whore,
Rul'd by a Woman he can use no more;
Whispers with Knaves, and jests all day with Fools,
Is chid to Council like a Boy to School:
False to Mankind, and true to him alone,
Whose Treason still attempts his Life and Crown.
Rouze up and cry, No Slavery, no *Fork*,
And free your King from that devouring Stork;
Tho lull'd with Ease and Safety he appear,
And trusts the Reins to him he ought to fear.
'Tis Loyalty indeed to keep the Crown
Upon a Head that wou'd it self dethrone.
This is the Case of our unthinking Prince,
Wheedl'd by Knaves, to rule 'gainst common Sense;
That we provok'd our Wrongs to justify,
Might in his Reign his Brother's Title try.
Live long then *Charles*, secure of those you dread,
There's not five Whigs that ever wish'd you dead.

For as old Men rarely of Gout complain,
 That Life prolongs, but sooths its wholesom Pain:
 So we with as small cause (God knows) to boast,
 Bear much with you, rather than with him roast.
 For if a Subject does such Terror bring,
 What mayn't we fear from a revengeful King?
 Both leud and zealous, stubborn in his Nonsense,
 He'll sacrifice Mankind to ease his Conscience.

O happy *Venice*, whose good Laws are such,
 No private Crime the publick Peace can touch;
 But we most wretched, while two Fools dispute,
 If *Leg* or *Armstrong* shall be absolute.

Bajazet to Gloriana, 1684.

FAIR Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
 To tell you how he drew his Ruin on;
 By what Degrees he took that Passion in,
 That made him guilty of *Promethean* Sin,
 Who from the Gods durst steal Celestial Fire;
 And tho with less Success, I did as high aspire.
 Ah! why (ye Gods) was she of mortal Race,
 And why 'twixt her and me was there so vast a space?
 Why was she not above my Passion made?
 Some Star in Heaven, or Goddess of the Shade?
 And yet my haughty Soul could ne'er have bow'd
 To any Beauty of the common Crowd.
 None but the Brow that did expect a Crown,
 Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.

I liv'd the Envy of th' *Arcadian* Plains,
 Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains.
 Where-e'er I pass'd, I swept the Street along,
 And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
 In num'rous Flocks and Herds I did abound;
 And when I vainly spread my Wishes round,
 They wanted nothing but my being crown'd.

Yet

Yet witness all ye spightful Pow'rs above,
If my Ambition did not spring from Love:
Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been less fair,
Less excellent, less charming than you are,
I had my honest Loyalty retain'd,
My noble Blood untainted had remain'd.
Witness ye Graces, and ye sacred Bowers,
Ye shaded Rivers, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
Where the expecting Nymphs have past their Hours.
Witness how oft (all careless of their Fame)
They languish'd for the Author of their Flame:
And when I came reproach'd, my old reserve
Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preserve?
What sighing Maid was next to be undone,
For whom I dress'd and put my Graces on?
And never thought (tho I feign'd ev'ry Proof
Of tender Passion) that I lov'd enough.
While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
Or the faint Pleasure like a Dream enjoy'd;
'Twas *Gloriana's* Eyes my Soul alone
With everlasting Gust could feed upon:
From her first Bloom my Fate I did pursue,
And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew
The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
The Beauty from the Princess to divide:
For he at once must feel, whom you inspire,
A soft Ambition, and a haughty Fire,
And Hopes, the natural Aid of young Desire.

My unconsidering Passion had not yet
Thought your Illustrious Birth for mine too great:
'Twas Love that I pursu'd, that God that leads
Sometimes the equal'd Slave to Princes Beds.
But Oh! I had forgot that Flame must rest
In your bright Soul, that makes th' Adorer blest;
Your sacred Fire alone must you subdue,
'Tis that, not mine, can raise me up to you.

Yet if by chance m' Ambition meet a stop
 With any Thought that check'd m' advancing Hope:
 This new one straight wou'd all the rest confound,
 How every Coxcomb aim'd at being crown'd;
 The vain young Fool with all his Mother's Parts,
 Who wanted Sense enough for little Arts;
 Whose composition was like *Cheder-Cheese*,
 (In whose Production all the Town agrees)
 To whom from Prince to Priest was added Stuff,
 From Great King *Charles* e'en down to Father *Goff*.
 Yet he with vain Pretensions lays a Claim
 To th' glorious Title of a Sovereign;
 And when for Gods such wretched Things set up,
 Was it so great a Crime for me to hope?
 No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
 There is no Treason in ambitious Love;
 That sacred Antidote i' th' poison'd Cup
 Quells the Contagion of each little Drop.

I bring no Forces but my Sighs and Tears,
 My Languishments, my soft Complaints and Pray'rs:
 Artillery which was never sent in vain,
 Nor fails, where e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
 Here only, here rebated they return,
 Meeting the solid Armour of your Scorn;
 Scorn! By the Gods, I any thing could bear,
 The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War;
 Long Winter Marches, or the Summer's Heat,
 Nay e'en in Battel from the Foe Defeat;
 Scars on this Face, Scars, whose dull recompence
 Wou'd ne'er atone for what they rob from thence;
 Scandal of Coward, nay half-witted too,
 Or siding with the pardon'd Rebel Crew;
 Or ought but Scorn: and yet you must frown on,
 Your Slave was destin'd thus to be undone;
 You the avenging Deity appear,
 And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd Fair.

*On King CHARLES, by the Earl of Rochester:
For which he was banish'd the Court, and turn'd
Mountebank.*

IN the Isle of *Great Britain* long since famous known;
 For breeding the best C — in *Christendom*;
 There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
 The easiest Prince, and best bred Man alive:
 Him no Ambition moves to seek Renown,
 Like the *French Fool*, to wander up and down,
 Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
 Nor are his high Desires above his Strength,
 His Scepter and his — are of a length;
 And she that plays with one may sway the other,
 And make him little wiser than his Brother.
 I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones that they sit on,
 From the Hector of *France* to the Cully of *Briton*.
 Poor Prince, thy P — like the Buffoons at Court,
 It governs thee, because it makes thee Sport:
 Tho Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
 'Twill break through all to make its way to —.
 Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
 A merry Monarch, scandalous and poor.
 To *Carvel*, the most dear of all thy Dears,
 The sure Relief of thy declining Years;
 Oft he bewails his Fortune and her Fate,
 To love so well, and to be lov'd so late.
 For when in her he settles well his T —,
 Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an Arie.
 This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you,
 The Pain it costs to poor laborious *Nelly*,
 While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
 E'er she can raise the Member she enjoys.

Cato's

*Cato's Answer to Libanius, when he advis'd him
to go and consult the Oracle of Jupiter Hamon;
Translated out of the 9th Book of Lucan, be-
ginning at Quid quin Labiene jubes, &c.
By Mr. John Ayloffe.*

WHat should I ask my Friends which best wou'd be,
To live enslav'd, or thus in Arms die free?
If any Force can Honour's Price abate,
Or Vertue bow beneath the Blows of Fate;
If Fortune's Threats a stiddy Soul disdains;
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the Pains:
If it our Happiness at all import,
Whether the foolish Scene be long or short:
If when we do but aim at Noble Ends,
Th' Attempt alone immortal Fame attends:
If for bad Accidents, which thickest press
On Merit, we should like a good Cause less,
Or be the fonder of it for Success. }
All this is clear, Words in our Minds it strikes,
Nor *Hamon* nor his Priest can deeper fix.
Without the Clergy's venial Cant and Pains, }
God's never-frustrate Will holds ours in Chains,
Nor can we act, but what th' All-wise ordains:
Who needs no Voice, nor perishing Word to awe
Our wild Desires, and give his Creatures Law.
Whate'er we know, or needful was, or fit,
In the wise Frame of Human Souls is writ:
Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
He once for all did at our Birth declare;
But never did he seek out desert Lands,
To bury Truth in unfrequented Sands;
Or to a Corner of the World withdrew
Head of a Sect, or partial to a few.

Nature's

Nature's vast Fabrick is his House alone,
 This Globe his Footstool, and high Heaven his Throne;
 In Earth, Air, Sea, and in whoe'er excels,
 In knowing Heads and honest Hearts he dwells.
 Why seek we then among these barren Sands,
 In narrow Shrines and Temples built with Hands,
 Him whose dread Presence does all Places fill,
 Or look but in our Reason for his Will?
 All we e'er saw is God, in all we find
 Apparent Prints of the Eternal Mind.
 Let flatt'ring Fools their course by Prophets steer,
 And always of the Future live in fear:
 No Oracle or Dream the Crowd is told,
 Can make me more or less resolv'd or bold;
 But certain Death, which equally on all,
 Both on the Coward and the Brave must fall.
 This said, and turning with Disdain about,
 He left scorn'd *Hamon* to the vulgar Rout.

The Lord Lucas's Ghost.

FROM the blest Regions of eternal Day, (Ray;
 Where Heaven-born Souls imbibe th' immortal
 Where Liberty and Innocence reside,
 Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride;
 Where pious Patriots, that have shed their Blood
 For sacred Truths, and for the publick Good,
 Now rest secure: from thence (poor *Isle*) I come.
 To see thy Sorrows, and bewail thy Doom;
 Thy sore Oppressions, and thy piercing Cry,
 Disturb our Rest, and drown our Harmony.
 When stiff-neck'd *Israel* did their God reject,
 And in his stead an Idol-King erect:
 Heaven's flaming Sword he brandish'd in his Hand,
 And dreadful Thunder struck their sinful Land;

Till

Till Penitence aton'd his sinful Ire,
 And quench'd the Rage of his consuming Fire!
 But this poor Land still feels the dire Effect
 Of his just Wrath, who his mild Reign reject.
 Unhappy Isle, how oft hast thou been curst
 With foolish Kings! but this of all's the worst.
 The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful Fiends,
 This R — l Plague all other far transcends.
 From him, the fountain, all our Mischiefs flow;
 From him the Fire, from him the War arose.
 With *Rome* he plots, Religion to o'erthrow,
 With *France* combines t' enslave the People too.
 No Man must near his sacred Person come,
 Unless he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
 With harden'd Face he 'saults the Frail and Fair,
 Uses his Power the Vertuous to ensnare.
 With Troops of Vice he conquers Liberty,
 Depresses Virtue, enthrones Tyranny;
 Threatens the Coward, fawns upon the Bold,
 Debauches all with Power or with Gold.

Lift up thy Head, afflicted Isle, and hear,
 The Time of thy Deliverance draws near;
 His full-blown Crimes will certainly pull down
 A slow, but sure Destruction on his Crown.
 His loathed Acts thy Freedom's Birth shall cause,
 Secure Religion, produce wholesom Laws.
 No more the Poor the Rich one shall devour;
 No more shall Right yield to oppressive Pow'r:
 No more shall Rapine make the Country groan,
 Nor Civil Wars shall reign within the Town:
 The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
 Shall cease henceforth to bruise thy happy Land.
Rome's Hocus Pocus Ministers no more
 Shall cause Mankind their juggling Priests t' adore:
 Thy Learned Clergy shall confound them all,
 And they, like *Ely's* Sons, unpity'd fall.
 Dark Mists of Errors then must fly away,
 And Hell's Delusions shrink from the bright Day.

Truth's

Truth's sacred Light in full abundance shall
 Upon thy Teachers and thy People fall.
 So when th' Eternal Son was born to die
 For all the World, the lesser Gods did fly;
 His bright Appearance struck their Prophets dumb,
 And Death, like Silence, did their Gods intomb.
 The tuneful Spheres with Hallelujahs rung,
 Heaven's mighty Host with Man one Chorus sung
 Ne'er-fading Glory unto God above,
 Peace upon Earth, to Men eternal Love.
 Thus the Creation shouted with one Voice;
 Thus Heav'n and Earth did at his Birth rejoice:
 And thus shall all repeat this Song again,
 When upon Earth he shall begin to reign.
 But this lov'd Isle shall be the chosen place,
 Here shall the King of Kings begin his Race;
 Judea was his Cradle and the Tomb,
 Britain shall be his Throne in time to come.

AN EPI TAPH.

Algernon Sidney fills this Tomb;
 An Atheist, by declaiming Rome:
 A Rebel bold, by striving still
 To keep the Laws above the Will;
 And hindring those wou'd pull them down,
 To leave no Limits to a Crown:
 Crimes damn'd by Church and Government.
 Oh! whither must his Soul be sent?
 Of Heaven it must needs despair,
 If that the Pope be Turn-key there;
 And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
 For there is all Tyrannick Reign;
 And Purgatory's such a Pretence,
 As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense.
 Where goes it then? Where't ought to go,
 Where Pope and Devil have nought to do,

The Brazen-Head, 1688.

WHAT strepitantious Noise is it that sounds
 From raised Banks, or from the lower Grounds?
 From hollow Caverns, Labyrinths from far,
 Threatning Confusions of a dreadful War?
 What dismal Cries of People in Despair,
 Fill the vast Region of the troubled Air?
 The Tune of Horror, or of what's as strange,
 That strikes uneven like a World of change,
 With such a bold Surprise attacks my Sense,
 Beyond the Power of Counsel or Defence?
 But tho blind Fortune rolls her turning Wheel
 With a perpetual Motion, who can feel
 This Surge of Fate, push'd on with Fire and Steel?
 Ye precious Moments of serener Days!
 When many Victories enlarg'd my Praise,
 And all things ran in a most easy Stream,
 Back unto me their Ocean and Supreme;
 Are you all vanish'd by the sudden Fright,
 And left m' encompass'd with a dismal Night?
 By my own Subjects in suspicion held,
 Murmurings as bad, as if they had rebel'd?
 Ye all-controlling Powers of things above!
 Whose easier Dictates guide the World by Love,
 Avert th' impendent Miseries, and show
 Us Earthly Gods to govern here below.

The Answer.

'TIS well you've thought upon the chiefest Cause;
 Change nothing of Religion nor the Laws.
 Let the great Monarch this good Motto wear,
 Not only in his Arms, but every where:
Integer Viræ, is my whole Defence;
Scelerisque purus, a most strong Defence;

Non

Non eget Mauri, that no Forces need,
Faculis nec Arcu, which Contentions breed;
Nec venenatis gravida Sagittis
Phaetrea, to make Loyal his own Cities.

*Upon the Execrable Murder of the Right Honorable
 Arthur Earl of Essex.*

Mortality wou'd be too frail to hear,
 How *ESSEX* fell, and not dissolve with Fear;
 Did not more generous Rage take off the Blow,
 And by his *Blood* the steps to Vengeance show.

The Tow'r was for the Tragedy design'd,
 And to be slaughter'd, he is first confin'd;
 As fetter'd Victims to the Altar go:
 But why must noble *ESSEX* perish so?
 Why with such fury drag'd into his Tomb,
 Murder'd by Slaves, and sacrific'd to Rome?

By stealth they kill, and with a secret Stroke
 Silence that Voice which charm'd whene'er it spoke:
 The bleeding Orifice o'erflow'd the Ground,
 More like some mighty Deluge than a Wound.
 Thro the large Space his Blood and Vitals glide,
 And his whole Body might have past beside.
 The reeking Crimson swell'd into a Flood,
 And stream'd a second time in *Capet's* Blood.
 He's in his Son again to death pursu'd,
 An Instance of the high'st Ingratitude.
 They then malicious Stratagems employ,
 With Life his dearer Honour to destroy,
 And make his Fame extinguish with his Breath,
 And act beyond the Cruelties of Death.
 Here Murder is in all its shapes compleat,
 As Lines united in their Centre meet;

Form'd by the blackest Politicks of Hell :
Was *Cain* so dev'lish when his Brother fell ?

He that contrives, or his own Fate desires,
Wants Courage, and for fear of Death expires;
But mighty *ESSEX* was in all things brave,
Neither to *Hope*, nor to *Despair*, a Slave.
He had a Soul too *Innocent* and *Great*
To fear, or to anticipate his Fate :
Yet their exalted Impudence and Guilt,
Charge on himself the precious Blood they spilt.
So were the *Protestants* some years ago
Destroy'd in *Ireland* without a Foe ;
By their own barbarous Hands the Madmen die,
And massacre themselves, they know not why :
Whilst the kind *Irish* howl to see the Gore,
And pious *Catholicks* their Fate deplore.
If you refuse to trust erroneous Fame,
Royal Mac-Ninny will confirm the same.

We have lost more in injur'd *Capel's* Heir,
Than the poor Bankrupt Age can e'er repair.
Nature indulg'd him so, that there we saw
All the choice Strokes her stiddy Hand could draw :
He the old *English* Glory did revive,
In him we had *Plantagenets* alive.
Grandeur and Fortune, and a vast Renown,
Fit to support the Lustre of a Crown :
All these in him were potently conjoin'd,
But all was too ignoble for his Mind :
Wisdom and *Vertue*, Properties Divine,
Those, God-like *ESSEX*, were intirely thine.

In this great Name he's still preserv'd alive,
And will to all succeeding Times survive
With just Progression, as the constant Sun
Doth move, and thro its bright *Ecliptick* run.

For whilst his Dust does undistinguish'd lie,
And his blest Soul is soar'd above the Sky,
Fame shall below his parted Breath supply.

An Essay upon Satyr : By J. Dryden, Esq;

HOW dull, and how insensible a Beast,
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and Poets vainly strove
In every Age the lumpish *Masse* to move:
But those were Pedants when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; so that as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiser too.
Satyr has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell Men freely of their foulest Faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
In *Satyr* too the Wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar Praise.
Some did all Folly with just Sharpness blame;
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame:
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
(As Men aim rightest when they shoot in jest :)
Yet if we may presume to blame our Guides,
And censure those who censure all besides;
In other things they justly are prefer'd,
In this alone methinks the Antients err'd :
Against the grossest Follies they disclaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game.
Nothing is easier than such Blots to hit,
And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit:
Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to *Armstrong*, or dull *Aston* teach?
'Tis being devout at Play, wise at a Ball,
Or bringing Wit and Friendship to *Whiteball*;

But with sharp Eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest Mind;
 That little Speck, which all the rest does spoil,
 To wash off that would be a noble Toil,
 Beyond the loose-writ Libels of this Age,
 Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage;
 Above all Censure too, each little Wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit:
 Who judging better, tho concern'd the most,
 Of such Correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a Satyr all would seek a share,
 And every Fool will fancy he is there.
 Old Story-tellers too must pine and die,
 To see their antiquated Wit laid by:
 Like her who mis'd her Name in a Lampoon,
 And griev'd to find her self decay'd so soon.
 No common Coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 Nor the dull Train of dancing Sparks appear;
 Not fluttering Officers, who never fight;
 Of such a wretched Rabble who would write?
 Much less Half-Wits, that's more against our Rules;
 For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
 Who would not be as silly as *Dunbar*?
 As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr*?
 The cunning Courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull Knavery makes so much ado;
 Till the shrewd Fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like *Aesop's* Fox, becomes a Prey at last.
 Nor shall the Royal Mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;
 With whom each rhiming Fool keeps such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other:
 Yet sauntering *Charles* between his beastly Brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected Humour or a painted Face.
 In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him:

How

How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?
Was ever Prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?
Earnely and *Ayles* —y, with all that Race
Of busy Blockheads shall have here no place ;
At Council set as foils on *D—by's* score,
To make that great false Jewel shine the more :
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains, and telling lyes.
But there's no meddling with such nauseous Men,
Their very Names have tir'd my lazy Pen ;
'Tis time to quit their Company, and chuse
Some fittter Subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest Man alive,
Against his careless Genius vainly strive ;
Quit his dear Ease, some deep Design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the Day :
Yet he will laugh at his best Friends, and be
Just as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
But when he aims at Reason or at Rule,
He turns himself the best in ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit ;
That Shadow of a Jest shall be enjoy'd,
Tho he left all Mankind to be destroy'd.
So Cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
Till Mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure ;
But soon the Lady had him in her Eye,
And from her Friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our Nature, does no good,
We must fall back to our old Flesh and Blood.
As by our little *Matchiavel* we find, [E. of S—y.
(That nimblest Creature of the busy kind)
His Limbs are crippled, and his Body shakes,
Yet his hard Mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor Companion takes.

What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see that drag his feeble Legs about ?
 Like Hounds ill-coupled, Jowler logs him still
 Thro Hedges, Ditches, and thro all that's ill.
 'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
 To use a body so, tho 'tis one's own :
 Yet this false Comfort never gives him o'er,
 That whilst he creeps, his vig'rous Thoughts can soar :
 Alas, that soaring to those few that know,
 Is but a busy groveling here below.
 So Men in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
 Whilst on the ground th'intranced Wretches lie ;
 So modern Fops have fancy'd they could fly :
 Whilst 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
 And for the most part building Castles there.
 As the new Earl with Parts deserving praise, [*E. of E-x*
 And *Wit* enough to laugh at his own ways,
 Yet loses all soft Days and sensual Nights,
 Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune flights ;
 Striving against his Quiet all he can,
 For the fine Notion of a busy Man :
 And what is that at best but one whose Mind
 Is made to tire himself, and all Mankind ?
 For *Ireland* he would go, Faith let him reign ;
 For if some odd fantastick Lord would fain
 Carry my Trunks, and all my drudgery do,
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
 But is there any other *Beast* that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittily contrives ?
 Will any Dog that has his Teeth and Stones,
 Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones,
 To turn a Wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
 While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd ?
 Yet this fond *Man*, to get a Statesman's Name,
 Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom, and his Fame.
 Tho *Satyr* nicely writ, no Humour stings
 But those who merit Praise in other things ;

Yet we must needs this one Exception make,
And break our Rules for silly *Tropos* sake ;
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd :
Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
From railing smoothly, and from reasoning wrong.
As Boys on Holy-days let loose to play,
Lay waggish Traps for Girls that pass that way ;
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress,
Some silly Cit in flower'd foolish Dress :
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel Reason on the ground ;
To see the florid Fool despis'd (and know it)
By some who scarce have words enough to show it ;
(For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay, sometimes the wittiest Speaker.)
But 'tis prodigious, so much Eloquence
Should be acquir'd by such a little Sense ;
For Words and Wit did antiently agree,
And *Tully* was no Fool, tho this Man be :
At Bar abusive, on the Bench unable,
Knave on the Wool-Sack, Fop at Council-Table.
These are the Grievances of such Fools as wou'd
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
Some other kind of *Wits* must be made known,
Whose harmless Errors hurt themselves alone :
Excess of Luxury they think can please,
And Laziness call loving of their Ease ;
To live dissolv'd in Pleasures still they feign,
Tho their whole Life's but intermitting Pain.
So much of Surfeits, Head-achs, Claps are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between :
Well-meaning Men, who make this gross mistake,
And Pleasure lose only for Pleasure's sake.
Each Pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of Pain, we squander Life away.
Thus *D—set* purring like a thoughtful Cat,
Marry'd, but wiser Puss ne'er thought of that :

And first he worry'd her with railing Rhime;
 Like *Pembroke's* Mastiffs at his kindest time;
 Then for one Night sold all his slavish Life,
 A teeming *Widow*, but a barren *Wife*;
 Suckl'd by contract of such a fulsom Toad,
 He lug'd about the matrimonial Load:
 Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his Liberty;
 Which he would use in all his sneaking way,
 Drinking all Night, and dozing all the Day:
 Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his brisker Times
 Had fam'd for Dulness in malicious Rhimes.

Mul—we had much ado to scape the Snare,
 Tho learn'd in those ill Arts that cheat the Fair:
 For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
 With Beauty dazled, *Numps* was in the Stocks.
 Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
 To see him catch his Tartar for his Prize:
 Th'impatient Town waited the wish'd-for Change,
 And Cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet Revenge;
 Till *Petworth* Plot made us with sorrow see,
 As his Estate, his Person too was free.
 Him no soft Thoughts, no Gratitude could move,
 To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love;
 Yet failing there, he keeps his Freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his will:
 'Tis not his fault, if too much Wealth and Pow'r
 Break not his boasted Quiet every hour.

And little *Sid*—y for *Simile* renown'd,
 Pleasures has always sought, but never found:
 Tho all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
 The Flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His Meat and Mistresses are kept too long;
 But sure we all mistake this pious Man,
 Who mortifies his Person all he can.
 What we uncharitably take for Sin,
 Are only Rules of this old *Capuchin*;

For

For never Hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common Sense ;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No Nastiness offends his skilful Nose :
Which from all stink can with peculiar Art
Extract Perfume, and Essence from a F—t.
Expecting Supper is his great Delight,
He toils all day but to be drunk at night :
Then o'er his Cups this Night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes *Hewet* and *Jack Hall* for Wits.

Rochester I despise for's want of Wit,
Tho thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet :
For while he mischief means to all Mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find ;
And so like Witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless Malice is so much the same.
False are his Words, affected is his Wit ;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit :
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks.
Mean in each Action, leud in every Limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him :
A proof that Chance alone makes every Creature,
A very *Killigrew* without Good-Nature.
For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd !
And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd :
For (there's the folly that's still mixt with fear)
Cowards more Blows than any Hero bear.
Of fighting Sparks some may her Pleasures say,
But tis a bolder thing to run away :
The World may well forgive him all his Ill,
For every Fault does prove his Penance still :
Falsly he falls into some dangerous Noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose ;
A Life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base Injury, and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his Poetry ;
Forgot by almost all as well as me,

Some-

Sometimes he has some Humour, never Wit ;
 And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
 'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
 To find it out 's the Cinder-Woman's Trade ;
 Who for the wretched Remnants of a Fire,
 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
 So leudly dull his idle Works appear,
 The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here ;
 Where one poor Thought's sometimes left all alone,
 For a whole Page of Dulness to atone :
 'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable Line,
 Without Expression, Fancy, or Design.

How vain a thing is *Man*, and how unwise,
 Ev'n he who would himself the most despise !
 I who so wise and humble seem to be,
 Now my own Vanity and Pride can't see.
 While the World's Nonsense is so sharply shown,
 We pull down others but to raise our own ;
 That we may Angels seem, we paint them Elves,
 And are but Satyrs to set up our selves.
 I who have all this while been finding fault,
 Ev'n with my Masters, who first Satyr taught ;
 And did by that describe the Task so hard,
 It seems stupendous and above reward :
 Now labour with unequal force to climb
 That lofty Hill, unreach'd by former time ;
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

*Upon an undeserving and ungrateful Mistress,
 whom he could not help loving.*

*Being a Paraphrastical Translation of Ovid's Tenth
 Elegy. Lib. 3. Amorum.*

I HAVE too long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
 Too long her Falseness my fond Love has born ;
 My

My Freedom and my Wits at length I claim ;
Be gone base Passion, die unworthy Flame !
My Life's sole Torment, and my Honour's Stain,
Quit this tir'd Heart, and end the lingring Pain !
I have resolv'd I'll be my self once more,
Long banish'd Reason to her Right restore,
And throw off Love's tyrannick Sway, that still
encroaching Power.

My growing Shame I see at last, tho late,
And my past Follies both despise and hate.
Hold out my Heart, nor let her Beauty move,
Be constant in thy Anger as thy Love :
My present Pains shall give thee future Ease,
As bitter Potions cure, tho they displease.
'Tis for this end, for Freedom more assur'd,
I have so long such shameful Chains endur'd.
Like a scorn'd Slave before her door I lay,
And proud Repulses suffer'd every day :
Without complaining, banish'd from her sight,
On the cold ground I spent the tedious Night ;
While some glad Rival in her Arms did lie,
Glutted with Love, and surfeited with Joy.
Thence have I seen the tir'd Adulterer come,
Dragging a weak exhausted Carcase home.
And yet this Curse a Blessing I esteem,
Compar'd with that of being seen by him ;
By him descry'd attending in the Street,
May my Foes only such Disgraces meet !
What toil and time has this false Woman cost ?
How much of unreturning Youth has for her sake been
How long did I, where Fancy led, or Fate, (lost ?
Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles wait ?
Her Steps, her Looks were still by mine pursu'd,
And watch'd by me, she charm'd the gazing Croud.
My diligent Love and over-fond Desire,
Has been the means to kindle others fire.
What need I mention every little Wrong,
Or curse the Softness of her soothing Tongue ?

The

The private Love-signs that in publick pass,
 Between her and some common staring Ass.
 The Coquet Art her faithless Heart allows,
 Or tax her with a thousand broken Vows:
 I hear she's sick, and with wild hast I run,
 Officious Haste, and Visit importune.
 Entring, my Rival on her Bed I see,
 The politick Sickness only was to me.
 With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
 Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
 To bear her Jilting, and maintain her Pride:
 My batter'd *Bark* has reach'd the Port at last,
 Nor fears again the *Billows* it has past.
 Cease your soft Oaths, and that still ready Show'r,
 Those once dear words have lost their charming Pow'r;
 In vain you flatter, I am now no more
 That easy Fool you found me heretofore.

Anger and Love a doubtful Fight maintain,
 Each strives by turns my staggering Heart to gain;
 But what can long against Love's force contend?
 My Love, I fear, will conquer in the end:
 I'll do whate'er I can to hate you still,
 And if I love, know 'tis against my will.
 So the Bull hates the Ploughman's Yoke to wear,
 Yet what he hates, his stubborn Neck must bear.

Her Manners oft my Indignation raise,
 But strait her *Beauty* the short Storm allays:
 Her Life I loath, her Person I adore;
 Much I condemn her, but I love her more.
 Both with her, and without her, I'm in pain,
 And rage to lose what I should blush to gain.
 Uncertain yet at what my Wishes aim,
 Loth to abandon Love, or part with Fame.
 That Angel Form ill sutes a Form all Sin;
 Ah! be less fair without, or more within!
 When these soft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
 In vain I call her Vices to my aid:

Tho now disdaining the Disguise of Art,
In my esteem her Conduct claims no part,
Her Face a nat'ral Right has to my Heart.
No Crimes so black as to deform her Eyes,
Those Clouds must scatter when these Suns shall rise.

Enough fair Conqueror, the Day's your own,
See at your feet Love's vanquish'd Rebel thrown,
By these dear Joys, (Joys dear, tho they are past)
When in the kindest Links of Love we held each
other fast;

By th'injur'd Gods your false Oaths did profane,
By all those Beauties that support and feed your proud
Disdain;

By that lov'd Face from the whole Sex elect,
To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct,
And equal with a Pow'r Divine respect:
By every Feature of a Turn so fine,

And by those Arms that charm and daze mine.
Spare some new Triumphs, cherish without Art
This over-faithful, this too tender Heart:

A Heart that was respectful while it strove,
But yielding is all blind impetuous Love.

Live as you please, torment me as you will,
Still are you fair, and I must love you still.

Think only, if with just and clement Reign,
A willing Subject you would chuse to gain,

Or drag a conquer'd Vassal in a Chain:

But to whatever Conduct you incline,

Do, suffer, be, what my worse Fears divine,

You are, you ought, you must, you shall be mine.

Reason, for ever the vain strife give o'er,

Thy cruel Wisdom I can bear no more:

Let me indulge this one soft Passion's Rule,

Curb vexing Sense, and be a happy Fool;

With full-spread Sails the tempting Gale obey,

That down Love's Current drives me fast away.

The Town-Life.

ONCE how I doated on this jilting Town,
 Thinking no Heaven was out of *London* known;
 Till I her Beauties artificial found,
 Her Pleasures but a short and giddy Round:
 Like one who has his *Phillis* long enjoy'd,
 Grown with the fulsom Repetition cloy'd;
 Love's Mists then vanish from before his Eyes,
 And all the Ladies Frailties he descries.
 Quite surfeited with Joy, I now retreat
 To the fresh Air, a homely Country Seat, (Meat.
 Good Hours, Books, harmless Sports, and wholesom }
 And now at last I've chose my proper Sphere,
 Where Men are plain and rustick, but sincere.
 I never was for Lyes nor Fawning made,
 But call a Wafer Bread, and Spade a Spade.
 I tell what Merits got Lord —— his Place,
 And laugh at marry'd *M——ve* to his face.
 I cannot veer with ev'ry Change of State,
 Nor flatter Villains, tho at Court they're great:
 Nor will I prostitute my Pen for hire,
 Praise *Cromwell*, damn him, write the *Spanish Fryar*:
 A *Papist* now, if next the *Turk* should reign,
 Then piously transverse the *Alcoran*.
 Methinks I hear one of the Nation cry,
 Be-Crist, this is a Whiggish Calumny, }
 All Vertues are compriz'd in Loyalty.
 Might I dispute with him, I'd change his Note,
 I'd silence him, that is, he'd cut my Throat.
 This powerful way of Reasoning never mist;
 None are so positive, but then desist,
 As I will, e'er it come to that Extreme;
 Our Folly, not our Misery, is our Theme.
 Well may we wonder what strange Charm, what Spell,
 What mighty Pleasures in this *London* dwell,

Tha

That Men renounce their Ease, Estates and Fame,
And drudge it here to get a Fopling's Name:
That one of seeming Sense, advanc'd in Years,
Like a *Sir Courtly Nice* in Town appears:
Others exchange their Land for tawdry Clothes,
And will in spite of Nature pass for Beaus.
Indulgent Heaven, who ne'er made ought in vain,
Each Man for something proper did ordain;
Yet most against their Genius blindly run,
The wrong they chuse, and what they're made for, shun.
Thus *A*——n thinks for State-Affairs he's fit,
Hewit for ogling, *Chomly* for a Wit:

But 'tis in vain, so wise, these Men to teach;
Besides, the King's learn'd Priests should only preach.

We'll see how Sparks the tedious Day employ,
And trace them in their warm pursuit of Joy:
If they get dress'd (with much ado) by Noon,
In quest of Beauty to the *Mass* they run,
Where (like young Boys) with Hat in hand they try
To catch some flutt'ring gawdy Butterfly.

Thus *Gray* pursues the Lady with a Face,
Like forty more, and with the same success,
Whose jilting Conduct in her Beauty's spite,
Loses her Fame, and gets no Pleasure by't.

The secret Joys of an Intrigue she flights,
And in an Equipage of Fools delights:

So some vain Heroes for a vain Command,
Forfeit their Conscience, Liberty, and Land.

But see *High Mass* is done, in Crowds they go;
What, all these *Irish*, and *Moll Howard* too!

'Tis very late, to *Locket's* let's away,
The Lady *Frances* comes, I will not stay.

Expecting Dinner, to discourse they fall,
Without respect of Morals censuring all:

The Nymph they lov'd, the Friend they hug'd before,
He's a vain Coxcomb, she's a common Whore:

No Obligation can their Jest's prevent;

Wit, like unruly Wind in Bowels pent,

Torments the Bearer till he gives it vent:

Tho

Tho this offends the Ear as that the Nose,
 No matter, 'tis for Ease, and out it goes.
 But what they talk (too nauseous to rehearse)
 I leave for the late Ballad-writers Verse.
 After a dear-bought Meal they haste away,
 To a Desert of ogling at the Play.
 What's here which in the Box's front I see!
 Deform'd old Age, Diseases, Infamy!
Warwick, North, Paget, Hinton, Martin, Willis,
 And that Epitome of Leudness, *Ellys*:
 I'll not turn that way, but observe the Play,
 Pox, 'tis a tragick Farce of *Banks* to day:
 Besides, some *Irish* Wits the Pit invade
 With a worse din than Cat-call Serenade.
 I must be gone, let's to *Hide-Park* repair;
 If not good Company, we'll find good Air.
 Here with affected Bow and Side-Glass Look,
 The self-conceited Fool is easily took.
 There comes a Spark with six in Tarsels dress,
 Charming the Ladies Hearts with dint of Beast:
 Like Scullers on the *Thames* with frequent Bow,
 They labour, tug, and in their Coaches row;
 To meet some Fair one, still they wheel about,
 Till she retires, and then they hurry out.

But next we'll visit where the Beaus in order come,
 ('Tis yet too early for the Drawing-Room)
 Here *Novels* and *Olivio's* abound,
 But one plain *Manly* is not to be found:
 Flatt'ring the present, th' absent they abuse,
 And vent their Spleen and Lyes, pretending News:
 Why, such a Lady's pale, and would not dance;
 This to the Country gone, and that to *France*:
 Who's marry'd, slip'd away, or mist at Court,
 Others Misfortunes thus afford them sport.
 A new Song is produc'd, the Author guest,
 The Verses and the Poet make a Jest.

Live

Live Laureat *E*——er, in whom we see
The *English* can excel Antiquity.

Dryden writes *Epick*, *Woosley* Odes in vain,
Virgil and *Horace* still the chief maintain :
He with his matchless Poems has alone,
Bavius and *Mevius* in their way outdone.

But now for Cards and Play they all propose,
While I who never in Good-breeding lose,
Who cannot civilly sit still, and see
The Ladies pick my Purse, and laugh at me,
Pretending earnest business drive to Court,
Where those who can do nothing else resort.
The *English* must not seek Preferment there,
For *Mack's* and *O's* all Places destin'd are.
No more we'll send our Youth to *Paris* now,
French Principles and Breeding once wou'd do :
They for Improvement must to *Ireland* sail,
The *Irish* Wit and Language now prevail.

But soft my Pen, with care this Subject touch ;
Stop where you are, you soon may write too much !
Quite weary with the hurry of the Day,
I to my peaceful home direct my way ;
While some in Hack, and Habit of Fatigue,
May have (but oft pretend) a close Intrigue :
Others more open to the Tavern scour,
Calling for Wine, and every Man his Whore,
As safe as those with Quality perhaps,
For *N*——*rgb* says great Ladies can give Claps :
Somewhere they're kept, and many where they keep,
Most see an easy Mistress e'er they sleep.
Thus Sparks may dress, dance, play, write, fight,
get drunk,
But all the mighty pother ends in Punk.

A Satyr on the Modern Translators.

Odi Imitatores servum pecus, &c.

By Mr. P—r.

SINCE the united Cunning of the Stage,
 Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age;
 Since *Betterton* of late so thrifty's grown,
 Revives old Plays, or wisely acts his own;
 Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhimes,
 Makes the compleatest Poet of our Times.
 Those who with nine Months toil had spoil'd a Play,
 In hopes of eating at a full Third Day,
 Justly despairing longer to sustain
 A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
 Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
 Atoning for bad Plays with worse Translations;
 And like old *Sternhold*, with laborious Spite,
 Burlesque what nobler Muses better write.
 Thus while they for their Causes only seem
 To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
 So breaking Vintners to increase their Wine,
 With nauseous Drugs debauch the generous Vine:
 So barren Gypsies for Recruit are said,
 With Strangers Issue to maintain the Trade;
 But lest the fair Bantling should be known,
 A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears,
 But to save the Town-Censure, and lessen his Fears,
 Join'd with a Spark, whose Title makes me civil,
 For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil:
 Such mighty Thoughts from *Ovid's* Letters flow,
 That the Translation is a work for two;
 Who in one Copy join'd, their shame have shown,
 Since T—e could spoil so many, tho alone.
 My Lord I thought so generous would prove,
 To scorn a Rival in Affairs of Love:

But

But well he knew his teeming Pangs were vain,
 Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain;
 And that when part of *Hudibras's* Horse
 Jog'd on, the other would not hang an Arse:
 So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful hollow,
 He drags his sluggish Mate, and *Tray* must follow.
 But how could this learn'd Brace employ their time?
 One constru'd sure, while th'other pump'd for Rhime:
 Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,
 The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cæsar's* Deeds:
 This, from his Partner's Acts ensures his Name,
 Oh sacred thirst of everlasting Fame!
 That could defile those well-cut Nails with Ink,
 And make his Honour condescend to think:
 But what Excuse, what Preface can atone,
 For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has singly done?
Bayes, whose *Rose-Ally* Ambuscade injoin'd
 To be to Vices which he practis'd kind;
 And brought the Venom of a spiteful *Satyr*,
 To the safe Innocence of a dull *Translator*.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought most fit
 To violate the *Mantuan* Prophet's Wit,
 And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.
 When I behold the rovings of his Muse,
 How soon *Assyrian* Ointment she would lose
 For Diamond Buckles sparkling at their Shoes:
 When *Virgil's* Height is lost, when *Ovid* soars,
 And in Heroicks *Canace* deplores
 Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
 I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
 In lofty Verses make *Maximin* blaspheme,
 Or sing in softer Airs *St. Katherine's* Dream.
 Nay, I could hear him damn last Age's Wit,
 And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;
 His Envy shou'd at powerful *Cowley* rage,
 And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage:
 His Sacrilege should plunder *Shakespeare's* Urn,
 With a dull Prologue make the Ghost return,

To bear a second Death, and greater Pain,
 While the Fiend's Words the Oracle profane.
 But when not satisfy'd with Spoils at home,
 The Pirate would to foreign Borders roam;
 May he still split on some unlucky Coast,
 And have his Works or Dictionary lost:
 That he may know what *Roman* Authors mean,
 No more than does our blind Translatress *Behn*,
 The Female Wit; who next convicted stands,
 Not for abusing *Ovid's* Verse, but *Sand's*:
 She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd Grace,
 (Which little helps the Ruin of her Face)
 That *VVir*, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
 VVhen more of Nature's seen, and less of Art:
 Nor strive in *Ovid's* Letters to have shown
 As much of Skill, as Leudness in her own.
 Then let her from the next inconstant Lover,
 Take a new Copy for a second Rover:
 Describe the Cunning of a jilting VVhore,
 From the ill Arts her self has us'd before;
 Thus let her write, but paraphrase no more.

R — *mer* to *Crambo* Privilege does claim,
 Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
 VVhich Providence in contradiction meant,
 Tho he Predestination could prevent,
 And with bold Dulness translate Heaven's Intent.
 Rash Man! we paid thee Adoration due,
 That antient Criticks were excel'd by you:
 Each little VVit to your Tribunal came,
 To hear their Doom, and to secure their Fame.
 But for Respect you servilely sought Praise,
 Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bays;
 VVhile wise Reflections and a grave Discourse,
 Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horse*.
 So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
 From sleeping Judges to the noisy Crew;
 Chang'd awful *Ermin* for a servile Gown,
 And to an humble fawning smooth'd his Frown:

The

The *Simile* will differ here indeed,
You cannot versify, tho he can plead.

To painful *Creech* my last Advice descends,
That he and Learning would at length be Friends;
That he'd command his dreadful Forces home,
Not be a second *Hannibal* to *Rome*.
But since no Counsel his Resolves can bow,
Nor may thy Fate, O *Rome*, resist his Vow:
Debar'd from Pens, as Lunaticks from Swords,
He should be kept from waging VVar with VVords:
VVords which at first like Atoms did advance
To the just measure of a tuneful Dance,
And jumpt to Form, as did his VVorlds, by chance.
This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town;
The VVits confirm'd his Labours with Renown,
And swear the early Atheist for their own.
Had he stopt here—but ruin'd by Success,
VVith a new Spawn he fill'd the burden'd Press,
Till, as his Volumes swel'd, his Fame grew less.
So Merchants flatter'd with increasing Gain,
Still tempt the Falshood of the doubtful Main:
So the first running of the lucky Dice,
Does eager Bully to new Bets intice;
Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.
VVitness this Truth *Lucretia's* wretched Fate,
VVhich better have I heard my Nurse relate;
The Matron suffers Violence again,
Not *Tarquin's* Lust so vile as *Creech's* Pen;
Witness those Heaps his Midnight Studies raise,
Hoping to rival *Ogilby* in Praise:
Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,
Which with most Justice might deserve the Prize;
Had not the first the Town with Cuts appeas'd,
And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner Rank I wou'd rehearse,
But will not plague your Patience nor my Verse:

In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their Writings may their Folly die.
 Nor why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,
 And make his very Book an Exile too,
 In Words more barbarous than the Place he knew ?
 If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated ?
 Had he foreseen some ill officious Tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal Strains blaspheme his Song ;
 Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame should e'er prevent
 The just Performance of his wise Intent :
 Smiling h'had seen his martyr'd Work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.

Some Fop in Preface may those Thefts excuse,
 That *Virgil* was the Draught of *Homer's* Muse :
 That *Horace's* by *Pindar's* Lyre was strung,
 By the great Image of whose Voice he sung.
 They found the Mass, 'tis true, but in their Mould
 They purg'd the drossy Oar to current Gold :
 Mending their Pattern, they escap'd the Curse,
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.
 But when we bind the Lyric up to Rhime,
 And lose the Sense to make the Poem chime :
 When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
 To ravish *Milkmaids* in our English Plains ;
 And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our Shore,
 Must, like our Locust *Hugonots*, be poor :
 I'd bid th' importing Club their Pains forbear,
 And traffick in our own, tho homely Ware ;
 Whilst from themselves the honest Vermin spin,
 I'd like the Texture, tho the Web be thin :
 Nay, take *Crown's* Plays, because his own, for Wit ;
 And praise what *Dursey*, not translating, writ.

The Parliament-House to be Lett, 1678.

1.
HERE's a House to be Lett,
 For C——s B———d swore,
 On Portsmouth's bare Arse,
 He wou'd shut up the Door.

2.
 Inquire at the Lodgings
 Next Door to the Pope,
 At Duke Lauderdale's Head,
 With a Crevat of Rope.

3.
 And there you will hear
 How next he will lett it ;
 If you pay the old Price,
 You may certainly get it,

4.
 He holds it in Tail
 From his Father, who fast
 Did keep it long shut,
 But paid for't at last.

Advice to Apollo, 1678.

I'VE heard the Muses were still soft and kind,
 To Malice Foes, to gentle Love inclin'd ;
 And that Parnassus Hill was fresh and gay,
 Crown'd still with Flow'rs, as in the fairest May ;
 That Helicon with Pleasures charm'd the Soul,
 Could Anger tame, and restless Care controul ;
 That bright Apollo still delights in Mirth,
 Chearing (each welcome day) the drowsy Earth.
 Then whence comes Satyr ? is it Poetry,
 O great Apollo, God of Harmony !

Far be't from thee, this cruel Art t'inspire ;
 Then strike these Wretches who thus dare aspire
 To tax thy gentleness, making thee seem
 Malicious as their Thought, harsh as their Theme.

First, strike Sir Carr, that Knight o'th' wither'd Face,
 Who (for th' reversion of a Poet's Place)
 Waits on *Melpomene*; and soothes her Grace :
 That angry Miss alone he strives to please,
 For fear the rest should teach him Wit and Ease,
 And make him quit his lov'd laborious VValks,
 VVhen sad or silent o'er the Room he stalks,
 And strives to write as wisely as he talks.

Next with a gentle Dart strike *Dryden* down,
 VVho but begins to aim at the Renown
 Bestow'd on *Satyrist*, and quits the Stage,
 To lash the witty Follies of the Age.
 Strike him but gently, that he may return,
 VVrite Plays again, and his past Follies mourn :
 H'had better make *Almanzor* give Offence
 In fifty Lines, without one word of Sense,
 Than thus offend, and wittily deserve
 VVhat will ensue, with his lov'd Muse to starve.

D — set writes Satyr too, but writes so well,
 O great *Apollo* ! let him still rebel,
 Pardon a Muse which does so far excel.
 Pardon a Muse which does with Art support
 Some drousy VVit in our unthinking Court.

But M — we strike with many angry Dart,
 He who profanes thy Name, offends thy Art ;
 Ne'er saw thy Light, yet would usurp thy Pow'r,
 And govern VVit, and be its Emperor :
 In fee with *Dryden* to be counted wise,
 VVho tells the *World* he has both VVit and Eyes.

Rocheſter's easy Muse does still improve
 Each hour thy little wealthy *World* of Love,
 (That *World* in which each Muse is thought a Queen)
 That he must be forgiv'n in Charity then ;

Tho his sharp Satyrs have offended thee,
 In Charity to Love, who will decay,
 VVhen his delightful Muse (its only stay)
 Is by thy Pow'r severely ta'en away.
 Forbear (then) Civil VVars, and strike not down
 Love, who alone supports thy tott'ring Crown.
 But saucy *Sb—pard* with th' affected Train,
 VVho Satyrs write, yet scarce can spell their Name,
 Blast, great *Apollo*, with perpetual Shame.

The Duel of the Crabs: By the Lord B ——— ft.
Occasion'd by Sir R. Howard's Duel of the Stags.

IN *Milford-Lane* near to *St. Clement's Steeple*,
 There liv'd a Nymph kind to all Christian People.
 A Nymph she was, whose comely Mien and Stature,
 VVhose height of Eloquence, and every Feature,
 Struck thro the heart of *City* and of *Whitehall*,
 And when they pleas'd to court her, did 'em right all;
 Under her beauteous Bosom there did lie
 A Belly smooth as Ivory:
 Yet Nature, to declare her various Art,
 Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient part:
 No Park with smoothest Lawn or highest VVood,
 Could e'er compare with this admir'd Abode.
 Here all the Youth of *England* did repair
 To take their Pleasure, and uncase their Care.
 Here the distressed Lover, that had born
 His haughty Mistress Anger, or her Scorn,
 Came for Relief; and in this pleasant Shade,
 Forgot the former, and this Nymph obey'd.
 And yet what Corner of the *World* is found,
 VVhere Pain or Pleasure does not still surround?
 One wou'd have thought that in this shady Grove,
 Nought cou'd have dwelt but Quiet, Peace and Love.
 But Heaven directed otherwise; for here,
 I'th' midst of Plenty, bloody VVars appear:

The

The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile,
 The Crocodile infests the fertile Soil.
 Lions and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plains,
 Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swains;
 Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,
 They fear their Ruin 'midst of their Delight.
 Thus in the Shade of this dark silent Bower,
 Strength strives with Strength, and Power vies with
 Two mighty Monsters did this Wood infest, (Power,
 And struck such Awe and Terror in the rest,
 That no *Sicilian* Tyrant e'er could boast
 He e'er with greater Rigour rul'd the roast.
 Each had his Empire, which he kept in Awe,
 Was by his Will obey'd, allow'd no Law :
 Nature so well divided had their States,
 Nought but Ambition could have chang'd their Fates :
 For 'twixt their Empire stood a briny Lake,
 Deep as the Poets do the Centre make ;
 But dire Ambition does admit no Bounds,
 There are no limits to aspiring Crowns.
 The *Spaniard* by his *Europe* Conquests bold,
 Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the *Indian's* Gold :
 The *Carthaginian* Hero did not stay,
 Because he met vast Mountains in his way :
 He pass'd the *Alps* like *Molehills* ; such a Mind
 As thinks on Conquest will be unconfin'd.
 Both with these haughty thoughts one course to tend,
 To try if this vast Lake had any end ;
 Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
 They might by Conquest get eternal Fame.
 After long Marches, both their Armies tir'd,
 At length they find the place so much desir'd :
 Where, in a little time, each does descry
 The glimpse of an approaching Enemy.
 They in this Sight do equal Pleasure prove,
 As we should do in well-rewarded Love :
 Blood-thirsty Souls, whose only perfect Joy
 Consists in what their Fury can destroy.

And

And now both Armies do prepare to fight,
And each the other unto War incite ;
In vain, alas, for all their Force and Strength
Was quite consumed by their Marches length :
But the great Chiefs, impatient of delay,
Resolve by single Fight to try the Day.
Each does the other with Contempt defy,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die ;
Both Armies are commanded to withdraw,
In expectation who shou'd give 'em Law :
While the amaz'd Spectators, full of Care,
Hope for a better, or worse Tyrant fear.
And now these Princes meet, now they engage
With all their chiefest Strength and highest Rage :
Now with their Instruments of Wrath they push,
As Hills in Earthquakes on each other rush.
Where their Militia lies, is still in doubt,
Whether like Elephants upon their Snout ;
Or if upon their Heads vast Horns they wore,
Or if they fought with Tusks like the wild Boar,
Some *Greshamites* perhaps, with help of Glafs,
And poring long upon't, may chance to guess.
But no Tradition has inform'd our Age,
What were their chiefest Instruments of Rage.
With small or no Advantage they proceed,
Both are much bruised, and their Wounds do bleed :
Both keep their Anger, both do lose their Force ;
Both get the better, neither get the worse.
Justice her self might put into each Scale
One of these Princes, and see neither fall.
Spur'd on by Fury, now they both provide,
To let one Grapple this great Cause decide.
Joining, they strive, and such resistance make,
Both fall together in the briny Lake ;
Where from the trouble of a tott'ring Crown,
Each mighty Monarch is laid gently down :
Both Armies at this Sight amazed stand,
In doubt, who shall obey, who shall command.

In this Extremity they both agree,
A Commonwealth their Government shall be.

*Instructions to his Mistress how to behave her self at
Supper with her Husband, 1682.*

SINCE to strain our Joys, that ill, but rude
Familiar thing, your Husband, will intrude;
For a just Judgment, may th' unwelcome Guest
At this Night's lucky Supper eat his last.
O how shall I with Patience e'er stand by,
While my *Corinna* gives another Joy!
His wanton Hands in her soft Bosom warms,
And folds about her Neck his clasping Arms.
O torturing Sight! but since it must be so,
Be kind, and learn what 'tis I'd have you do.
Come first before; for tho' the Place may prove
Unfit for all we wish, you'll show me Love:
When call'd to Table, you demurely go,
Gently in passing, touch my Hand, or so:
Mark all my Actions, well observe my Eye,
My speaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
If I do ought of which you would complain,
Upon your Elbow languishingly lean:
But if you're pleas'd with what I do, or say,
Steal me a Smile, and snatch your Eyes away:
When you reflect on our past secret Joys,
Hold modestly your Fan before your Eyes;
And when the nauseous Husband tedious grows,
Your lifted Hands with scornful Anger close,
As if you call'd for Vengeance from above,
Upon that dull Impediment to Love,
A thousand skilful ways we'll find to show
Our mutual Love, which none but we shall know.
I'll watch the parting Glass where'er you drink,
And where your Lips have touch'd it, kiss the Brink;
Like

Like still the Dish that in your reach does stand,
Taking the Plate, I so may feel your Hand.
But what he recommends to you to eat,
Coyly refuse, as if you loath'd the Meat ;
Nor let his Matrimonial Right appear,
By any ill-tim'd Household-freedom there :
Let not his fulsom Arms embrace your Waist,
Nor lolling Head upon your Bosom rest.
One Kiss would strait make all my Passion known,
And my fierce Eyes with Rage would claim their own.
Yet what thus passes will be done i' th' Light,
But Oh ! the Joys that may be kept from Sight ;
Those cunning Arts that I so oft have us'd,
Make me now fear to be my self abus'd ;
To clear my Doubts, so far your Chair remove,
As may prevent th' Intelligence of Love.
Put him in mind of pledging ev'ry Health,
And let the tutor'd Page add Wine by stealth.
The Sot grown drunk, we easier may retire,
And do as the Occasion will require.
But after all (alas) how small the Gains
Will be, for which we take such mighty Pains !
Torn from my Arms you must go home to bed,
And leave your poor forsaken Lover dead :
Cruel Divorce ! enough to break my Heart,
Without you promise this before we part ;
When my blest Rival goes to reap his Joy,
Receive him so as may the Bliss destroy :
Let not the least kind mark of Love escape,
But all be Duty and a lawful Rape ;
So deadly cold, and void of all Desire,
That like a Charm it may put out the Fire.
But if compel'd you should at last comply,
When we meet next, be sure you all deny.

The Session of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Laurel.

Apollo concern'd to see the Transgressions
 Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
 Gave order once more to summon a Sessions,
 Severely to punish th' Abuses of Wit.

2. (Court,
Will d' Avenant wou'd fain have been Steward o'th'
 To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his will;
 But *Apollo*, it seems, had heard a Report,
 That his choice of new Plays did show h'had no Skill.

3.
 Besides, some Criticks had ow'd him a Spite,
 And a little before had made the God fret,
 By letting him know the *Laureat* did write
 That damnable Farce, *The House to be Lett*.

4.
 Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
 That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
 Where malicious *Matt. Clifford*, and Spiritual *Spratt*,
 Were join'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

5.
Apollo rejoic'd, and did hope for amends,
 Because he knew it was the first Case.
 The Duke e'er did ask the Advice of his Friends,
 And so with his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

6.
 O yes being made, and Silence proclaim'd,
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
 When as soon as he saw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
 He scarce cou'd forbear from tearing the Scrool.

7.
 But *Berkley*, to make his Int'rest the greater,
 Suspecting before what would come to pass,
 Procur'd him his Cousin *Fitzbarding's* Letter,
 With which *Apollo* wiped his Arse.

8.

Guy with his Pastoral next went to Pot,
At first in a doleful Study he stood,
Then shew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

9.

Humerous *Weeden* came in in a pet,
And for the Laurel began to splutter ;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him first get
A Muse not so common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

10.

A number of other small Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made sport ;
Clifford and *Flecknoe* were very well jeer'd,
And in conclusion whip'd out of the Court.

11.

Tom. Killigrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays ;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

12.

With ill luck in Battel, but worse in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl ;
But *Apollo* did think such Impudence fit
To be thrust out of Court, as he's out of *Whitehall*.

13.

Savage missing *Cowley*, came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play ;
Ev'ry one gave him so bad a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could say.

14.

Nor wou'd he have had, 'tis thought, a Rebuke,
Unless he had done some notable Folly ;
Writ Verses unjustly in praise of *Sam. Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

15.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit ;

Tho

Tho his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
For the worst Panegyrick that ever was writ.

16.

Old *Shirly* stood up, and made an Excuse,
Because many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had switch'd and spur-gall'd his Muse,
But still the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

17.

Sir *Robert Howard*, call'd for over and over,
At length sent in *Teague* with a Packet of News,
Wherein the sad Knight, to his Grief, did discover
How *Dryden* had lately rob'd him of his Muse.

18.

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family swear and rant,
Desiring their Obin i'th' lurch being left,
The Thief might be fined for the wild Gallant.

19.

Dryden, whom one wou'd have thought had more VVit,
The Censure of ev'ry Man did disdain,
Pleading some pitiful Rhymes he had writ
In praise of the Countess of *Castlemaine*.

20.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho never took notice of till that day,
Impatiently sat till it came to his round,
Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

21.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* stark mad;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd t' appease his Choler,
By owning the Play, and swearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

22.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and spur'd to the Bar did advance,
VWhere singing a damn'd nonsensical Song,
The Youth and his Muse were sent into *France*.

23.

Newcastle and's Horse for entrance next strives,
 Well stuff'd was his Cloke-bag; and so was his
 Breeches: (ker lives,
 And unbutt'ning the place where Nature's Posset ma-
 Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Essays and
 (Speeches.

24.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here?
 Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquis,
 And home again, home again take thy Career,
 To provide her fresh Straw, and a Chamber that
 (dark is.

25.

Sam Tuke sat and formally smil'd at the rest;
 But *Apollo*, who well did his Vanity know,
 Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Test,
 But his Muse was so stiff she scarcely could go.

26.

She pleaded her Age, desir'd a Reward;
 It seems in her Age she doated on Praise:
 But *Apollo* resolv'd that such a bold Bard
 Shou'd never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

27.

Stapleton stood up, and had nothing to say,
 But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to despair,
 Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
 To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Bartol'mew-Fair*.

28.

Sir *William Killegrew* doubting his Plays,
 Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
 And whisper'd *Apollo*, in case he wou'd praise
Selyndra, he shou'd have a Bout with the Wench.

29.

B———st and *Sydley*, with two or three more
 Translators of *Pompey*, dispute in their Claim;
 But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of door,
 And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

P

30. Old

30.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was sneaking away,
 But somebody spy'd him out of the Crowd;
Apollo tho he'd not seen him many a day,
 Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud:

31.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
 Among those young Fellows that spoil the *French*
 Then beck'ning to him, whisper'd in his Ear, (*Plays?*)
 And gave him good Counsel instead of the Bays.

32.

Then in came *Denbam*, that limping old Bard,
 Whose Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's-Hill* stands;
 And brought many Stationers who swore very hard,
 That nothing sold better except 'twere his Lands.

33.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write something more,
 To clear a Suspicion which possess'd the Court,
 That *Cooper's-Hill*, so much brag'd on before,
 Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty pound for't.

34.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
 But *Apollo* bad him not be so fierce;
 And advis'd him to lay aside making his Plays,
 Since he already began to write worse and worse.

35.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a Huff,
 Swearing Damn him he had writ the best Plays;
 But *Apollo* it seems, knew his way well enough,
 And won'd not be hector'd out of his Bays.

36.

Ellis in great discontent went away,
 Whilst *D' Avenant* against *Apollo* did rage;
 Because he declar'd the *Secret's* a Play,
 Fitting for none but a Mountebank Stage.

37.

John Wilson stood up and wildly did stare,
 When on a sudden stept in a bold *Scot*;

And

And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would swear,
The said Maister *Wilson* mought pass for a Sor.

38.

But all was in vain ; for *Apollo*, 'tis said,
Wou'd in no wise allow of any *Scotch* Wit ;
Then *Wilson* in Spite made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd answer for all he had writ.

39.

Clarges stood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool ;
Swearing if e'er he translated more Plays,
He'd crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a Close-stool.

40.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *German* Princess appear'd,
Whom if *D'Avenant* he got as some do suppose,
Apollo said the Pillory should crop off his Ears,
And make them more sutable unto his Nose.

41.

Rhodes stood and play'd at bo-peep in the door ;
But *Apollo* instead of a *Spanish* Plot,
On condition the Varlet would never write more,
Gave him three pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

42.

Ethridge and *Shadwel*, and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apollo* himself in a very great Rage ;
Because their best Friends so freely had deal'd,
As to tell them their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

43.

Then seeing a Crowd in a Tumult resort,
Well furnish'd with Verses, but loaded with Plays ;
It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by th' Ears for the Bays.

DESIRE, A Pindarick.

WHAT art thou, O thou new-found Pain?

From what Infection dost thou spring?

Tell me, O tell me, thou enchanting thing,

Thy Nature and thy Name.

Inform me by what subtil Art,

What pow'rful Influence,

You got such vast Dominion in a part

Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,

That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?

Oh mischievous Usurper of my Peace!

Oh soft Intruder on my Solitude!

Charming Disturber of my Ease,

That hast my nobler Fate pursu'd,

And all the Glories of my Life subdu'd.

Thou haunt'st my inconvenient Hours;

The Business of the Day, nor Silence of the Night,

That shou'd to Cares and Sleep invite,

Can bid defiance to thy conquering Pow'rs.

Where hast thou been this live-long Age,

That from my Birth till now,

Thou never didst one Thought ingage,

Or charm my Soul with the uneasy Rage,

That made it all its humbler Feebles know?

Where wert thou, O malicious Sprite,

When shining Glory did invite?

When Int'rest call'd, then thou wert shy,

Nor one kind Aid to my Assistance brought,

Nor wouldst inspire one tender Thought,

When Princes at my Feet did lie.

When thou couldst mix Ambition with my Joy,

Then, peevish Phantom, thou wert nice and coy.

Not Beauty would invade thee then,

Nor all the Arts of lavish Men;

Not all the powerful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
 Nor sacred Wit cou'd charm thee on ;
 Not the soft Play that Lovers make,
 Nor Sighs cou'd fan thee to a Fire ;
 No pleading Tears or Vows cou'd thee awake,
 Nor charm the uniform'd — *Something* — to *Desire*.

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
 By Youth, by Love, by all their Pow'rs ;
 Have search'd and sought thee every-where,
 In silent Groves, in lonely Bowers ;
 On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wishing lie,
 In shelter'd Woods, where fighting Maids
 To their assigning Shepherds hie,
 And hide their Blushes in the Gloom of Shades.
 Yet there, ev'n there, tho Youth assail'd,
 Where Beauty prostrate lay, and Fortune woo'd,
 My Heart (insensible) to neither bow'd ;
 Thy lucky Aid was wanting to prevail.

In Courts I sought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
 But thou in Crouds wert stifled there ;
 Interest did all the loving Bus'ness do,
 Invites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too :
 Or if by chance some Heart thy Empire own,
 Ah ! Pow'r ingrate ! the Slave must be undone.

Tell me thou nimble Fire, that dost dilate
 Thy mighty Force through every part,
 What God or Humane Power did thee create,
 In my (till now) unfacil Heart ?
 Art thou some welcome Plague sent from above,
 In this dear Form, this kind Disguise ?
 Or the false Off-spring of mistaken Love,
 Begot by some soft Thought, that feebly strove
 With the bright piercing Beauties of *Lysander's* Eyes ?
 Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
 And found to whom thou dost thy Being owe ;
 'Tis thou the Blushes dost impart,
 'Tis thou that tremblest in my Heart.

When the dear Shepherd does appear,
 I faint and die with pleasing Pain ;
 My Words intruding, Sighings break,
 Whene'er I touch the charming Swain ;
 Whene'er I gaze, whene'er I speak,
 Thy conscious Fire is mingled with my Love.
 As in the sanctify'd Abodes
 Misguided Worshipers approve
 The mixing Idols with their Gods.
 In vain (alas) in vain I strive,
 With Errors which my Soul do please and vex ;
 For Superstition will survive,
 Pure Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philosophers in Love,
 That can these burning sev'rish Fits controul,
 By what strange Arts you cure the Soul,
 And the fiery Calenture remove ?

Tell me, ye Fair Ones, you that give Desire,
 How 'tis you hide the kindling Fire :
 Oh won'd you but confess the Truth,
 It is not real Vertue makes you nice :
 But when you do resist the pressing Youth,
 'Tis want of dear Desire to thaw the Vigin-Ice.
 And while your young Adorers lie
 All languishing and hopeless at your Feet ;
 Raising new Trophies to your Chastity,
 Oh, tell me how you do remain discreet,
 And not the Passion to the Throng make known,
 Which *Cupid* in revenge has now confin'd to one ?
 How you suppress the rising Sighs,
 And the soft yielding Soul that wishes in your Eyes.
 While to th' admiring Crowd you nice are found,
 Some dear, some secret Youth, who gave the Wound,
 Informs you all your Vertue's but a Cheat,
 And Honour but a false Disguise,
 Your Modesty a necessary Slight

To gain the dull Repute of being wise?
 Deceive the foolish World, deceive it on,
 And veil your Passion and your Pride.
 But now I've found your Weakness by my own,
 From me the needful Fraud you cannot hide.
 For, tho with Vertue I the World perplex,
Lysander finds the feeble of my Sex:
 So *Helen*, tho from *Theſeus* Arms she fled,
 To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

*On the Prince's going to England with an Army
 to restore the Government, 1688.*

Hunc saltem everſo Juvenem ſuccurrere Sæclo
 Ne prohibete—*Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.*

ONCE more a FATHER and a SON falls out:
 The World involving in their high Diſpute;
 Remoteſt *India's* Fate on theirs depends,
 And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
 Their Motions ruling every other State,
 As on the Sun the leſſer Planets wait.
 Power warms the Father, Liberty the Son,
 A Prize well worth th' uncommon Venture run.
 Him a falſe Pride to govern unreſtrain'd,
 And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
 All Bars of Propert^y drives headlong through,
 Millions oppreſſing, enrich a few.
 Him Juſtice urges, and a noble Aim
 To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
 And make his Life as glorious as his Name.
 For Law and Reaſon's Power he does engage,
 Againſt the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
 There all the Licence of unbounded Might:
 Here conſcious Honour and deep Senſe of Right,
 Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.

Greatness the one, Glory the other fits,
 This only can deserve what that desires.
 This strives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
 And he for what they most abhor and fear.
Cesar and *Pompey's* Cause by *Cato* thought
 So ill adjudg'd, to a new Trial's brought,
 Again at last *Pharsalia* must be fought.
 Ye fatal Sisters! now to Right be Friends,
 And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amends.
 In *Orange's* great Line, 'tis no new thing
 To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

On his Royal Highness's Voyage beyond Sea,
 March 3. 1678.

R. H. they say is gone to Sea,
 Designed for the *Hague*;
 But *Portsmouth's* left behind to be
 The Nation's Whorish Plague.

Some think he went unwillingly;
 Say others, he was sent there:
 But most conclude for certainty,
 He's gone to keep his Lent there.

What need I to apologize?
 'Tis said, nothing more true is,
 The chiefest part of's Errand lies,
 To fetch in Cousin *Lewis*.

That both together, as they say,
 If one may dare to speak on't;
 Thro Hereticks Throats may cut their Way,
 To bring in *James the Second*.

By Yea and Nay, the Quaker cries,
 How can we hope for better?

Truth's

Truth's not in him that this denies;
Read *Edward Coleman's Letter*.

Gar gar, the Jockey swears faw things;
Man, here is mickle Work;
Dee'l split his Wem, he's ne'er be King,
Whoes Name does rhyme to *Pork*.

Cot's splutter a Nails, the *Welchman* cries,
Got sheild her frow her Foes;
He ne'er shall be a Prince of *Wales*,
That wears a *Roman Nose*.

The RABBLE.

THE Rabble hates, the Gentry fear,
And wise Men want Support:
A rising Country threatens there,
And here a starving Court.

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treasury provides:
Bulkeley's, Go———n's only care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde's*.

Rowley too late will understand,
What now he shuns to find;
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careless Mind.

England is now 'twixt thee and *York*,
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And Thou the lumpish Log.

A New Song of the Times, 1683.

1.

'T Were Folly for ever,
 The Whigs to endeavour
 Disowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'em;
 Did they not fix
 On a Council of Six,
 Appointed to govern, tho no body chose 'em?
 They that bore Sway,
 Knew not one would obey,
 Did *Trincalo* make such a ridiculous Pother:
Monmouth's the Head,
 To strike Monarchy dead,
 They chose themselves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

2.

Was't not a damn'd thing
 For *Russel* and *Hambden*,
 To serve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
 But much more untoward,
 T' appoint my Lord *Howard*
 Of his own Purse and Credit to raise Men and Mony?
 That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
 Those brisk Boys unspy'd,
 Who at *Sbafsbury's* Whistle were ready to follow;
 And when Aid he shou'd bring,
 Like a true *Brentford* King,
 Was here with a whoop, and gone with a hollow.

3.

Algernon Sidney,
 Of Common-wealth Kidney,
 Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
 Writ to occasion
 Ill Blood in the Nation,
 And therefore dispers'd it all over his Closet
 It was not the writing
 Was prov'd, or indicting;

+

Tho

Tho he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
 Since a new Trust is
 Plac'd in the Chief Justice,
 To damn Law and Reason too by over-ruling ?

4.

What if a Traytor,
 In spite of the State, Sir,
 Shou'd cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other ?
 Shall then a new Freak
 Make *Braddon* and *Speak*
 To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother ?
 A Razor all bloody,
 Thrown out of a Study,
 Is Evidence strong of his desperate Guilt, Sir ;
 So *Godfrey*, when dead,
 Full of Horror and Dread,
 Ran his Sword through his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir.

5.

Who can think the Case hard
 Of Sir *Patience Ward*,
 That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his High-
 Oh disloyal Ears, (ness ?
 As on Record appears,
 Not to hear when to do the Papists a Kindness.
 An old doting Citty,
 With his *Elizabeth* Wit,
 Against the *French* Mode for Freedom to hope on ;
 His Ears that told Lies,
 Were less dull than his Eyes,
 For both them were shut when all others were open.

6.

All *Europe* together
 Can't shew such a Father,
 So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
 As our good King is,
 To labour to bring his
 By Tricks to subscribe to a Sham-Declaration.
 'Twas very good Reason
 To pardon his Treason,

To

To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command,
 To merit whose Grace,
 He must in the first place
 Confess he's dishonest under his Hand, Sir,

7.

Since Fate the Court blesses
 With daily Successes,
 And giving up Charters go round for a Frolick;
 Whilst our Duke *Nero*,
 The Churches blind Hero,
 By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick:
 Our modern Sages,
 More wise than past Ages,
 Think ours to establish by Popish Successors;
 Queen *Bess* never thought it,
 And *Cecil* forgot it,
 But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressers.

The Battel-Royal, A Dream, 1687.

AS restless on my Bed one Night I lay,
 Hoping with Sleep to ease the Toils of Day,
 I thought, as graver Coxcombs us'd to do,
 On all the Mischiefs we had late run through,
 And those which are now likely to ensue:
 What 'tis that thus the frantick Nation dreads,
 And from what Cause their Jealousy proceeds;
 Whither at last, to what Event and End,
 These sad Presages probably might tend.
 For as Physicians always chuse to know
 Th' original Cause from whence Distempers flow;
 And by their early Symptoms boldly guess,
 Whether or no their Art shall have Success:
 So I, like a young bold State-Emp'rick too,
 Did the same Methods, and same Course pursue;
 Till with variety of Thoughts oppress'd,
 I turn'd about to sleep and take my rest:

While

While Fancy like a Queen alone bore Sway,
And did this Vision in a Dream convey.

Unknown, and unperceiv'd, I was, methought,
Into a close retiring Chamber brought,
And by my Guide behind the Hangings plac'd,
Where I cou'd hear and see whatever pass'd :
When in a Corner of the Room there sat
Three fierce Contenders in a hot Debate;
And on a Table lay before them there
The Directory, Mass, and Common-Pray'r.
This in a Cloke, That had a shaven Crown,
The other in a Surcingle and Gown;
Who by his Garb, Demeanor, and grave Look,
I for a Church of *England* Preacher took :
For howsoe'er they're dress'd, they may be known
By a peculiar Carriage of their own.

At first I heard a strange confused Sound,
Nor cou'd the Meaning nor the Sense expound :
Till he I mention'd last in Rage up rose,
And partly thro the Mouth and thro the Nose,
Did thus his whining Sentiments disclose. }
And is this all the great Reward we must
Enjoy for being faithful to our Trust?
Will all the Services we've done the King,
No better Recompence and Profit bring?
And can our boasted Loyalty refusn
No other Payment but Contempt and Scorn?
Must we thus basely from our Hopes fall down,
And grow the publick Scandal of the Town?
As our insulting Pride and Government
Has been the publick Grievance and Complaint;
Our Prebends, and our Bishops too, turn'd out,
Depriv'd, and scorn'd, in *querpo* walk about.
And must a Transubstantiating Priest
Be with their goodly Lands and Lordships blest?
Did we for this the *Popish Plot* deride,
And all our Sense and Nonsense too apply'd,

To blind the People's Reason and their Eyes,
 To take it for a Sham and mere Device:
 Our best and learned'st of Divines employ
 To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry;
 Set bawling P——ing up to talk it down,
 And fill with canting Raillery the Town?
 Did we for this young *Levites* send about;
 To charm the Rabble, and possess the Rout
 With feign'd Chymera's of a strange Design
 Against the Church, and State, and Royal Line?
 And vilely *Ruffel* and the rest remov'd,
 When neither Crime or Plot was ever prov'd?
 Nay, did we all for this the Church disown,
 And coin a new Religion of our own,
 Of a more spruce and fashionable Make,
 Than was the old; and boldly undertake
 By Scripture for to prove the Common-Prayer,
 When we well knew there's no such Matter there?
 Yet like the Calves at *Betbel* set it up,
 And made them all before the Idol stoop;
 And whosoe'er the Business would dispute,
 We did by Fines and Pillory confute.
 O precious Book! the dearest thing that's ours,
 Except our Livings and our *Sine-Cures*;
 For which, might they but still with us abide,
 We'd part with thee, or any thing beside:
 As heretofore without reluctance we,
 Have truckt our forfeit Consciences for thee:
 But those are going too——No more he cou'd,
 Prevented by an overflowing Flood
 Of Tears, which his lawn Band and Gown besmear'd,
 As th' Ointment drench'd his Predecessor's Beard.
 The subtle Priest who had resolv'd to stay,
 Till he had spoken all he had to say;
 Seeing the Wretch with too much Grief o'erlaid,
 Stood up, and thus the following Answer made.
 'Tis true, you've done all this, and ten times more,
 As bad or worse than we have done before;

And

And if ye think ye have oblig'd the King,
Who were but under-Actors in the thing;
Then what do we deserve, whose Wit and Brain
Contriv'd the Plot and every private Scene?
For tho a Conquest always is obtain'd,
And by each Soldier's single Valour gain'd;
Yet those who did command and lead them on,
Share all the open Honour and Renown.
Ye were our Instruments and Drudges too,
As *Rumney, Keeling, Howard*, were to you;
Who when they brought about your own Design,
You left them to themselves to starve and pine.
So we the grand Projectors of the Plot,
Who did to you your several parts allot,
Having no further Service to employ,
Think fit, as useless Tools, to lay you by.
Besides, what Title or Pretence have you
To any thing ye hold as right and due,
Since they were settled first on us alone,
And could no other Lords and Masters own;
Till ye by Rapine, Sacrilege and Force,
Discas'd us of our Rights, and made them yours?
Nor can a Case more legal e'er appear,
At Court of Conscience, or at Chanc'ry Bar,
Than what ye did by Violence obtain,
Should to their antient Lords return again.
But that which you so much insist upon,
Your boasted Loyalty and Service done,
From whence ye most erroneously infer'd
The Justice of your Claim to a Reward,
Is a mere Trifle and a weak Defence,
With no Validity of Consequence:
For there's no Reason he should be repaid,
Who undesignedly a Kindness did;
When all the while his Thoughts were fix'd upon
His own Advancement and Increase alone;
And all the Profit that to me he brings,
Is by the bye, and natural Course of things.

'Twas

'Twas Rancour, Envy, mere Revenge and Spite,
 That made you thus against Fanaticks fight;
 And the dear Dread of losing all ye had,
 That first engag'd your Malice on our side,
 To plead the Royal Cause, and to promote
 The King's Concern, and for Succession vote;
 When ye could any other way have kept
 The Saddle, and in Ease and Safety slept.
 The King might have been banish'd, hang'd, or drown'd,
 E'er Succour or Relief from you have found:
 But Matters and Affairs as yet are not
 To such a difficult Conjunction brought,
 But that a handsom Fetch may bring ye off
 With Honour and Security enough:
 One gentle Turn will all the Bus'ness do,
 Advance your Livings, and secure them too;
 Safe ye shall lie from all Fanatick Harms,
 Encircled in your Mother-Churches Arms,
 From which ye've stray'd so long, and now to whom
 Ye ought in Duty and Respect to come.

The mournful *Levite* straight prick'd up his Ears,
 As glad that things were better than his Fears,
 And joyful heard what means the Priest had found,
 That might for his dear Benefice compound:
 Compos'd his Band, and wip'd his blubber'd Cheeks,
 Stood up again, and thus demurely speaks.

The Proverb to my Case I may apply,
 Winners may justly laugh, and Losers cry:
 For when I thought my Livelihood was gone,
 It was no wonder that I so took on;
 As 'tis none now, Smiles should my Gladness shew,
 For these good Tydings I receive from you.
 Therefore, dear Sir, let us our Hearts combine,
 And both in League against Dissenters join.
 My self I under your Tuition place,
 For Management and Method in the case,
 How to proceed. — The Cloke, who all this while,
 Had unprovok'd and unconcern'd sat still,

And

And wisely what they'd both be at he guest,
Stood up to speak, and to compleat the Jest :
But glowing Anger had so now prevail'd,
That in the first attempt he stop'd and fail'd ;
And when he found his Tongue to be confin'd,
He made his active Hands declare his Mind.
The one engag'd the *Levite* on the place,
And with the Directory smote his face.
Confounded with the stroke, he stagger'd round,
And falling in his wrath tore up the ground.
T'other he laid directly o'er the Chest,
Sent Ecchoes from the hollow Breast of Priest :
Who stumbling as he went to take his flight,
Fell prostrate o'er his new-made Proselyte.
On both their Bodies mounts the nimble Cloke,
And this his *Epicinium* manly spoke :

Dejected Wretches, there together lie,
Unpity'd, unbewail'd by every Eye !
May After-Ages your curst Names deride,
As we your damn'd Hypocrisys and Pride :
No mark remain to know what ye have bin,
But the Remembrance of your Curse and Sin ;
Which shall down Time's continual Tide descend,
To propagate your fatal Shame and End.
So may they fall, and all they that design,
Whoe'er in league against the Truth combine,
By an unarm'd defenceless Hand like mine.
Pleas'd with the Conquest of victorious Cloke,
I laugh'd aloud methought, and so awoke.

*An Epitaph upon Felton, who was hang'd in Chains
for murdering the Old Duke of Buckingham.*

Written by the late Duke of Buckingham.

HERE uninter'd suspends, tho not to save
Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave;
Felton's dead Earth; which to the World will be
Its own sad Monument, his Elogy:
As large as Fame, which whether bad or good,
May not; by himself 'twas wrote in Blood:
For which his Body is intomb'd in Air,
Arch'd o'er with Heaven, set with a thousand fair
And glorious Stars: a noble Sepulchre,
Which Time it self can't ruinate; and where
Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to spare
Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot share
His Flesh; which oft the charitable Skies
Imbalm with Tears; 'daining those Obsequies
Belong to Men shall last, till pitying Fowl
Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

*An Answer to Mr. Waller's Poem on Oliver's
Death, call'd, The Storm.*

Written by Sir W — G — n.

'TIS well he's gone (O had he never bin !)
Hurry'd in Storms loud as his crying Sin :
The Pines and Oaks fell prostrate at his Urn,
That with his Soul his Body too might burn.
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above.
From Theft like his, great *Romulus* did grow,
And such a Wind did at his Ruin blow.
Strange, that the lofty Trees themselves should fell
Without the Ax : so *Orpheus* went to Hell ;
At whose descent the stoutest Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted station left.
In battel *Herc'les* wore the Lion's Skin ;
But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beast within :
Whose Heart was brutish more than Face or Eyes,
And in the shape of Man was in disguise.
Wherever Men, wherever Pillage lies,
Like rav'nous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies :
Under the Tropick we are understood,
And bring home Rapine thro a purple Flood :
New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd,
As round the lesser to the greater World.

In Civil Broils he did us first engage,
And made Three Kingdoms subject to his Rage.
One fatal Stroke slew Justice, and the Cause
Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the Trojan Band,
Tho he still fought with Heaven it self in's hand :

Nor would domestick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.

The *British* Youths in foreign Courts are sent,
Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment;
Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,
Are confin'd Prisoners to the World beside.
No wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too:
Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
There must be Punishment for Cruelty.

Nature her self rejoiced at his Death,
And on the Waters sung with such a breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While here glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

*Clarendon's House-Warming: Printed formerly
with the Directions to a Painter. Writ by an
unknown Hand.*

WHEN *Clarendon* had discern'd before-hand
(As the Cause can eas'ly foretel the Effect)
At once three Deluges threatning our Land,
'Twas the season he thought to turn Architect.

Us *Mars* and *Apollo*, and *Vulcan* consume;
While he the Betrayer of *England* and *Flanders*,
Like the Kings-fisher chuseth to build in the Broom,
And nestles in flames like the Salamander.

But observing that Mortals run often behind,
(So unreasonable are the rates they buy at)
His Omnipotence therefore much rather design'd,
How he might create a House with a *Fiat*.

He had read of *Rhodope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
Who was dig'd up so often e'er she did marry;
And wish'd that his Daughter had had as much grace,
To erect him a Pyramid out of her Quarry.

But then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
Made *Thebes* dance aloft while he fiddled and sung,
He thought (as an Instrument he was most free on)
To build with the Jews-Trump of his own Tongue.

Yet a Precedent fitter in *Virgil* he found,
Of *African Poultney*, and *Tyrian Dide*;
That he beg'd for a Palace so much of his Ground,
As might carry the Measure and Name of a *Hyde*.

Thus daily his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
And all for to save the Expences of Brickbat;
That Engine so fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd,
And too much resembled his Wife's Chocolat.

But while these Devices he all doth compare,
None solid enough seem'd for his strong *Castor*;
He himself would not dwell in a Castle of Air,
Tho he had built full many a one for his Master.

Already he had got all our Mony and Cattel,
To buy us for Slaves, and purchase our Lands;
What *Joseph* by Famine, he wrought by Sea-Battel;
Nay scarce the Priest's Portion could 'scape from his
(hands.

And hence like *Pharaoh* that *Isræel* prest
To make Mortar and Brick, yet allow'd 'em no Straw,
He car'd not tho *Egypt's* ten Plagues us distress,
So he could to build but make Policy Law.

The *Scotch* Forts and *Dunkirk*, but that they were sold;
 He would have demolish'd to raise up his Walls;
 Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have sent back for the Mould,
 But that he had nearer the Stones of *St. Pauls*.

His Woods would come in at the easier rate,
 So long as the Yards had a Deal or a Spar:
 His Friend in the Navy would not be ingrate, (War.
 To grudge him some Timber, who fram'd him the

To proceed in the Model, he call'd in his *Allons*,
 The two *Allons* when jovial, who ply him with gellons;
 The two *Allons* who serv'd his blind Justice for Ballance,
 The two *Allons* who serve his Injustice for Talons.

They approve it thus far, and said it was fine;
 Yet his Lordship to finish it would be unable,
 Unless all abroad he divulg'd the Design,
 For his House then would grow like a Vegetable.

His Rent would no more in arrear run to *Wor'ster*;
 He should dwell more noble, and cheap too at home,
 While into a Fabrick the Presents would muster;
 As by hook & by crook the World cluster'd of Atom.

He lik'd the Advice, and then soon it assay'd,
 And Presents croud headlong to give good example.
 So the Bribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd;
 The Tribes ne'er contributed so to the Temple.

Strait Judges, Priest, Bishops, true Sons of the Seal,
 Sinners, Governors, Farmers, Bankers, Patentees,
 Bring in the whole Mite of a Year at a meal,
 As the Cheddar clubs Dairy to th' incorporate
 Cheese.

Bulteales,

Bultealos, Beak'ns, Morley, Wrens fingers with telling
Were shrivel'd, and *Clutterbuck, Eagers, and Kips* ;
Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.

'Twas then that the Chimney-Contractors he smok'd,
Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind :
But he swore that the Patent shou'd ne'er be revok'd,
No, would the whole Parliament kiss him behind.

Like *Jove* under *Aetna* o'erwhelming the Giant,
For foundation the *Bristol* sunk in the Earth's bowel ;
And *St. John* must now for the Leads be compliant,
Or his Right-hand shall be cut off with a Trowel.

For surveying the Building, *Prat* did the feat ;
But for the Expence he rely'd upon *Worstenholm*,
Who sat heretofore at the King's Receipt,
But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's custom.

By Subsidies thus both Clerick and Laick,
And with matter profane cemented with holy ;
He finish'd at last his Palace Mosaick,
By a Model more excellent than *Lesby's* Folly.

And upon the *Tarras*, to consummate all,
A Lanthorn, like *Faux's*, surveys the burnt Town,
And shews on the top by the regal gilt Ball,
Where you are to expect the Scepter and Crown.

Fond City its Rubbish and Ruins that builds,
Like vain Chymists, a flow'r from its ashes returning,
Your Metropolis House is in *St. James's* Fields,
And till there you remove, you shall never leave
burning.

This Temple, of War and of Peace is the Shrine,
Where this Idol of State sits ador'd and accurst,
And handsel his Altar and Nostrils Divine,
Great *Buckingham's* Sacrifice must be the first.

Now some (as all Builders must censure abide)
Throw dust in its Front, and blame Situation:
And others as much reprehend his Back-side,
As too narrow by far for his Expatiation.

But do not consider how in process of times, Charge,
That for Name-sake he may with *Hyde-Park* it en-
And with that Convenience he soon for his Crimes
At *Tyburn* may land, and spare the Tow'r-Barge.

Or rather how wisely his Stall was built near,
Left with driving too far his Tallow impair;
When like the geod Ox, for publick Good-Chear,
He comes to be roasted next *St. James's Fair*,

Upon his House.

HERE lie the sacred Bones
Of Paul begilded of his Stones:
Here lie Golden Briberies,
The Price of ruin'd Families;
The Cavaliers Debenter Wall,
Fix'd on an Eccentrick Basis;
Here's *Dunkirk-Town* and *Tangler-Hall*,
The *Queen's Marriage* and all,
The *Dutchman's Templum Pacis*.

Royal

Royal Resolutions: By Andrew Marvell, Esq;

1.
WHEN Plate was at Pawn, and Fob at an Ebb,
 And Spider might weave in bowels its Web,
 And Stomach as empty as Brain :

2.
 Then C ——— without Acre,
 Did swear by his Maker,
 If e'er I see *England* again,

3.
 I'll have a Religion all of my own,
 Whether Popish or Protestant shall not be known;
 And if it prove troublesom, I will have none.

4.
 I'll have a long Parliament always to friend,
 And furnish my Treasure as fast as I spend;
 And if they will not, they shall have an end.

5.
 I'll have a Council shall sit always still,
 And give me a Licence to do what I will;
 And two Secretaries shall piss thro a Quill.

6.
 My insolent Brother shall bear all the Sway;
 If Parliaments murmur, I'll send him away,
 And call him again as soon as I may.

7.
 I'll have a rare Son, in marrying tho marr'd,
 Shall govern (if not my Kingdom) my Guard,
 And shall be Successor to me or *Gerrard*.

8.
 I'll have a new *London* instead of the old,
 With wide Streets and uniform to my own Mould;
 But if they build too fast, I'll bid 'em hold.

9. The

9.

The antient Nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create their rooms to supply,
And they shall raise Fortunes for my own Fry.

10.

Some one I'll advance from a common Descent,
So high that he shall hector the Parliament,
And all wholesom Laws for the Publick prevent.

11.

And I will assert him to such a degree,
That all his foul Treasons, tho daring and high,
Under my Hand and Seal shall have Indempnity.

12.

And whate'er it cost me, I'll have a *French Whore*,
As bold as *Alice Pierce*, and as fair as *Jane Shore*;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

13.

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my Bravos to cut off his Nose,
Tho for't I a Branch of Prerogative lose.

14.

My Pimp shall be my Minister Premier,
My Bauds call Ambassadors far and near,
And my Wench shall dispose of *Conge d'Elire*.

15.

I'll wholly abandon all publick Affairs,
And pass all my time with Buffoons and Players,
And santer to *Nelly* when I should be at Prayers.

16.

I'll have a fine Pond with a pretty Decoy,
Where many strange Fowl shall feed and enjoy,
And still in their Language quake *Vive le Roy*.

*On the Lord Chancellor H—e's Disgrace and
Banishment by King Charles II.*

P RIDE, Lust, Ambition, and the People's Hate,
The Kingdom's Broker, Ruin of the State ;
Dunkirk's sad Loss, Divider of the Fleet,
Tangier's Compounder for a barren Sheet :
This Shrub of Gentry, marry'd to the Crown,
His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down ;
The Grand Impostor of the Nobles lies
Gro'ling in Dust, as a just Sacrifice
T' appease the injur'd King and abus'd Nation :
Who would believe the sudden Alteration !
God will revenge too for the Stones he took
From aged *Paul's* to make a Nest for Rooks.
All Cormorants of State as well as he,
We now may hope in the same plight to see.

Go on, Great Princee, thy People do rejoice ;
Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
Applauding this Day's Action to be such,
As roasting of the Rump, or beating of the *Dutch* ;
Now look upon the valliant Cavaliers,
VWho for Rewards have nothing had but Tears ;
Thanks to the *Wiltshire* Hog, Son of the Spittle,
Had they been look'd on, he had had but little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief,
There Millions will be found to make him Chief
Of Sacrilege, Ambition, Lust and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of *Hyde* :
For which his due Rewards I'd almost said,
The Nation may most justly claim his Head.

The

The Parallel, 1682.

AS when proud *Lucifer* aim'd at a Throne,
 To have usurp'd it and made Heaven his own;
 Blasphemous damn'd Design! but soon he fell,
 Guarded with dreadful Lightnings down to Hell.
 Or as when *Nimrod* lofty *Babel* built,
 A Structure as eternal as his Guilt;
 Let us, said he, raise the proud Tower so high,
 As may amaze the Gods, and kiss the Sky.
 He spoke, but the Success was different found,
 Heaven's angry Thunder crush'd it to the ground:
 So *Lucifer*, and so proud *Babel* fell,
 And 'tis a cursed Fall from Heaven to Hell:
 So falls our Courtier now to Pride a Prey,
 And falls too with as much Reproach as they,
 And justly——

That with his nauseous Courtship durst defile
 The sweetest choicest Beauty of our Isle,
 That he was proud, we knew; but now we see,
 (Like *Janus* looking at Eternity)
 Both what he was, and what he meant to be.
 Stern was his Look, and sturdy was his Gate,
 He walk'd and talk'd, and would have —— in State:
 Disdain and Scorn sat preaching on his brow,
 But (*Presto*) where is all that Greatness now?
 Why vanish'd, fled, dissolv'd to empty Air;
 Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair!
 And, which is yet the strangest thing of all,
 He has not got a Friend to mourn his Fall.
 But 'tis but just that he who still maintain'd
 Disdain to all, should be by all disdain'd.
 Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind,
 Equally dim both in his Eye and Mind;
 He might have plainly seen——

For

For the Example's visible to all,
 How strangely low ingrateful Pride may fall.
 Presumptuous Wretch! but that's too kind a Name
 For one so careless of his Master's Fame.
 For as the Serpent did by Fraud deceive
 Th' unwary Soul of our first Parent *Eve*,
 So he as impudently strove t' inspire
 The Royal Maid with his delusive Fire;
 But Heaven be prais'd, not with the same Success,
 For tho his Pride's as great, his Cunning's less.

A Satyr against Marriage: By the E. of R.

Husband, thou dull unpity'd Miscreant,
 Wedded to Noise, to Misery and Want;
 Sold an eternal Vassal for thy Life,
 Oblig'd to cherish and to hate thy Wife:
 Drudg on till Fifty at thy own expence,
 Breathe out thy Life in one Impertinence;
 Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every night,
 Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight:
 Christen thy forward Bantling once a year,
 And carefully thy spurious Issue rear:
 Go once a week to see the Brat at nurse,
 And let the young Impostor drain thy Purse.
 Hedg-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
 Do thou maintain, incorrigible Sot!
 Oh I could curse the Pimp (who could do less?)
 He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
 P—— on him, let him go, what can I say?
Anathema's on him are thrown away:
 The Wretch is marry'd, and hath known the worst;
 And his great'st Blessing is, he can't be curst.
 Marriage! O Hell and Furies, name it not!
 Hence, hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot!
 Marriage!

Marriage ! 'tis but a licens'd way to sin,
A Noose to catch Religious Woodcocks in ;
Or the Nick-name of Love's malicious Fiend,
Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.
'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
Mispender of our Time, our Strength and Wealth ;
The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
That we can Vertuous, Good, or Pleasant call.
By Day 'tis nothing but a needless Noise,
By Night the Echo of forgotten Joys ;
Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Croud,
At home the hourly Breach of what they vow'd.
In Youth it's Opium to our lustful Rage,
Which sleeps awhile, but wakes again in Age.
It heaps on all Men much, but useless Care,
For with more trouble they less happy are.
Ye Gods ! that Man by his own slavish Law
Should on himself such Inconvenience draw !
If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
Those chalk him out a far more pleasant way.
When lusty Youth and flagrant Wine conspire,
To fan the Blood into a generous Fire,
We must not think the Gallant will endure
The puissant Issue of his Calenture ;
Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,
Tho Nature's Handmaid sometimes serves the turn.
No, he must have a sprightly, youthful Wench,
In equal floods of Love his Flames to quench ;
One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
And in that Circle all his Spirits charms ;
That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
Can raise his Soul, and re-insnare his Heart.
Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
Always begot in Passion and in Heat :
But the dull Off-spring of the Marriage-bed,
What is it but a human Lump of Lead ?

A sottish Lump, ingender'd of all Ills ;
Begot like Cats against their Fathers wills !
If it be bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
The Mother's Fears entail'd upon the Child :
Thus whether Illegitimate or not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no ennobled Soul himself debase
By lawful means to bastardize his Race :
But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,
To check his eager Passion let him find
Some willing Female out ; what tho she be
The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy ?
Tho she be Linsey-woolsey Baud and Whore,
Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-shore,
Impudent, foolish, bawdy, and diseas'd,
The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices :
What then, she's better than a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.
With Whores thou canst but venture ; what thou'lt lose
May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost :
But a damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,
Destroys Soul, Body, Credit and Estate.

F I N I S .

A foolish lump, ingender'd of all this;
 Begot like Cate against their Father's will;
 If it be half-brother'd, 'tis doubly foolish;
 The Mother's Tears curdled, 'tis now like Chalk.
 Thus whether illegitimate or not,
 Cowards and Lacks in W. W. W. are begot.
 Let no ennobled soul mistake to-day
 By lawful means to betterment his race;
 But if he must pay Nature's debt in kind,
 To check his eager Passion let him find
 Some willing Temptress; what else he do
 The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy.
 The best of Lusty-woolly Head and Whore,
 Close-foot to Venus, Nature's Common Store,
 Impudent, foolish, bawdy, and dishonest;
 The Sunday Church of Seduc't Practices:
 What then, 'tis better than a Wife by half,
 And if thou'rt still ungovern'd, thou art half.
 With Whores thou canst but converse; what thou'rt to lose
 May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
 But a damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,
 Destroys Soul, Body, Credit and Estate.

A D D E N D A.

In Opposition to Mr. Dryden's Essay on Satyr, 1680.

NOW the Reformer of the Court and Stage,
The common Beadle of this wilful Age,
Has with impartial Hand whip'd Sovereign Sin,
In me it is but Manners to begin.
To correct Vice keen Satyr may prevail
Beyond the Law, when preaching Blockheads fail
For Law and Satyr from one Fountain flow;
Were not Men vicious, there would be no Law,
But to cry up his saucy Cant and Rule
For lawful Satyr, proves the Wit or Fool.
To rail at States, and Monarchs ill intreat,
Then cry 'tis Good because the Subject's Great:
As Man were only plac'd in Paradise,
To nibble on the Fruit on which he dies.
Can Owls and Woodcocks with the Eagle play,
And not in danger to become a Prey?
What is't to lash the King and Council-Table,
When I my self am kickt by the Town-Rabble?
For me to labour in a lower Sphere,
I think too much, yet it is safest there:
Nor do I covet matter to my Rhimes,
The greatest Person, but the greatest Crimes.
What is't to me, who keeps a Miss, who's Wed,
Or who got *Carwell's* costly Maidenhead;
Who got the better on't, the Peer or Knight;
What Lord was drunk, or Lady — last Night?
These are the crying Crimes; yet one may do
All this, and be an honest Subject too.

But to supplant the Government, to cry
 Allegiance down, and raze out Monarchy;
 To make Cabals, and by a bold Petition
 Imbrue the Nation in a new Sedition;
 To sounce Rebellion, lay up Plots in pickle,
 And make each Tavern-bar a Conventicle;
 This would become a Most Excellence,
 To whip the Club into Allegiance.

Who'd not be as affected as Sir Carr?

As proud as *As* — *ye*, as dull as *D* — *or*;
 As drunk as *Fish*, who lost himself and Prince
 In one debauch, and ne'er was sober since;
 Rather than that, inflate Beast of Prey,
 Worries the Flock, to make himself away?
 So Wolves when cloy'd with Blood of Lambs and Ews,
 Do often fall into the Shepherd's Noose.
 The harmless Men find a more safe Abode,
 Who quit unlawful Paths to keep the Road.
 'Tis strange that human Wisdom ever should
 Most err under pretence of doing Good:
 And those wise Men that would prescribe Rules
 For Government, prove either Knaves or Fools,
 Witness the *Caroline* that left *White-hall*,
 To be made President of the *Cabal*.
 So he's in play (provided there's no Blows)
 It matters not the New, or the Old Cause:
 Has on all points of Government ran his Rounds,
 As *Gore* the Compass did with Blood and Bounds.
 But sooner may you fix the Northern Wind,
 Than hope the Weathercock will be confin'd.
 Nature made him a perverse Wight, whose Nose
 Extracts the Essence of his Gouty Toes.
 Double with head to tail he crawls apart,
 His Body's Emblem of his double Heart.
 In the Court's Sun he riggles like a Snail;
 Touch but his Horns, he shrinks into his Shell.
 Roll'd like a Hedgehog up, he shews his Snout,
 And at the Council-table makes a rout.



'Gainst

'Gainst King and the Succession domineers ;
 If ought oppose him, he has Forks and Spears.
 Like a vile Skulker he abjures the Realm,
 And sinks the Barge 'cause he's not chief at Helm :
 Then cries all Hands to pump, a Leak i' th' Keel,
 And stops it up with *Julian's* Conger-Eel.
 And when a shot pierc'd the broad-side, e'en then
 Clapt in the hole, and sav'd Sir *Edward's* Men.
 The way's to keep him there, if he get thro,
 Secures himself, he drowns the Ship and Crew.
 If to the Ocean back again he's bent,
 With Rabble, he's in his own Element.
 There let him plot, and ne'er behold the Sun,
 Till he has thro all Scenes of Folly run,
 Under pretext of Wit to be undone.
 As the late Duke who for a glorious Bally,
 Retir'd from Court to be the City's Cully ;
 The City's Minion, now their Scorn and Sport,
 There more despis'd than once ador'd at Court :
 Who did his Fall so cunningly contrive,
 In quaint Disguise, to riot, rant, and s—ve.
 And when he lifts himself in Infamy,
 Reviles the State, and rails at Monarchy,
 The only means true Glory to pursue ;
 And must the best way be because 'tis new.
 Would any *Hemson* from the Throne retreat
 To th' Stall, under disguise of being Great ?
 And only for to merit vulgar Praise,
 Rather than not be popular, be base.
 So once an Emperor, as Stories say,
 Exchang'd his Sceptre for a Ferula ;
 And only proud to prove himself a Fool,
 Did quit the Throne to keep a petty School.
 Yet this was great ; while only for the Noise
 Of Sovereign Sway, he lords it over Boys.
 Look to it *York*, the Nation first shall bleed,
 Or the two Kings of *Brentford* shall succeed.

H— for an Empire has as great an itch,
 As ever Dog had for his swollen Bitch.
 High on ambitious Plumes aloft he flies,
 And to be something melts them in the Skies ;
 While th' humble Wretch at home lies prostrate down
 To all the barking Beagles in the Town.
 Young **D**— too does in the Club intrude,
 To be applauded by the Multitude ;
 With Zeal to King and Country he abounds,
 Keeps with the Hare, and opens with the Hounds :
 Now of the Court, now of the Country free,
 Mistakes Prerogative for Liberty.
 How well a Regiment would him become,
 If the loud Commons did but beat a Drum !
 My Masters vote it (Sir) a Prohibition ;
 I can't in Conscience brook with your Commission.
 To levy Forces, and assign Commanders,
 Is Treason in the King, to *France* or *Flanders* :
 But if the House command me, tho I starve,
 I'll quit Wine, Whores, Allegiance too, to serve.
G— better far might slight his Sovereign's Bounty ;
 He had a Regiment within his County :
 And poor enough to back his tatter'd Cause,
 Wou'd **R**— venture but a broken Nose ;
 Appease this mouthing *Cerb'rus* with a Bone,
 Honour's a dainty Crust to pick upon ;
 While his dear Doxy makes a shift to rub
 The Business out with **M**— at the Club.
 And *Rolleston* leads the Van while they combine,
 And humbly beg their Sovereign to resign.
 How Faction and the quenchless thirst of Rule
 Hurries to Ruin the ambitious Fool,
 Whose haughty Soul pufft up with Sovereign Sway,
 Will never scarce be humbled to obey !
 The pious Earl had such a spacious Poop,
 As swallow'd up **N**— **B**— and his Troop ;
 Who lately Lord Lieutenant of a Realm,
 Seem'd a good Pilot while he sat at Helm ;

But when he was depos'd, he overthrew
His Master's Cause, and sided with the Crew.

Now *B—d* he had much the worst o'th' lay,
Having more Wit or Honesty than they,
Sneak'd off and left the Club, his Game to play.
Who after he had led them to the Porch,
Like *Buckingham*, he left them in the lurch,
At such a juncture of a time as odly,
As *Peyton* for his Highness left the Godly;
Or *Escrick Howard* to become a Bawler,
Withdrew from Court to cry up active *Waller*.
These are the Men who all the Bustle make,
And Empire check merely for Empire's sake.
They lay their stamp on the revolting Darling,
And in the Club make Treason pass for Sterling.

There are some other Beagles in this pack,
That make a Noise the Royal Chase to back;
But when a Mastiff opens in the dark,
The little Dogs will shake their Tails and bark:
And tho the foremost Hound but start the Hare,
The rest will mouth it, as they claim'd a share:
Who follow by the Scent, and scarce have Sense
To judg' twixt Reason and Allegiance.
As Fops meet in a Pit to damn a Play,
Not as they know, but by what others say;
Unmeaning Fools, who something to be at,
Follow the leading Cuckow, like the Bat;
And justly merit as they are despis'd,
Rather to be rejected than chastis'd:
So bawling *H—n* and *K—* the Mute,
With Noise and Nonsense fill up the Dispute;
And while the Club proclaims the lawless Strife,
One is the Drum, and t'other is the Fife.
What shall we say *Fa—ge Br—er*,
Or *C—ry*, or dull *D—gb* shall I flatter;
Who in the Synod drudg like Gally-slaves,
And buy the Stock to make a Gleeck of Knaves?

Like Beasts insensible of wrong, they stray,
 And find a Round, quitting the King's Highway.
 And now behold in triumph to their Follies,
 In *Noll's* old Coach of State comes sneaking *H—s*,
 Who sold the Father by an old Commission,
 And purchases the Son with a Petition.
 Now whether has the better on't, the Club,
 Or the five Members in the Royal Job?
 This is the Bakers Dozen makes the Rump,
 And little *Wu—s*'s leaven to the Lump.
 When *B—rd* civilly had made his Leg,
 The Club engender'd and brought forth an Egg:
 Which like *Grand Cairo* for a quick Dispatch,
 Hot *Monsieur Parliament* must sit and hatch.
R—ly began to puff and snake his Noddle,
 And told them in plain terms the Brood was addle;
 That to a Rump he never more would give
 Away his Birthright, or Prerogative.
 Then like a God which from his Breath did leap,
 Dissolv'd the Chaos of confused Heap.
 Bravely he spake, and wisely he perform'd,
 While still the Club against the Council storm'd:
 Who rather than from Faction wou'd be free,
 Or touch no more of the forbidden Tree,
 Would damn themselves and their Posterity.

How vile a thing is Man! how sudden Fate
 Attends his Frailty in the best Estate!
 When arm'd with Innocence and Vertue, all
 That makes him blest is subject then to fall.
 The great first bold Offender of the kind,
 When I my self agreed to what he did:
 Had I been there, perhaps I had done worse,
 And on my Race entail'd a double Curse.
 Ev'n I who all this while exclaim'd at Vice,
 And made to Loyalty a Sacrifice,
 May be deem'd saugy, insolent and rude,
 And thought as guilty by the Multitude.

This

This Balm I'll save against the deepest Wounds,
To keep my sharper Pen within its Bounds;
And lest my soaring Muse too meanly fall,
Learn to write mannerly, or not at all.

FINIS.

This Bill I have signed
To keep my heart from within its bonds
And left my feeling that too many fall
Learn to write manly, or not at all.

FINIS

State-Poems

CONTINUED

From the time of *O. Cromwel*,
to the YEAR 1697.

WRITTEN

By the greatest WITS of the Age, viz.

The Lord Rochester,
The Lord D—t,
The Lord V——n,
The Hon. Mr. M——ue,
Sir F. S——d,

Mr. Milton,
Mr. Prior,
Mr. Stepney,
Mr. Ayloffe, &c.

WITH

Several Poems in Praise of *Oliver Cromwel*,
in *Latin* and *English*, by

Dr. South,
Dr. Locke,
Sir W. G——n,

Dr. Crew,
Mr. Busby, &c.

Also some Miscellany Poems by the same,
never before Printed.

Now carefully Examin'd with the Originals, and
Published without any Castration.

Printed in the Year MDCCIX.

State-Poems

CONTINUED

From the time of Cromwell
to the Year 1697

WRITTEN

By the several WITS of the Age

The Lord Rochester,
The Lord D—
The Lord V—
The Lord M—
The Lord A—

WITH

Several Poems in Praise of Great Queens
in Latin and English by

Dr. G—
Dr. L—
Dr. W. G—
Dr. C—
Dr. B—

Also some Miscellaneous Poems by the same
never before Printed.

Now carefully Examined with the Originals, and
Published without any Addition.

Printed in the Year MDCX.

The PREFACE.

PREFACES being generally to prepossess the Reader of a good Opinion of the Performance, how trifling soever; and commonly, Mountebank-like, the meaner the Book the more Encomiums in the Preface; you will be deceiv'd of it here, for I shall only give you Matter of Fact, how this Book came to be publish'd.

About four Months ago I sent into the World a Collection of Poems on Affairs of State, from the time of Oliver Cromwel, to the time of King James II. written by the greatest Wits of the Age, viz. The Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, Lord B——st, Mr. Milton, And. Marvel Esq; Mr. Sprat, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Waller, &c. which being found to be genuine, met with good Acceptance. Since that Book came out, a great many excellent Poems have been sent me from very good hands, pressing to have a Continuation thereof made, which at last I resolv'd to do, upon the receiving some Copies of Verses printed at Oxford, 1654. in praise of Oliver Cromwel, on his making Peace with the Dutch; finding several Persons, who now make the greatest figure in the Commonwealth of. Deardning to be concern'd therein, I thought the World wou'd be willing to see what such Great Men as
Dr.

The PREFACE.

Dr. South, Mr. Locke, &c. said on such an extraordinary Occasion. I have printed their own Latin, and kept strictly to their Sense in the Translation, and those they wrote in English are also publish'd; this begins the Book. Then follow several excellent Poems, written by the Lord Rochester, Esquire Marvel, &c. during the Reign of King Charles II. omitted in the former Collection: As also those writ in the Reign of King James II. by the Lord D—t, Sir F. S—, Mr. Prior, Mr. Stepney, Mr. Rymer, &c. and particularly those incomparable Pieces of the Hind and Panther transvers'd to the Story of the City-Mouse and Country-Mouse, and the Man of Honour, written by the Honourable Mr. M——ue. And since the Revolution, you have several Copies, writ by the Lord Cutts, Mr. Tate, Mr. Shadwel, Mr. Ayloffe, &c. Lastly, some Miscellany Poems, by the same Great Men, never before Printed. And in this Collection Names are not made use of to countenance spurious Pieces, but the Poems themselves speak the Greatness of their Authors, if no Name had been thereto.

In short, the said State-Poems, and this Continuation, are the best secret History of our late Reigns, as being writ by such Great Persons as were near the Helm, knew the Transactions, and were above being brib'd to flatter, or afraid to speak truth. And so I leave them to the Reader.

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State - Poems
CONTINUED.

Select POEMS out of

Musarum Oxoniensium PRAEFACTIONE.
Sive, Ob Fœdera, *Aspiciis Serenissimi*
Oliveri Reipubl. Angl. Scot. & Hibern.
Domini Protectoris, inter Rempubl. Bri-
tannicam & Ordines Fœderatos Belgii fœ-
liciter stabilita,

Gentis togatæ ad Vada Ifidis Celeusina metricum.

Sanguineis nescit miles se mergere rivis,
Navigat in portu, cui modo Sanguis, Aqua.
Nil landis Neptune petas, nil Æole; solus
Protector propria hæc perficit acta manu.
Nat. Crew, & Col. Linc. Com.

Thus render'd into English.

THE Soldier now forgets the Sanguine Seas,
He rides in Harbour, and enjoys his Ease.
No Thanks to Gods of Sea or Wind we owe,
These Blessings from our great Protector flow,
His happy Hands alone, the welcome Boon bestow.
Nat. Crew, & Col. Linc. Com.
S Regnis

REGNIS minatur multa Regentium
Mutatus ordo, Scilicet arduos

Cassique fatalesque genti

Sæpe ferunt nova sceptrâ pestes.

Ast, ecce, nullis obruta viribus

Pugnas cruentas inter, & horridas

Lites & irarum procellas,

Anglia, firma manens, triumphat.

Vis nempe belli nulla nec exteri

Illam movebat, neve domestici:

Sed pressa, palmæ par virenti,

Ponderibus melius refurgit.

Hic quippe, sacro numine prosperam

Major potestas protegit Angliam,

Illique primas jura grates

Incolumes tribuant Britanni.

Quæcunque Virtus convenit integro,

Quæcunque Fama, aut gloria Principi,

Te, summe, laudant, tibi que

Conspicuum peperere nomen.

Tantus fuisse & Victor, & Hostium

Fudisse tantas robore copias,

Nunquamque devinci, relinquis

Perpetuæ monumenta Famæ.

Heroas armis pristina gens novem

Claros recenset, nos tamen adimus.

Tantumque virtutem colemus,

Teque ducem numeramus, orto

Vis magna belli, magna potentia,

Tantum nequibat perdere gloriam:

Nec contra Achilleos furores

Heciores valere vires.

Nostri triumpho Tu decus unicum,

Nostre salutis Tu caput unicum,

Partaque

Partaque non, per te salve
 Ecce hilares remanemus Angli.
 Matth. Mew, C. C. G. School.

This rendered into English.

WHEN with the rolling Tides of Fate
 New Governors assume the State,
 The Change a strong Convulsion makes,
 And all the trembling Nation shakes:
 New Mischiefs follow Counsel new,
 As Death's destructive Snares the spreading Plague
 Yet still unshook'd Britannia stands,
 And angry War its self commands;
 Tho ravag'd with intestine Jars,
 And batter'd off with foreign Wars:
 As Palms beneath their Burdens rise,
 And when oppress'd the most, shoot strongest tow'rd
 (the Skies,
 A greater Muster guards us now,
 To whom our grateful Brims bow.
 Thee, mighty Prince, thy Vertues crown;
 Thy Regal Fame, thy vast Renown,
 Thy happy Slaves in Pass proclaim,
 With Triumphs loudly spread as thy immortal Name.
 To combat always, to confound
 The best, the bravest Armies round,
 Are Honours all reserv'd for Thee.
 We now another Worthy see,
 A Captain for the former Nine,
 With more auspicious Stars, and Courage more divine.
 Dutch Arms were vain, and vain their Force,
 To stop thy Fate's victorious Course;
 Hector himself the brave must yield,
 When great Achilles takes the Field.

Thy Honours all our Triumphs grace,
In Thee we all our Safety place,
And by thy Shade secur'd, thy sacred Trunk embrace.

Math. Mew, C. C. C. Schol.

SIC Civile Chaos dum Bellum gessit, & una
Massa, Aer, Tellus, Equor & Ignis erant
Deformi Congressu prius Certamine, tandem
Semina copcordi foderis Junxit Amor
Et modo quæ latuere suis Elementa tenebris,
Clarius, amoris, litibus, Orbis erant.
Pace ligant simili vicinas Fœdera gentes,
Cum daret Antiquum Vis inimica Chaos
Accensæ madidis concurrunt Ignibus Undæ,
Usta in Aquis fuerant Corpora, meris Fœmina
Fulmineo Balistæ mihi par visa Tonanti,
Explosos quoties projicit illa Globos,
Talia Sanguineos facere Tonitrua Nimbos,
Dum tota effuso Membra effugere pluit.
Quisque sibi fuit Equor: In limo pectore volvit
Fluctus; irato lævior usque Preto,
Quis Deus has tollit, quæ tanta potentia Lites?
Numina confusum quæ secernere Chaos?
Hæc Dextra præstas, hæc dant (Britannica Cesar)
Multa foras tibi sunt, plura Trophæa dampna
Pectora vicisti nostra, invictissimè Princeps,
Nos idem Batavis, & tibi junxit Amor
Tormentis Belgæ sternuntur & ensibus, Anglos
Quæ superant, Animi sunt ea Tela tuæ.
Quæ Martem, pontique minas compescunt ipsæ,
Quæ vicit Bellum, Pax ea vestra fuit.
Nascentem è Pelago Venerem reticete (Poetæ)
Pulchrior è nostro Gurgite surgit Amor

Guil. Godolphin, ex vultu Christi.

Thus Translated.

WHEN Civil War thro all the *Chaos* reign'd,
And Air and Earth with Floods and Flames
maintain'd

An uncouth Contest ; Love at last disclos'd
Its force, and all th' Atomick Broils compos'd :
And the late darksom Elements in one,
A brighter World with nobler Beautys shown.

So Peace unites the Nations long abus'd,
With Jealousies and envious Arts confus'd :
Wet Flames the Peace with burning Waters broke,
Men blaz'd in Waters, and were drown'd in Smoke,
Not *Jove* o'eraws the World with Thunder more,
Than wide-mouth'd Cannons with their dismal Roar ;
Their hideous Notes presag'd a Storm of Blood,
And scatter'd Limbs unluic'd the Crimson Flood :
Each Tar a Sea within his breast contain'd,
And loudest there the noisy Tempest reign'd.

What Pow'r, what God the dreadful War could lay !
Or thro Confusion shoot a peaceful Day ?
Thy Hand and Head, Great *Cæsar*, made them cease,
And crown'd thy Brows with Wreaths of lasting
Peace.

Love shot from Thee our easy Souls subdu'd,
And made one Band the *Dutch* and *Us* conclude :
Force tam'd the *Dutch*, to Love the *English* yield,
And to thy Politicks resign the Field.
Love, Sir, at your Command rough *Mars* expel'd,
Hush'd angry Storms, and warlike Furies quell'd.
No more, ye Bards, of Sea-born *Venus* sing,
Fair Love could only from our *British* Ocean spring.

Guil. Godolphin, *ex Æde Christi*.

Intulerant miseranda duæ sibi bella Sorores,
 Utraque fatales, utraque parca sibi.
 Sic in sanguineam mare commutatur Arenam,
 Quæ gladiatorum bella, necesque videt.
 Has fluctus, illas rapiunt incendia Naves,
 Et miscent æstus flamma fretumque suos.
 Quæque mori solita est flammis exhorruit undas,
 Ne mediis Phoenix merfa periret aquis;
 Belligeros quot pugna Duces, quot sustulit unda?
 Sic tamen ipsa solent astra subire fretum.
 Sic Mare Cæruleum est; sed sicut Cærulea Vena,
 Quæ tumet incluso sanguine plena fluens.
 Non nostræ Batavus submitit Carbasa Classi,
 Nec quamvis habuit vela, modestus erat:
 At sic deposuit tandem Leo Belgicus iras,
 Securam ut ducat per mare Phryxus ovem.
 Cætera bella licet pugnasque Elementa sequantur,
 Sola tamen pacis fœdera servat Aqua.

At Tu Dux pariter terræ Domitorque profundi,
 Componunt laudes cuncta Elementa tuas.
 Cui Mens alta subest pelagoque profundior ipso,
 Cujus fama sonat, quam procul unde sonat:
 'Si currum ascendas domito pœne Orbe triumphans,
 In currus aderunt Axis uterque tuos.
 Inclusam populi tua fert vagina salutem,
 Ut lateri hinc possis semper adesse tuo.
 Tu poteras solus motos componere fluctus,
 Solus Neptunum sub tua vincla dare.
 Magna simul fortis vicisti, & multa; Trophæis
 Ut mare sic pariter, cedit Arena tuis.
 Nomine Pacifico gestas insignia Pacis,
 Blandaue per titulos serpit Oliva tuos.

Seston Abydos amat ; Batavas colit Anglia Terras,
 Insula te tanto facta beata, Duce.

Insula quam Pelagus, simul & Victoria cingit,
 Quæque (quod his præstat) cingitur Ense tuo.

Rob. South, *ex Ade Christi.*

Thus Translated.

A Fatal War two angry Sisters wag'd,
 And to each other's sure Destruction rag'd ;
 The Theatre the neighb'ring Seas were made,
 Where bloody Prizes furly Sword-men play'd.
 The thatter'd Fleets the Seas and Flames divide,
 Each rolling in with an impetuous Tide :
 The Phenix once in spicy Flames expir'd,
 But now with Horror from the Floods retir'd.
 Brave Souls their Fates in purple Waters met ;
 As falling Stars beneath the Ocean set.
 The Seas all azure shew'd, like azure Veins,
 When the small Rills the crimson Humour stains.
 The Dutch to England scorn'd to strike the Sail,
 Seem'd to be modest, but refus'd to veil :
 But now the Belgick Lion leaves to roar,
 And Golden Flocks float safe toward the Shore ;
 While other Elements embroil'd remain,
 The Seas alone a peaceful League maintain.
 Sir, at your Feet, whom Seas and Lands obey,
 The Elements submissive Garlands lay :
 Seas are less deep than your capacious Soul,
 Your Fame sounds far as noisy Waters roll.
 Shou'd you in Triumph o'er the World appear,
 Your Chariot VVheels the groaning Poles would bear :
 Your Sword laid by, the Scabbard's fill'd with Peace,
 And girds your happy Side with awful Ease :
 You only could the swelling VVaves restrain,
 And lay your Fetters on the conquer'd Main.

The Seas, the Shores, their Trophies yield to You,
 Who could the Many and the Great subdue :
 Your happy Name their peaceful Emblems grace,
 And Olive Wreaths your Regal Arms embrace.
England the Hand to pleas'd *Batavia* gives,
 And happy in her great Commander lives ;
 By Conquests guarded, and by Seas immur'd,
 But more by your victorious Arms secur'd.

Rob. South, *ex Ade Christi.*

PA X regit Augusti, quem vicit Julius Orbem :
 Ille sago factus clarior, ille toga.
 Hos sua Roma vocat magnos, & numina credit,
 Hic quod sit mundi Victor, & ille Quies.
 Tu bellum ut pacem populis das, unus utrisque
 Major es : Ipse orbem vincis, & ipse regis.
 Non hominem e Cælo missum Te credimus ; unus
 Sic poteras binos qui superare Deos !

J. Locke, *ex Ade Christi.*

Thus Translated.

A Peaceful Sway the Great *Augustus* bore
 O'er what Great *Julius* gain'd by Arms before :
Julius was all with Martial Trophies crown'd,
Augustus for his peaceful Arts renown'd.
Rome calls 'em Great, and makes 'em Deities,
 That for his Valour, this his Policies.
 You, mighty Prince, than both are greater far,
 Who rule in Peace that World you gain'd by War:
 You sure from Heav'n a finish'd Hero fell,
 Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

J. Locke, *ex Ade Christi.*

PAX

PAX peregrina diu binas puic uniet oras,
 Surget ab armato funere viva salus:
 Undique latantes animantur fœdere Belgæ,
 E sano Anglorum corpore corpus habent:
 Unde sumus medici & simul medicamina, vulnus
 Quod bellum inflixit sanat amica quies:
 Dum nimum gustant de falso sumine Belgæ,
 Dicunt, plus aloes quam salis aquor habet.

AD PROTECTOREM.

Magne Leo, qui Marte potes; Germania viret,
 At placidam victrix Anglia sentis opem:
 Victorum Princeps, atque volumine victos
 Cingis; Tu centrum, circulus orbis erit.
 Una catena duas gentes complectitur, ipsam
 Et terram & pontum continet una manus:
 Sedata est populi rabies, nec Belgica classis,
 Nec loquitur pelagi savior ira minas:
 Pace silent hostes, bello, formidine languent,
 Sollicitat mentes terror amorque suas.
 Quid faciat secari tuæ fiducia Plebis,
 Si te victorem diligit ipse timor?

J. Bosby, A. M. ex *Edo Christi.*

Thus Translated.

PEACE, albeit long, two States to Union brings,
 So Life and Love from dying Fury springs.
 The merry Dutch ensou'd with Peace revive,
 Their State by English Substance kept alive:
 So we both Physick and Physicians prove,
 And heal the VVounds of VVar with Balm of Love.
 The Dutch too oft drench'd in the brackish Main,
 Yet most of Bitter, not of Salt complain.

To

To the PROTECTOR.

Lion of VVar, whose Roar the *Dutch* dismay'd,
 VVhile conq'ring *England* felt your gentler Aid;
 Great Prince, to whom the greatest Conq'rors bow,
 VVhose binding Force the vassal'd VWorld allow,
 That VWorld the Circle, but the Centre Thou.
 One Chain two Nations can at once inclose,
 One Hand the Sea and Land in Peace compose.
 The World grows quiet, and we now can meet
 No Fears from Sea, nor from the *Belgick* Fleet.
 Hush'd in a Peace, and faint with Fears in VVar,
 Terror and Love our joint Commanders are.
 VVhat then could your confiding Subjects do,
 If thro' their Fears, their Loves your conquering Arms
 pursue?

J. Busby, A. M. ex Aede Christi.

Discolor exiit vultus, turbataque rerum
 Diffatur facies, & nova forma redit;
 Eclipsin memini sic olim Lampada cœli,
 Quæ patitur tenebris exiluisse suis.
 Quæque sui vindex, (super licet alta jaceret
 Mersa umbris) fruitur liberiore polo.
 Quas tibi pro tanto dignas persolvere gratas
 Munera, nostra (Ducum munus) mens valet;
 Qui res restituis, rupto velut ordine quassas,
 Ausus es & populos afferuisse epot.
 Non te deflexit vario Fortuna tumultu,
 Nec quæ turba ruit, præcipitasse libat.
 Qui stabili Tametsi junxisti fodere Rheno,
 Arte pari Batavum corda fronsque domas.

Auspiciis

Auspiciis (*Cromwelle*) tuis tria Sceptra triumphant,
Teque senes, pueri, sexus & omnis amant.

Inde, quod Armorum Proceres legumque potentes
Patriciis sese cinctibus induerint.

Auspice te; dnr̄is fas impallescere Chartis:

Auspice te, vatū vena secunda fluit.

De Jove Creta suo quicquid vel Apolline Delos

Dixit, & Alcidi gloria si qua fuit;

In te mixta fluunt, alios quæ sparsa coronant,

Fixisti nunc qui tria regna tuo.

In tua transmittit Neptunus Sceptra tridentem;

Nec minus Herculeo robore transira quatis.

Consiliis & mente vales, moderaminis Artes

Doctior, aut nodos texere nemo potest.

Nunc pro te Camber, pro te quoque litigat Anglus,

Pro suum jactat, jactat & ille suum.

Perge, precor: Regnis faustumque sit omine tanto:

Crescat honor: gemina Pallade cinctus eas.

J. Vaughan, *A. M. & Col. Jesu.*

Thus Translated.

NOW with a better face Affairs appear,
And smoother Looks the chearful Nations wear.
So have I seen the Sun eclips'd awhile,
But quickly with recovering Lustre smile.
What thanks, great Prince, can our weak Muse repay
For all the Blessings of this glorious Day?
Your prudent Hand our shatter'd State repairs,
And bravely dares assert our lost Affairs.
No Change of Fortune e'er could bend your Soul,
No head-strong Rout your Politicks controul:
You make the Rhine to Royal Thames be true,
And both the Seas and Belgick Hearts subdue.
Three Realms by your auspicious Stars are blest,
You of each Age and Sexes Hearts possess.

By

By you we safely to our Books retire,
 Your gallant Acts the Muses Sons inspire,
Crete boasts of *Jove*, her *Phœbus* *Delos* sings,
 And great *Alcides* tunes the lofty Strings.
 In you their scatter'd Glories all combine,
 Whose Nod could make three mighty Realms resign,
Neptune to you his Royal Trident sends,
 The groaning Oar your wond'rous Vigour bends.
 None rules with greater Art, nor can we find
 An Arm more fatal nor a larger Mind.
 The *Welsh* and *English* for your Birth contend,
 And for that Glory both with Zeal pretend.
 Go on, the Realms with happy Omens guide,
 While Fame attends you with a swelling Tide,
 And they, like *Twin-Minerva's*, guard your Side.

J. Vaughan, A. M. e Coll. Jesu.

IF *Greece* with so much Mirth did entertain
 Her *Argos* coming laden home again;
 With what loud Mirth and Triumph shall we greet
 The wish'd Approaches of our welcome Fleet,
 When of that Prize our Ships do us possess,
 Whereof their Fleece was but an Emblem, Peace?
 Whose welcome Voice sounds sweeter in our ears,
 Than the loud Musick of the warbling Spheres;
 And ravishing more than those, doth plainly show
 That sweetest Harmony we to Discord owe.
 Each Seaman's Voice pronouncing Peace doth charm,
 And seems a Syren's, but that't has less harm
 And danger in't, and yet like theirs doth please
 Above all other, and make us love the Seas.
 We've Heaven in this Peace, like Souls above,
 We've nought to do now but admire and love.

Glory

Glory of War is Victory, but here
Both glorious because neither's Conqueror.
'T had been less Honour, if it might be said,
They fought with those that could be conquered.

Our re-united Seas, like Streams that grow
Into one River, do the smoother flow:
Where Ships no longer grapple, but like those
The loving Sea-men in Embraces close.
We need no Fire-ships now, a nobler Flame
Of Love doth us protect, whereby our Name
Shall shine more glorious, a Flame as pure
As those of Heaven, and shall as long endure:
This shall direct our Ships, and he that steers,
Shall not consult Heaven's Fires, but those he bears
In his own Breast. Let *Lilly* threaten Wars:
Whilst this Conjunction lasts, we'll fear no Stars.

Our Ships are now most beneficial grown,
Since they bring home no Spoils but what's their own.
Unto these branchless Pines our forward Spring
Owes better Fruit than Autumn's wont to bring:
Which give not only Gems and *Indian Ore*,
But add at once whole Nations to our Store.
Nay, if to make a World's but to compose
The difference of things, and make them close
In mutual Amity, and cause Peace to creep
Out of the jarring Chaos of the Deep:
Our Ships do this, so that whilst others take
Their Course about the World, ours a World make.

J. Locke, *Student of Ch. Ch.*

AS when two Streams divided gently glide
The lofty Banks their humble Bowers deride;
The Husbandmen divert them where they list,
Nor can those weaker Floods their Dams resist.

EST

But

+

But if they join, and to one Torrent grow,
Swelling they rage, and no Restraint will know,
O'er the adjoining Fields dilate their Wings,
Hatching that Plenty which the Summer brings.

Such the Events have been, and such the Fates
Of our disjoin'd and reunited States,
Who, while asunder from each other torn,
By cruel War, became their Neighbours Scorn,
But since that * Power, which now informs our Age,
Hath reconcil'd the Strength, and quenched the Rage
Of the disturbed Sea, the Fire, the Wind,
And (what is more) the Tempests of our Mind,
Far now our Ships their Canvass Wings have stretch'd,
And the World's Wealth to richer England fetch'd,
Till greater Treasures over-spread our Coast,
Than *Tags* or *Parols* Sands can boast.

With this Design our busy Vessels range
About, to make our Isle the World's Exchange:
Others in times of Brass and Iron live,
Naught but our Pines the Golden Age can give,
Which fell'd, bear better Fruit than when they stood
The branching Glories of the fruitful Wood.

No foreign Navy shall impede their Course,
Circling the Globe with uncontrolled Force,
While, with the Sun, they round the World, their
Might

Becomes as Universal as his Light;
Making those Bounds which bind the farthest Land,
The Limits, *Cromwel*, of thy large Command.
Cromwel! the Name which made a greater Noise
Among his Foes than Waves or Cannon's Voice.
'Tis he that conquers when he please, and he
That makes *Greek Fables* *English History*.

* The Lord Protector.

Tell me, *Astrologers*, th' Event; and make
From this Conjunction a new *Almanack*.

Storms oft enrich the Soil; and since our *Peace*
Proceeds from *War*, we hope for more Increase,
So Bones which have been broke become more sound,
And *Hydra* stronger from its fruitful Wound.

Than *War* naught could our States have closer tied,
They're join'd by Kind who are by Blood ally'd.

Such our Agreement is, as when one Flame
Meeting another, both become the same.

Hermaphrodites so and *Salmacis*
(Whose Bodies join'd in a perpetual Kiss)

With our two States receiv'd like Union;
Went Two into the Stream; return'd but One.

W. Godolphin, St. Ch. Ch.

*The End of the Poems on Oliver Cromwel, and
his making a Peace with the Dutch.*

To

To **KING CHARLES the Second,** on his
Return.

Vertue's Triumphant Shrine, I who doſt engage
At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage,
Which in extatick Duty ſtrive to come
Out of themſelves, as well as from their Home,
Whiſt England grows one Camp, and London is
It ſelf the Nation, her Metropolis;
And Loyal Kent renews its Arms again,
Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men.

Forgive this diſtant Homage, which doth meet
Your bleſt Approach on ſedentary Feet.
And tho my Youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you; yet, Great Sir, approve
My manly Wiſhes, and more vigorous Love.
In whom a cold Reſpect were Treason to
A Father's Aſhes, greater than to you;
Whoſe one Ambition 'tis, for to be known
By daring Loyalty your Warr's Son.

Rochester Wadb. Col.

*A young Gentleman deſirous to be a Miniſter of
State, thus pretends to qualify himſelf.*

TO make my ſelf for this Employment fit,
I'll learn as much as ever I can get
Of th' Honourable Gray of Ru——n's Wit.

In

In Constancy and sincere Loyalty,
I'll imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury*.

And that we may assume the Church's Weal,
And all Disorder in Religion heal,
I will espouse Lord *Mall*'s Zeal.

To pay Respect to Sacred Revelation,
To scorn th' affected Wit of Profanation,
And rout Impiety out of the Nation,

To suppress Vice, and Scandal to prevent,
Buckingham's Life shall be my Precedent,
That living Model of good Government.

To dive into the depth of Statesmens Craft,
To search the Secrets of the subtlest Heart,
To hide my own Designs with prudent Art;

To make each Man my Property become,
To frustrate all the Plots of *France* and *Rome*,
None can so well instruct as my Lord *Mobun*.

For moral Honesty in Deed and Word,
Lord *W*'s Example will afford,
That and his Courage too are on Record.

*Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham, to make
Bulwarks against the Dutch, and the Queen's
Miscarriage thereupon.*

WHEN *James*, our Great Monarch, so wise
and discreet,

Was gone with three Barges to face the *Dutch* Fleet,

T

Our

Our young Prince of *Wales*, by Inheritance stout,
 Was going to aid him, and peep'd his Head out ;
 But seeing his Father, without Ships or Men,
 Commit the Defence of us all to a Chain,
Taffy was frightened, and sculk'd in again ;
 Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd in our Road,
 It was safe to come further and venture abroad.
 Not *Walgrave*, or th' Epistle of *Seigneur le Duke*,
 Made her Majesty sick, and her Royal Womb puke ;
 But the *Dutchmen* picqueering at *Dover* and *Harwich*,
 Gave the Ministers Agues, and the Queen a Miscar-
 riage :

And to see the poor King stand of Ships in such need,
 Made the Catholicks quake and her Majesty bleed.
 I wish the sad Accident don't spoil the young Prince,
 Take off all his Manhood, and make him a Wench.
 But the *Hero*, his Father, no Courage did lack,
 Who was sorry on such a pretext to come back.
 He mark'd out his ground, and mounted a Gun,
 And 'tis thought, without such a pretence he had run ;
 For his Army and Navy were said to increase,
 As appears (when we have no occasion) in Peace:
 Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we despise them so much,
 Our Navy *incognito* will leave them i'th' lurch ;
 And to their eternal disgrace, we are able
 To beat 'em by way of a Post and a Cable.

VVhy was this, Sir, left out o' th' wise Declaration,
 That flatter'd with hopes of more Forces the Nation ?
 'Twould have done us great good to have said you
 intended, (mended.

The Strength of the Nation, the Chain, should be
 Tho we thank you for passing so kindly your word,
 (Which ne'er yet was broke) that you'd rule by the
 Sword.

A CHARGE to the Grand Inquest of ENGLAND, 1674.

ROOM for the *Bedlam C*—ns, Hell and Fury!
 Room for the Gentlemen of our *Grand Jury*!
 Led by no conjuring Bailiff with white Wand,
 But stately Mace in stalking Giant's hand.
 Call them o'er Cryer, swear them every Man,
 And let an Oath setter 'em if it can.
 The Foreman first, prefer'd before the rest,
 'Cause he has learnt the Art of prating best.
 Then *Howard, Powel, Garraway, and Meers,*
Temple, and S— (who yet wears his Ears)
Candish the Fop, *Whorhood* that *Senior Soph*,
 Some fresh come on, some lately taken off.
 When these have kiss'd the Book, swear all the rest,
 This numerous Swarm of this too *Grand Inquest*;
 Five hundred strong, a formidable Crew,
 Would you could say of half, *Good Men and True*:
 Stand close together, Sirs, and hear your Charge
 In brief, which Lawyers use to give at large.

Imprimis, As to Treason let that pass,
 Since to talk Treason boldly, long since was
 A Privilege of your House, and shortly you
 Will privileg'd be to plot and act it too.

For Sacrilege, Thefts, Robberies, and Rapes,
 Murders, Cheats, Perjuries, with such petty Scapes,
 Of which your selves you too well guilty know;
 Transmit these Trifles to the Courts below.
 But if a Member chance to get a Scar,
 For the Cause, or by *Fortune de la Guerre*,
 You of the Inquest strictly must explore
 Whether the Wound were given by Rogue or Whore;

Vote it a Breach of Privilege, then pass
 An Act, Sir *John's* Nose is as whole as 'twas.
 If a blunt Porter jostle from the Wall,
 Or knavish Boy at Foot-ball give a fall
 To one o' your House, let Boys and Porters be
 Sent to the Tower, or brought upon their knee.
 But above all, beat boldly every where
 For your just Rights and Privileges here,
 Find them out all, and more than ever were.
 Search the Repositories of the Tow'r,
 And your own Brains, to stretch your lawless Pow'r;
 Ransack your Writers, *Selden, Needham, Prynne*,
 Rather than fail, bring the sly Jesuit in:
 Then swoln with Pride and Poison suck'd from these,
 Vote your own Privilege is what you please.
 Thus fortify'd, each Member is supreme,
 What Court of Justice dare touch one of them?
 The King disdains not to submit his Cause
 To the known Course and Trial of the Laws:
 Each Subject may his King with safety sue,
 But King nor Subject can have Right from you,
 Who are Law-givers, Judge and Party too.
 With what distemper'd Counsels are we fed,
 When such Convulsions are in *England* bred?
 The very Arse is hoisted o'er the Head.
 Well may you sit in Love, with all your hearts,
 It is a posture proper to those Parts:
 Humble as Spiders while they crawl below,
 Despis'd, afraid of every Spurn and Blow;
 Crept in your hole once, you imperious grow:
 Spread Laws, Oaths, Snares for other Men to fall,
 And you your selves may trample on them all.
 From Privilege of Sov'reign Parliament,
 (If you have any Breath and Time unspent)
 In the next place to Grievances proceed,
 Such Grievances as make the Subject bleed.

What

What we nam'd last before, may here stand first,
 For of all Plagues with which the Nation's curst,
 The Privilege of Parliament is worst.

Then with full Throats and empty Brains let fly
 Against the Rise and Growth of Popery ;
 Power Arbitrary, and the Prerogative Regal,
 Monopolies and Imprisonments illegal ;
 Offices set to sale, and scarce a Clause
 Well executed of the Cobweb Laws :
 But (tho corrupt enough) touch not th' *Arcana*
 Of your dread Idol, (Law) your great *Diana*.
 'Twill make the Nation, full of Lawyers, rave,
 With Tongue and Pen, Nonsense and Noise, who
 By this false Oracle heap'd up more Gold, (have
 Than e'er that Goddesses High-Priest of old.
 'Twould kindle 'mong your selves a Civil War ;
 For those Gallants, tho not the greatest, are
 Of your whole House, the loudest half by far.
 If ten or twelve create us this Vexation,
 What do ten thousand of them in the Nation ?

But pass not o'er the Grievances, before (more
 You have, with all your might, knock'd down once
 A Grievance your Design may ruinate,
 As a *Welsh* Knight gravely observ'd of late.

Resolve the Boys and Footmen shall no more
 Attend their Lordships at the Lobby-door :
 For should the Commons pass some wholesom Votes,
 In their own House, to cut their Lordships Throats,
 Those Rascals might, with their short Clubs and
 Dare impudently to protest their Lords ; (Swords,
 And by endeavouring their Preservation,
 Highly oppose the Safety of the Nation.

Then thunder out against Supplies mispent,
 The Customs wasted thro ill Management ;
 Curse the Commissioners to the Pit of Hell,
 Till some of you creep in, then all is well.

Impeachment on Impeachment next renew,
 With impudent Address, against all who
 Have better Heads, or truer Hearts than you.
 On numerous Articles let each Charge run,
 But when it comes to th' upshot, prove not one.

In the last place, tho least of all you mind it,
 (Yet you must pull a Crow where'er you find it)
 With seeming Diligence, bravely take in hand
 The Strength, Defence, and Honour of the Land:
 But then in this be sure you do no more
 Than just spoil what was well begun before.
 Your fatal Policy too well does shew,
 Those lofty Cares do not belong to you.

When the proud *Belgick* Lion stood at bay,
 At once the easier and the nobler Prey;
 When he for Fear more than for Rage did roar,
 His Arse to lash, as it ne'er was before:
 When such a Friend by chance kind Fortune threw,
 No more expected than deserv'd by you:
 Who but a Parliament could slight it, when
 We might have drown'd that Lion in his Den,
 Or beat him to a fawning Whelp agen?
 You kindly spar'd your Mony and your Foe,
 E'er you much older or much wiser grow.
 You may expect with Interest from these
 The timely Fruits of your untimely Peace.
 Let the *French* proudly brave us on the Main,
 The *Dutch* our Trade, the Seas and *Indies* gain.
 Let all the World appear concern'd so far,
 As to be Party in this general War:
 Tho loud our Honour as our Interest calls,
 You'll have no Swords drawn, but within your Walls.
 When thus, to your no little shame at last,
 You've many Months in doing nothing past;
 As Curs have shown their Teeth, but durst not bite;
 As Fops have drawn their Swords, but dare not fight.

A private Bill or two, rather than none,
Get pass'd, then bravely vote a Session.

Thus when your Prayer, tho not your Pride abates,
Your Purles grown as empty as your Pates,
'Tis time to send you home to your Estates,
And to your Wives, who (may be understood
T' have been more active for the publick Good,
In their lower Sphere than you) to crown the Plot,
Present you pretty Babes you ne'er begot.

The GIANTS WARS, 1682.

Some Passages preceding the Giants War,
Translated out of a Greek Fragment.

—*Vos exemplaria Græcæ*
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,
Jovis omnia plena.—

By Dr. B—

THIS Rumor entering angry *Titan's* Ears,
His horrid Heart-strings with new Gall besmears:
In rage he *Saturn* by the Cod-piece took,
And scar'd him so with wrathful hideous Look,
Within the Fleth, that his long Shin-bones shook.
Brother, said he, Brother, what Curses strange
Did from your Mouth, and Oaths in Vollies range?
How much you swore by *Stygian* Powers? You swore,
All Hell consenting with united Roar,
On Earth nought in upon my Hopes should break,
Nor from your Loins degenerate Bantling sneak.

Yet now of *Jove* the Woods and Valleys ring,
Jove's health all drink, of *Jove* all say and sing:
Jove fills the Court, the Country, and the Town,
 All call him *Saturn's* Son, and rightful Heir of th'
 Crown.

Saturn aghast, sinks down into a Couch,
 (In other Points might for his Manhood vouch)
 Long meagre Face with foreign Mollin wipes,
 Then speaks to *Titan* with protesting Lips:
 What have I left unsaid, what left undone,
 To make you next Successor on the Throne?
 If my Soul lives, it was not *Saturn's* fault,
 I gave all over to the *Summer-Salt*.

But if disloyal Pity sway'd my Wife,
 Or out of Crossness she have sav'd a Life,
 Her and her Brat I will renounce this hour,
 Declare him Bastard, and his Mother Whore.

At this the Giant half contented grins,
 His fester'd Soul to cooler mood inclines;
 The wonted Tempest from his Brow retreats,
 And Rage more hostile thro his Nostrils beats.
Saturn, long lost, and from his Senses ta'en,
 Now finds, and feels, and shews himself again:
 And strait does to his fair *Messina* send,
 From th' *Isthmus* to the *Promontory's* end;
 To those the large *Trisenian* Valleys till,
 That *Pelion* climb, that by *Cytherea* dwell,
 And, void of wrath, *Dordonian* Timber fell;
 That *Pydna* round the *Polydea* plow,
 And *Lelia* where amorous Pigeons coo;
 Ceon under hill, *Iolius* in the City,
Hemapolis, *Daulis*, *Oecbalia*,
 Where Minstrels strange the Muses did provoke,
 And *Dorion*, where they *Roger's* Fiddle broke:
 Who *Trophian* Fields, and *Appian* let to farm,
 And *Calydon* which lovely Lasses warm;

Who

Who from *Caphareus* view the Ocean wide,
 The ruddy Squires o'er *Northern Worlds* that ride;
 In *Beef-land* who keep house, and on the Coast
Eubœum, where the noblest Sirloins roast:
 Who *Hebrus* drink, who in *Asopbus* toke,
 And who with melted Corn *Acheloian Horns* provoke:
 Who chase the foaming Boar o'er Brake and Burn,
 And glad at night *Erymanthian* Rashers turn.
 These and his other Barons far and near,
 And Bishops that with Hecatombs make chear,
 Are by that Mouth all summon'd to appear.
 Said he, These, since I cannot single strive,
 Shall joint Advice in *Pan-Ionian* give.

You call (quoth *Titan* mad, and like to burst)
 The *Pan-Ionian*? —
 's B—d you shall call the *Pan-Dæmonian* first;
Hell, *Acheron*, and *Styx*, by which you swore,
 Give their Advice, what Counsel needs there more?
 Shall common Breath our Royal Wills debate?
 What we, what you and I resolve, is Fate:
 In secret, only 'twixt our selves, you vow'd,
 You swore to me, does that concern the Croud?
 Then rouse, and act as the Affair enjoins,
 And seize the vile Pretender to your Loins.

Then answer'd *Saturn*, with a Visage mild:
 Brother, wouldst have me, I will eat my Child;
 Be Caterer you, and lay him in my dish.

Said like a King, quoth *Titan*, but I wish
 You had more early mouth'd him, whilst a Chick,
 For now perhaps he in your Fangs may stick,
 And find us both a cross damn'd Bone to pick.
 Half mad, half Prophet, thus the Giant rav'd,
 When to the teeth a fresh Alarm him brav'd.
 Fame, strong and thick, his obstinate Ears invades,
 Says High and Low, white Staves with humble
 Spades,

From

From Hall and Cottage, from both Town and
 Grange, From Heath and Ham, and *Jove's* Retirement range.
 Nor this by stealth or nightly Caution done,
 But in broad Day, and open to the Sun,

Now *Titan* into downright Rage flies out,
 He picks his Nose, and stamps and flings about:
 Here gripes, there cuffs, then swings his barbarous
 Steel,

But *Saturn's* Stones his first dire Vengeance feel:
 Then musters he all that in Cellars sculk,
 Cry *Bob!* in Entries, or that snore on bulk,
 In Alleys sneak, Suburban Garrets cram,
 Tories of double Form, and triple Name;
 From Goals escap'd, from Pillories unpin'd,
 And from high Pad compleatly disciplin'd;
 Skip-kennels, Roysters, Russians all profane,
 And Buggarers too, a foul ungodly Train; (drawn,
 Those who from Loughs, their tainted Seed had
Monsters of Orkes, and Bogs ungracious Spawn.

Say, *Muse*, who did in chief that Crew command,
 And in the front against *Jove's* Thunder stand.
Rhoetus did head a bold blasphemous Rout,
Gyges did there with hundred Elbows strut;
 And no less terrible *Iapetus*,
Aegean Briareus, *Enceladus*;
 Aloud *Tiphæus* God and Nature curst,
Tiphæus 'twas that shoulder'd *Pelion* first;
 And sure the *Pelion* had on *Ossa* thrown,
 But Nature vex'd, compel'd him set it down.
Lordalius every Limb did Monster bode,
 The furthest *Thules* groan beneath his Load;
 His Tongue a thousand Serpents did unfold,
 When out at length it thirty furlongs roll'd;
 Drawn back, and fur'd, and doubled up agen,
 And scarce contain'd within the spacious Den:

A thousand Dogs all kennel'd in his Paunch,
 On murder'd *Greeks* they did insatiate scranck ;
 They drank, they wallow'd there in human Gore,
 Yet at his Arse still snarl and bark for more,
 You'd think unmuzzled *Corbin* kept the door.
 The Mastiffs round his Sister *Cylla's* Womb,
 That in the Ocean with such fury foam,
 Are ty'd up short, and worry not from home.
 But nauseous are *Lordalrus* foisting Rooms,
 Makes Dogs-meat all, and Carrion where he comes.
 Camp must have Trull, great Wickedness will stick,
 Unless male Strength has aid from female Trick ;
 These had *Permethe*, who in fatal hour
 Was hither wafted from the *Celtick* Shore.
 What Giant durst have plotted to remove
 The Crown from *Saturn*, or *Saturnian* Jove,
 But for this Sorceress ever on the watch,
 At easy hours, and in her Night's Debauch?
 So that where Threats and open Forces fail'd,
 Her filthy and obscene Devices held.
 Then prostituted Hand, and Lips, and Tongue,
 On his soft Part mysterious Fazzals hung,
 And empty Nerves with false deceiving Vigor stung.
 Not all the Juice from deadly Hemlock prest,
 All the benumbing Opium of the East,
 E'er was on wretched *Indian* Prince impos'd,
 Could, like her Charms, have *Saturn's* Senses doz'd ;
 With midnight Murmur, with unhallow'd Spell,
 And magick *Lory Circe* in her Cell,
 Transform'd him Beast whoever came to hand,
 An Ass, a Hog, or Dog, at her command.
 But never Dog with Tail to Bottel wed,
 Never was Hog in Mire plung'd over head ;
 Never was Ass, when he by Hunger tir'd,
 Mumbling a Thistle, his broad Lips bestir'd,
 Deform'd, ridiculous, despicable made,
 As thou, O *Saturn*, by this Hag betray'd.

She

She turns him into all and every thing,
 To any Shape but that of Man and King :
 Sometimes so far from Man and King undone,
 You see him loose among the Spaniels run :
 Sometimes like Bird, unto the Ducks he flies,
 And flutters there, as goodly and as wise :
 Sometimes, when she would have him Great appear,
 She does his Form into a Stallion rear ;
 Bridle in mouth, she whisks him to the wall,
 Astride she goes, *St. Dennis* have at all ;
 Whips him o'er Hedg and Ditch, o'er Dirt and Mire,
 Bramble and Bogs, thro Water and thro Fire ;
 Till ridden blind, like *Bayard* in the Mill,
 About he comes, about she brings him still,
 The Circle she, be Centre where it will. }
 'Twas in this figure prancing *Saturn* scorn'd
 His first dear Joys, and holy *Hymen* spurn'd.
 Thus *Titan's* Host with Rogues and Ribalds fill'd,
Olympus Ward, in wild Presumption, rul'd.
 An aukward thing there was of monstrous growth,
 All over indefatigable Mouth ;
 This Monster with a Mouth for Drum supply'd,
 And Trumpet, and all Din of War beside, }
 Hell not so black, nor open'd e'er so wide.
 He having the Battalions squinted o'er,
 These words did to the gaping Rabble roar :
 That *Jove* his Bastard *Saturn* had declar'd,
 And who dare disbelieve his Royal Word ?
 Now, against *Titan* you Fanaticks say,
 His Altar stands the *Babylonish* way :
 Howe'er it stands, he does not stand at all ;
 We must with Royal *Titan* stand or fall :
 Nor may his Mode of sacrificing scan,
 Tho he should sacrifice both God and Man,
 We'll have him King, and Kings may what they }
 can.

Now

Now his blue Eye-balls turn, he makes a pause,
And gathers round the Hum and high Applause;
Which the grim Scoundrels bellow out a-main:
Then Tongue unsheath'd, thus brandishes again.

Brave Brother Giants, tho against the Law
And Heav'n we fight, that sticks not in our Maw:
When we once conquer, all the World's our own,
Rich Land in Country, and fine House in Town.
But should their goodly Worships win the Fight,
And beat us, what the Devil get they by't?
While those that loll in Silks be mew'd in Straw,
Or leave their Roast-meat, to feed here on Raw.
The Strength is ours, the Courage and the Odds;
But conquer them, and we shall be the Gods.

With these last Accents Mouth expecting stands,
Till every Giant claps his hundred Hands:

The Gods, the Gods, all cry with horrid Yell,
High Heaven they shook, and almost frightened Hell,
Whilst Eccho does in Rocks the Gods repeat:

The Gods, by *Offa* bandy'd o'er the Plain,
Olympus trembling, toss'd it back again.

The dangerous Deep, and Caverns under ground,
With hoarser Groan, the Gods, the Gods resound.

Shepherds aloof that view'd the grisly Rout,
Fainted and said, the Gods must go to pot.

Some peeping from their holes did see (or fear'd
They saw) to Heaven long Scaling-Ladders rear'd;

Nimble as Bears the ugly Giants climb,
And every God they meet tear limb from limb.

The Skies all broken down, no Age they spare,
From holy House to th' old one in the Chair;

One thought he saw a graceless, great, unshav'd,
Unshapely, shabby Giant eat a God;

Another spy'd a raw Gigantick Youth,
Soaring with an Immortal in his Mouth,

Who sprawl'd and sprawl'd, but could not
spare one Tooth:

One

One pities Heaven, and of strange havock dreams,
 How on the floor spilt *Aqua Vita* swims;
 With gay Attire torn, tumbled, and defac'd,
 There Wig, there Cravat, there imbroider'd Vest.
 The simple Clowns thus fancy'd, but Heaven safe,
 Did at their Care, and rustick Folly laugh;
 Yet gaping Priest gulp'd the Tradition down,
 And all his Creed to After-Ages own'd.
 But say not, you Profane, Heaven had no share
 In that day's toil, Heaven's Champion *Jove* was there,
 Heaven's Darling *Jove*, and now immediate Care. }

————— *Titania pubes*
Fulmine dejecti fundo volvuntur in imo. Virg.

On the Statue in Stocks-Market.

AS Citizens that to their Conquerors yield,
 Do at their own charge their own Citadels build;
 So Sir *Robert* advanc'd the King's Statue, in token
 Of a Broker defeated, and a *Lombard-street* broken.
 Some thought it a mighty and gracious Deed,
 Obliging the City with a King on a Steed:
 When with Honour he might from his Word have
 gone back,
 He that waits for a Calm is absolv'd by a Wreck.
 By all it appears, from the first to the last,
 To be a Revenge, and as Malice forecast,
 Upon the King's Birth-day to set up a thing
 That shews him a Monkey more like than a King.
 When each one that passes finds fault with the Horse,
 Yet all do assure that the King is much worse;
 And some by its likeness Sir *Robert* suspect,
 That he did for the King his own Statue erect.

To

To see him so disguis'd the Herb-women chide,
Who upon their Panniers more decently ride:
So loose are his Feet, that all Men agree,
Sir William Peak fits much faster than he.
But a Marker, as some say, doth fit the King well,
Who oft Parliaments buys, and Revenues doth sell:
And others, to make the Similitude hold,
Say his Majesty himself is oft bought and sold.
Sure this Statue is more dangerous far,
Than all the *Dutch* Pictures that caused the War:
And what the *Exchequer* for that took on trust,
May henceforth be confiscate for Reasons most just.

But *Sir Robert*, to take the scandal away,
Does the fault upon the Artificer lay;
And alledges the thing is none of his own,
For he counterfeits only in Gold, not in Stone.
But *Sir Robert* o'th' *Vine*, how came't in your thought,
That when to the Scaffold your Liege you had
brought,

With Canvas and Deals you e'er since do him cloud,
As if you had meant it his Coffin and Shroud?
Hath *Blood* him away, as his Crown he convey'd?
Or is he to *Clayton* gone in masquerade?
Or is he now in his Cabal closely set?
Or have you to th' *Compter* remov'd him for Debt?
Methinks by the Equipage of this vile Scene,
To change him into a *Jack-Pudding* you mean;
Or else thus expose him to popular Flout,
As tho' we'd as good have a King of a Clout.
Or do you his Errors out of modesty veil,
With three shatter'd Planks, and the Rags of a Sail?
To expose how his Navy was shatter'd and torn,
The same day that he was restored and born;
If the Judges and Parliament don't him enrich,
You will scarcely afford him a Rag to his breech.

Sir

Sir Robert affirms they do him much wrong,
 'Tis the Graver at work to reform him so long;
 But alas he will never arrive at his End,
 For 'tis such a King no Chisel can mend.
 But with all his faults pray give us our King,
 As ever you hope for *December* or *Spring*;
 For tho the whole World cannot shew such another,
 We had better have him than his bigotted Brother.

SATYR. By the Lord R.

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit, (Wit?
 Perplex'd with Fools who will believe they've
 Must I find every place by Coxcombs seiz'd,
 Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
 Must I meet *Hen* — *m* where'er I go,
Arr. Arran, Villain *F* —, nay *Poultney* too?
 Shall *He* — *t* pertly crawl from place to place,
 And scabby *Vill* — *s* for a Beauty pals?
 Shall *H* — and *B* — *n* Politicians prove,
 And *S* — — presume to be in Love?
 Who can abstain from Satyr in this Age?
 That Nature wants, I find supply'd by Rage,
 Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise,
 But none's made Great for being Good and VVife.
 Deserve a Dungeon if you would be great,
 Rogues always are our Ministers of State:
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* fit,
 VVith *England's* wretched Queen must equal sit.
Ran — *g* and fearful *M* — — are prefer'd;
 Vertue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
 Who'd be a Monarch, to endure the prating
 Of *N* — *l* and saucy *Ogle* — *p* in waiting?

VVho

Who would S——: drivling Cuckold be?
 Who would be G—— and bear his Infamy?
 What Wretch would be *Green's* ill-begotten Son?
 Who would be *James* out-witted and outdone?
 Who would be S—— a cringing Knave?
 Like *Hallifax* wise, like bearish *Pembroke* brave?
 What Drudge would be in *Dryden's* cudgel'd Skin?
 Or who'd be safe and senseless like *Tom T——*?

A SATYR. By the same Hand.

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus est.

NOT *Rome*, in all her Splendor, could compare
 With those great Blessings happy *Britans* share.
 Vainly they boast their Kings of heavenly Race,
 A G—— incarnate *England's* Throne does grace:
 Chast in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
 To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's brave:
 His Justice is thro all the World admir'd,
 His Word held sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
 No Tumults do about his Palace move,
 Freed from Rebellion by his Peoples Love.
 Nor do we less in Counsels wise prevail,
 As all our late Transactions lately tell.
 Not only Prorogations good create,
 But th' adjourn'd *Play-house* is a *Corps d'Estate*.
 So Learned Chymists, when they long have try'd
 For Secrets thrifty Nature fain would hide,
 In basest Matters often Spirits find,
 Which Providence for greater Use design'd.
 But who can wonder at such vast Success?
 Our *Cato* S—— ne'er promis'd less.

U

Abroad

Abroad in Embassys he first was fam'd,
Where he so strictly *England's* Rights maintain'd :
At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
And Mrs. *W*—— prefer'd him to the Place.

Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
Heaven has bestow'd them with a liberal Hand.
T——*k*, who thrice chang'd his Ships through warlike
And *M*——, who's the *Scipio* of the Age, (Rage,
The first long Admiral, but more renown'd
For *P*——*x* and Popery than publick Wound.
This is the Man whose Vice each Satyr feeds,
And for whom no one Vertue interceeds:
Destin'd for *England's* Plague, from Infant time,
Curst with a Person f—— than all Crime.

But mightier Knights than these do still remain,
Plimouth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
And did by *Hewit's* Fall immortal Honour gain.
So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the Field,
Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield.
Their famous *Billets Duex* and Duel prove
Them both as fit for Combat as for Love.
Amongst all these 'twere not amiss to name
P——*ney*, to whom *St. Omer's* Siege gave Fame.

Nor do Wits less our polish'd Court adorn,
Than Men of Prowess, for Atchievements born.
Romantick *M*——*t*, who in empty Lines
His happier Rival tediously defines;
They well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys:
But his chief Talent is in Histories,
Which of himself he tells, and always lyes.
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and Bully;
But Punk-rid *R*—— not a greater Cully,
Nor tawdry *Isbam*, intimately known
To all poxt Whores and famous Rooks in Town.

No Ladies my respectful Muse will name,
 She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.
 Safe may they live who faithful are and kind,
 But may leud Sconrers no Redemption find.
 May young and old incessantly give Thanks
 For that blest Nursery of Intrigue, *Milbanks.*
 May *Leister-Fields* repair their Matron's Fall,
 But still subscribe in Feasts of Love to th' *Mall,*
 And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to B——*Hall.*

A SATYR.

Barbara Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis.

O Fall the Wonders since the World began,
 Since Man's Creation, and the Fall of Man,
 There's none so unaccountable to me
 As the most common things we daily see.
 Which way so'er I look, methinks I view
 Something that is extravagantly new;
 That entertains my all-admiring Eyes
 With various unexpected Prodigies.
 And all I gaze upon, appears to me
 Like any thing but what it ought to be.

Find out the Man that you would think most fit
 For blustering Bully, he's the *Man of Wit*,
 And noisily does bear the Bays away,
 Speaking what common Sense would blush to say.

Shew me another Body, Soul and all,
 Fram'd to cut *Capers*, he's a *General*;
 And when his warlike Arm has time to rest,
 Turns *Buffoon Statesman*, to make up the Jest.

A third by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With aukward Body, and distorted Mind,

Supported by his nauseous Impudence,
Proves an eternal Plague to Men of Sense ;
And tho scarce fit to make the Rabble Sport,
Sets up for tawny *Darling* of the Court.

Another guilty of a worse Mistake,
Poor Man's in danger of *Narcissus* Fate,
Doats on his Person, thinks himself design'd
For the Relief of longing Womankind ;
Fancies his squinting Eye and clumsy Shape,
On every Female Heart commits a Rape ;
Presumes too with that Face the Prize to win,
Fit only for Lent-Preachers threatning Sin.
I mean the Warrior, famous far and near
For *Dr——n's* Wit, but for no borrow'd Fear :
Wisely he uses his Friends Head to write
With more Success, than his own Arm to fight ;
Yet without wonder we look down, and see
Heroick Blue adorn his trembling Knee.
Ulysses with stout *Ajax* did contend,
And by his crafty Cunning gain'd his end ;
But 'twas thought strange, that in the bloody Field
He should obtain the fam'd *Achilles* Shield.
But here's the Prize of Honour stole away
By one who ne'er yet saw a Scarlet Day,
But represented in some Tragick Play.
Yet every Collar-Feast he struts along,
With Courage squinting on the gazing Throng.
He pleads, and says *Ulysses* ne'er did more ;
He has deceiv'd, betray'd, and falsly swore.
What if a Friend for Interest he expose,
'Tis dull to gain a Regiment by Blows.
In his Designs upon frail Womankind,
His ill Success has humbled so his Mind,
That like Cameleon living on the Air,
He's satisfy'd with Noise ; and if the Fair

Be thought his Prey, his Coachman's Wife supplies
The absent vainly wish'd-for Deities.

Such unregarded blindly we pass by,
And yet admire what's less a Prodigy.
Do we not daily croud with longing Mind,
To see a Beast of an unusual kind,
Some odd uncommon Creature, that the Jade
Its Mother has brought forth in Masquerade?
Whilst the chief Monster *Man* unminded goes,
Tho of the two, the fitter for the Shows.
He's the most strange, and should the most surprize,
Who will be so, yet can be otherwise:
Whose all-mistaken Talents spur him on
To lead a Life in contradiction.

This brings to mind a Knight of mighty Fame,
Fairly in publick he plays out his Game,
Betimes bespeaks Balconies, for I know
He'll teach you how to handle angry Foe.
In *Cheapside* next he'll deal most deadly Blows,
If not prevented by a scratch on's Nose.
Of what I've said, I this Example bring,
This contradicting, proud, vain nauseous thing,
Swarthy his Skin, a hanging Look on's Brows,
His Head with Whimseys fill'd, and made as *How's*;
His Sword-like Pen he handles, writing fair,
Quivering makes Dashes in the wounded Air;
Yet the vain Fool expects the Women all
Should breathless at his Feet admiring fall.
Queen *Sheba* would have travel'd twice as far,
Could she for *Solomon* have met Sir *Car*.
How do these Twins in all things but Estate,
Rail at themselves, whilst they each other hate?
Each on his Dunghil proudly does insult,
But Conscience rules, and Peace is the result.
Plutarch ne'er met two to compare so fit,
Blind in their Eyes alike, as in their Wit.

Equally vain, they love with like Success,
 Their wrongs with equal Fortune they redress.
 Each, tho a naked Sword does make him start,
 Looks big, admiring his own martial Heart.
 The one too scribbles, but in Lines as dull,
 As those of our new-made Governor of *Hull*.

For Prowess, Wit, good Nature, Honesty,
 Religion, Honour and Humility,
 One only Hero dares with these contend,
 The brave Lord *Og*—'s Paramour and Friend.
 His Ancestors were Men of mighty Fame,
France felt an Earthquake at the very Name :
 But he whose Soul can no harsh thought admit,
 Takes care to cure it of its Ague-fit ;
 His tender Heart, in softer Breast enshrin'd,
 For gentler use by Nature was design'd.
 A just Revenge admittance seeks in vain
 To his converted Soul, where Peace does reign.
 What tho his Father's bloody Murderer live,
 His Charity compels him to forgive.

But now from railing let us rest a while,
 Some few have Merit in our wretched Isle ;
 Those whom our honest Poet discommends,
 Because they've been his Patron and his Friends.
 We may conclude 'tis Interest guides the Pen,
 And ranges Fools with wise deserving Men ;
 Since in the front of our kept Laureat's Plays,
 Long Dedications speak a Booby's Praise ;
 And Women of the highest Rank appear
 As chaste, nay chaster than *Lucretia* there.
 I writ not for Applause, nor do I strain
 For Mony a dull mercenary-Brain ;
 Measure not Verse as Ribbon by the Ell,
 My Stock of Wit's not good enough to sell :
 Nor yet so poor as that my needy Pen
 Should rail, for want of matter, at good Men.

I will

I will not, where no Fault is to be found,
Slander the Dead, for Lyes dig under Ground;
Nor to be thought a brisk aspiring Wit,
Rail at a Monarch for my Praises fit;
Censure, if to unbend his Head from Care,
He with his Subjects in some Pleasure share.
A blessed Lot we to our Sovereign give,
Permit him only as our Drudg to live:
Excess of Goodness, which I own his Crime,
Factious Petitioners will cure in time.
Then, like the Frogs in *Esop*, we may grieve,
When foolishly we hoping to relieve,
By changing our imaginary Smarts,
Find 'tis that Change that breaks our stubborn Hearts.
I'll not complain Honours bestow'd on him,
Who for his Country ventur'd that same Limb
That's now adorn'd; whose gen'rous Courage too,
Aiding our Neighbours, to the *Frenchman's* Woe,
Shew'd 'em what *English* Swords were us'd to do. }
Nor empty Paradoxes will maintain,
Lift a malicious Arm, but all in vain:
Striking at him the Ball rebounds and hurts,
'Tis not like fighting Duels in our Shirts;
'Tis trying to pierce Armour with a Sword.
Calling him Fool, when he but speaks the Word,
Loudly proclaims the Liar; but 'tis fine
To swear the Sun and Moon did never shine.
I may mistake, but think my Nature good,
Yet some Temptations cannot be withstood.
I cannot always with *Heracleus* weep,
Nor in a drowsy Silence ever sleep:
Faith I must laugh, seeing the Letter drop,
Given the pert Dame by disappointed Fop;
Nor can I stifle my Surprize, when I
Follow'ng Lord *All-Pride*, in his Train espy

One who before did him no Injury,
 Crowning his Brows with deserv'd Infamy :
 But since his Wife he publickly call'd *Whore*,
 So much oblig'd he now can rail no more,
 'Twas what himself had often done before.
 His strict Attendance Gratitude does show,
 How comes our metal'd Man to stoop so low ?

Yet of all frantick Fools none seems to me
 So vainly proud of his own Infamy,
 As he who's pleas'd to head the factious Rout,
 Of gaping Boors, and lead the Fools about :
 Forfeits his Loyalty, his Friends and Fame,
 And all to crown the Author of his Shame ;
 Yet in good Humour pleas'd to be allow'd
 The most notorious Cuckold of the Croud.

The Deeds of mighty Heroes I rehearse,
 Croud not four harmless Fools into one Verse,
 'Tis not a scabby Chin can raise my Spleen,
 Nor Rival to the Moor of *Mazarine*.
 My soaring Muse flies with a nimble Wing
 From such low Objects, scorns of such to sing ;
 Should she, at every humble Quarry stoop,
 And range each puny gowring Fop with &—, }
 'Twould make those Shrubs of Folly hope to prove
 Equal to that tall Cedar of the Grove.

Y' expect some Sentence now e'er I conclude ;
 I'm tir'd, excuse me therefore if I'm rude,
 And take my leave abruptly : faith 'tis time,
 When all Fools write to think no more of Rhime.

The ROYAL BUSS.

AS in the days of yore were odds
Betwixt the Giants and the Gods;
So now is rife a fearful Brawl
Between the Parliament and *Whiteball*;
But, blest be *Jove*, these Gods of ours
Are greater in their Guilt than Pow'rs,
Tho then the Heathens were such Fools,
Yet they made Gods of better Tools,
No Altars then to Plackets were,
Nor Majesty by *Buss* would swear.
They'd hang a Tippet at his Door,
Should break a Parliament to please a Whore;
And further to oblige him to it,
Would swear by *Portsm—b's* — he'd do it,
And by Contents of th' Oath he had took,
Kneel'd down in Zeal and kist the Book.
They think the Faith too much amiss
That such Defenders had as this,
And that Religion look'd too poor,
Whose Head of th' Church kist'd A—se of W—re.
But this he did, much Good may't do him,
And then the Queen held forth unto him.
The Devil take her for a Whore:
Would he had kist'd ten Years before,
Before our City had been burn'd,
And all our Wealth to Plagues had turn'd;
Before she had ruin'd (Pox upon her)
Our *English* Name, Blood, Wealth, and Honour:
Whilst Parliaments too flippant gave,
And Courtiers would but ask and have:

Whilst

Whilst they are making *English, French,*
 And Money vote to keep the Wench,
 And the Buffoons and Pimps to pay,
 The De'il a bit prorogu'd were they :
 The Kifs of T——t in-ſtead had ſtood,
 And might have done three Nations good.
 But when the Commons wou'd no more
 Raiſe Taxes to maintain the Whore ;
 When they wou'd not abide the Awe
 Of ſtanding Force inſtead of Law :
 Then Law, Religion, Property,
 They forc'd 'gainſt Will and Popery,
 When they provide that all ſhall be
 From Slavery and Oppreſſion free :
 That a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* come,
 And none in Priſon be undone :
 That *Engliſhmen* ſhou'd not, like Beaſt,
 To War by Sea or Land be preſt :
 That Peace with *Holland* ſhou'd be made,
 When War had ſpoil'd our Men and Trade :
 That Treason it ſhou'd be for any,
 Without a Parliament to raiſe a Penny :
 That no Courtier ſhou'd be ſent
 To ſit and vote in Parliament :
 That when an end to this was gave,
 A yearly Parliament we ſhou'd have,
 According to the antient Law,
 That mighty Knaves might live in awe :
 That King nor Council ſhou'd commit
 An *Engliſhman* for Wealth or Wit.
 Prerogative being ty'd thus tight,
 That it cou'd neither ſcratch nor bite :
 When Whores began to be aſeard,
 Like Armies, they ſhou'd be caſhier'd :
 Then *Portſm — th*, the inceſtuous Punk,
 Made our moſt gracious Sov'reign drunk,

And

And drunk she made him give that Boss,
That all the Kingdoms bound to curse ;
And so red hot with Wine and Whore,
He kick'd the Commons out of Door,

WINDSOR, By the Lord R——r.

MEthinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant Angel trembling in his hand,
Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, nor does he know
His easy Scepter bends and trembles so.
Fine Representative indeed of God,
Whose Scepter's dwindled to a Fishing-Rod.
Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
When his great Godship stoop'd to catching Flies ;
Bless us ! what pretty Sport have Deities.
But see he now does up from *Dutchel* come,
Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd Gudgeons home.
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate,
But greedily he swallows every Bait,
A Prey to every *King-Fisher* of State.
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught,
Then listen now how he himself is caught :
So well, alas ! the fatal Bait is known,
Which *R——* does so greedily take down ;
And how'er weak and slender be the String,
Bait it with Whore, and it will hold a King !
Almighty Power of Women ! Oh, how vain
Are *Salique Laws*, for you will ever reign ?
Yet *Lawson*, thou whose arbitrary Sway
Our King must, more than we do him, obey ;
Who shortly shalt of easy *Charles's* Breast,
And of his Empire be at once possess :

Tho

Tho it indeed appear a glorious thing,
 To command Power, and to enslave a King;
 Yet e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
 A soft, believing, unexperient'd Maid,
 O, yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the brink of Fate!
 Think who they are who would for you procure
 This great Preferment to be made a Whore;
 Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *British* Story,
 For Lust and Drunkenness, with *Nell* and *L——*,
 These, these are they your Fame would sacrifice,
 Your Honour sell, and you shall hear the Price.
 My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
 But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine;
 Old *Richm—d* making thee a glorious Punk,
 Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be drunk.
 Her Brother *Buck——m* shall be restor'd,
Nelly a Countess, *L——* be a Lord.
 And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
 Both for his Father's Merit and his own:
 For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clarendon*,
 And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son:
 A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
 To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

*The Second Advice to a PAINTER.**By the Author of the First.*

NOW Painter, try if thy skill'd Hand can draw
The horridst Scene the trembling World e'er saw.
Wipe all your Pencils that the former drew,
In dismal Colours dip them all anew ;
Colours that may in lively Parts express
The plotted Fall of Monarchs ; in a Dress
May fright the World : Crimes which we can't atone
With our best Blood, and Christians blush to own.
But let me first advise you ; e'er you take
This Work in hand, a small Reflection make
Of all that's heinous, Murders, Treasons, Fires,
Perjuries, Incests, Rapines, hot Desires.
Of murdering Kings I tremble to rehearse,
A tottering World and sinking Universe.
Think well on these, e'er you begin the Part,
'Twill heighten Fancy, and affect your Heart.
In the upper part of all the Canvas paint
His Holiness the Pope, that mighty Saint.
Old Satan his Associate too must stand
Behind his Chair, to guide his Heart and Hand.
Draw him stuck round with all the Toys that come
From the grand Mint of Lyes, old foppish Rome :
Bulls, Dispensations, Pardons, all the Baits
He lays for the dull Croud ; the Book of Rates
Will be convenient too, that of every Sin
The Value may be known, pray cram them in.
Draw him dispersing with a bounteous Hand,
For horrid Ends, the Treasures of his Land :

Dispensing

Dispensing with false Oaths, or any thing
 So that they'l murder *Charles, Great Britain's King*.
 Poor Fool! to think the Guardian of his Throne
 Is grown so dull, and senseless as his own.
 No, proud Impostor, no, thy Hand's too short
 To reach his Head, or make his Fall thy Sport.

Next draw proud *France*, and his ambitious hope
 Of being mighty, cringing to the Pope.

'Tis not his Zeal to him, or to his Laws,
 That cheats the World, this his Affection draws;
 'Tis Interest, mighty Interest bears the Sway,
 He dare not, tho he's willing, disobey.
 Base Prince, and foolish too, your self you cheat,
 When on such terms as these you would be great.
 You feast your Senses at such costly Rates,
 That nothing else can serve but Delicates.

Dipt in the Blood of Princes, Death of Kings,
 In your Opinion are but vulgar things.
 If Thirst of Empire sway'd a generous Soul,
 These base low Tricks could never sure controul;
 But when a Mind's so firm on Mischief bent,
 No Thoughts of Honour can its Crimes prevent.
 In meanest Actions Princes should be true,
 And act on Principles of Honour too.

When they are sacred to the World, and ought
 To be ador'd, then Disrespect's a Fault.
 But when both base, degenerate they're grown,
 The Vulgar hurl them headlong from the Throne.
 Go on, vile Prince, in all these Arts, and try
 How soon your Crown will fade, your Empire die.
 By your Example your own Subjects teach
 To strike at Empire, and at Scepters reach;
 And may their first attempt be on thy Head,
 Dethrone thee first of all, then strike thee dead.

Now Painter, to our Subject; dip thy Pen
 In black, in horrid black, yet once agen.

For

For when a Subject from a King revolts,
Conspires his Death, and thinks these things no Faults,
The Scene must needs be horrid. First begin
With *Bel*——: his foul ungrateful Sin;
Draw him a Monster in as foul a Dress,
As e'er your Heart can think, or Hand express.
Long did he in his Prince's Bosom lie,
One would have thought, void of all Treachery;
For what base Man but he, could e'er conspire
To set that House wherein he lives on fire?
Who would such Treasons harbour in his Breast,
'Gainst th' best of Princes, and to him the best?
The other Lords must on the Stage be led;
Draw out each Man with Halter on his Head,
And Dagger in his Heart, with which in vain
They often strove to stab their Sovereign.
Base Rascals, do you thus your Prince reward?
Have you no Honour left? or no regard
To Clemency? which some of you I know
Have tasted, or y'had dy'd for't long ago.
Had he been cruel, or tyrannick grown,
You'd had more reason to usurp his Throne:
But to a gracious and obliging Prince,
'Tis past all Hopes of Pardon or Defence.

Now Painter, draw me Hell in all its Heat,
Let sulphurous Flames and dismal Darkness meet;
Draw *S*——*ley*, *Col*——*n*, and the Jesuits,
And in the hottest Place, as best befits;
Let them endure the flaming Brimstone's Rage,
These bloody traitorous Miscreants of our Age.
These were the Men design'd (Oh bloody Act!)
Nay, were resolv'd on to commit the Fact.
Base Rebels, don't you know that Heaven's high Hand
Has ever kept the Monarch of our Land?
And cou'd you think to move our Scene, and do
What Heaven's high Lord had ne'er consented to?

Burn

Burn on vile Wretches, think well on these things,
What Treason is, what 'tis to murder Kings.

Now draw, in all his Majesty and State,
Our Sovereign Prince, just rising from his Fate,
Pray paint him laughing at the Follies done
By th' *Pope* and *France*, his most unchristian Son.
Prithee Old Fellow, prithee tell me why
Old *England* should so much disturb thy Eye?
Is it because we do not doat on you,
And worship all your Saints, we never knew?
If these, Old Man, your Aggravations be,
Know, we defy thy Malice, Imps, and Thee.

Stafford's Ghost. Feb. 1682.

IS this the heavenly Crown? Are these the Joys,
Which bell'wing Priests did promise with such
Noise?

Charming my Fears with such leud Words as these,
A Saint, a Martyr, Bliss, Eternal Ease?
Such promis'd Glories were for meaner Deeds,
He's trebly blest by whom our Monarch bleeds.
Curst Priests did me with other Fools delude,
Brib'd with their Gifts of the Beatitude.
Had I that Life so unadvis'dly lost,
'Tis not your fawning Jesuitish Host
Should e'er prevail on my misguided Sense,
To smother Guilt with Vows of Innocence:
Nor thou, false Friend, as false to me or more,
Than all thy Oaths for *Coleman's* Life before,
With thy true Catholick protesting Breath,
Wouldst e'er betray me to a perjur'd Death.
Loaded with Zeal, what did we once admire
Thy sulph'rous Soul, by Jesuits set on fire?

A

A headstrong, stupid, rash, bigotted Prince,
 Declar'd the open Enemy to Sense.
 VWeak are the sacred Ties that should attend
 The Name of Sov'reign, Brother, and of Friend ;
 This pious *Samson* would with Joy o'erthrow
 The Universe, and perish by the blow :
 His Plots, tho known, yet he will ne'er give o'er,
 But still intrigues with his dear *Babel* VVhore ;
 So much infected by that fatal Bitch,
 He's all broke out in scabby Zeal and Itch.
 Could we distinctly view his tainted Soul,
 That all the Relicks of S — were small,
 Compar'd with the Scars of his P — spiritual :
 'Tis not the powerful Force of *Jordan's* Streams,
 Nor his dear Purgatory's cleansing Flames,
 Can e'er remove from his polluted Soul
 The least remains of a Disease so foul.
 You'll say 'tis hard that such a one as he
 Should be depriv'd of *Naaman's* Remedy ;
 But there's Distinction to be made, I hope,
 'Twixt those that worship *Rimmon* and the *Pope*.
 Amends for my intended Crimes I make,
 If *Charles* from his Lethargick Sleep I wake :
 But such a Dose of Opiats they have given,
 To rouse him were a Miracle for Heaven.
 I hope tho, when he hears what I can tell,
 Success may crown my Embassy from Hell.
 I'll boldly name those that pursue his Life,
 And 'mongst his Subjects fester endless Strife ;
 Their Friends and their Advisers I'll reveal,
 Those Holy Men that, toucht with pious Zeal,
 Are such VVell-wishers to the Common VVeal.
York's most belov'd and boldest Friend is he,
 VVho knows he must succeed by *Gadbury* ;
 Yet some with VVonder are surpriz'd to find,
 That in the Loyal Ague of his Mind,

His hot fit comes in such a proper time,
 Whose cold one thought the Covenant no Crime.
 The next a Slave to his ambitious Pride,
 Must be the chief, tho of the falling side.
 This hot-brain'd *Machiavel* once vainly strove,
 For what he ne'er can hope, the Peoples Love.
 But foil'd, he flies for Refuge to the Throne,
 Trusting to th' Bladders of his Wit alone,
 Without one honest Thought to fix them on.

The third a Wretch of the divided Chits,
 Better than jilting Whore he counterfeits ;
 But not his treacherous Eyes dissolv'd in Tears,
 Nor the false Vizard his Ambition wears,
 Can blind the World, or hide what must be seen,
 His Practices with *J——* and *Mazarine*.
 Vote on poor Fools, yet Commons vent your Spleen,
 Sure *France* and *York* are a sufficient Skreen :
 A Tax at home's a Project old and dull,
 He'll find new ways to keep his Coffers full.
 The *French* shall some of our fled Gold restore,
 They suck like Leeches, but they ruin more,
 When they spue back part of th' infected Ore :
 'Tis his Contrivance too, by Change of Air,
 To ease our Monarch of his Fears and Care.
 They jointly toil to make thy Burden light,
 Knowing that Quiet is thy chief Delight ;
 They therefore haste and hurry thee to fight.
 No matter C——, thy Enemies they'll fright,
 One stamps, one talks, one weeps thy Foes to Flight.
 I come (dread Lord) from the dark Shades below,
 To give thee timely notice of the Blow,
 Which thou may'st yet prevent ; think well of those
 Whom now (mistaken) you believe your Foes.
 They who against your Will would fix your Crown,
 Giving you Riches, Happiness, Renown ;

Which

Which *Metamorphose* should accepted be,
Because redeem'd from Want and Infamy.
(Observe poor Wand'rer, now thou walk'st alone,
Might is the *Atlas* that supports thy Throne)
Haste to comply, defer it not too long,
Thou canst not stem a Current that's so strong.
Trust to th' Affections of thy *Britans* bold,
Give them but leave thy Honour to uphold ;
Tho *Bessus*, yet a *Cesar* thou may'st be,
Opprest with Trophies of their Victory.

On the Dutcheſs of Portsmouth's Picture.

September, 1682.

WH O can on this Picture look,
And not strait be wonder-struck,
That such a speaking doudy thing
Should make a Beggar of a King ?
Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
And all their former Love to Fears.
Ruin the Great, and raise the Small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this Nation is the Head ;
For half *Whitehall* make her their Court,
Tho th' other half make her their Sport.
Monmouth's Tames, *Jeffery's* Advance,
Foe to *England*, Spy to *France*,
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly as you see, and Old.
In a word, her mighty Grace
Is Whore in all things but her Face.

HOUNSLOW-HEATH, 1686.

*Upon this Place are to be seen
Many Brave Sights. God save the Queen.*

NEAR Hampton-Court there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither Man nor VVoman;
The Heath of *Hounslow* it is stil'd,
VVhich never was with Blood defil'd,
Tho it has been of VVar the Seat,
Now three Campaigns almost compleat.
Here you may see Great *JAMES* the Second,
(The greatest of our Kings he's reckon'd!)
A Hero of such high Renown,
VVhole Nations tremble at his Frown:
And, when he smiles, Men die away
In Transports of excessive Joy.
A Prince of admirable Learning!
Quick VVit! of Judgment most discerning!
His Knowledge in all Arts is such,
No Monarch ever knew so much.
Not that old blustering King of *Pontus*,
VVhom Men call learned to affront us,
VVith all his Tongues and Dialects,
Could equal him in all respects:
His two and twenty Languages
VVere Trifles, if compar'd to his;
Jargons, which we esteem but small,
English and *French* are worth 'em all.
VVhat tho he had some Skill in *Physick*,
Could cure the Dropsy or the *Ptylick*;

Perhaps

Perhaps was able to advise one
 To scape the danger of rank Poison,
 And could prepare an Antidote
 Should carry't off, tho down your Throat?
 These are but poor Mechanick Arts,
 Inferior to Great *James's* Parts:
 Shall he be set in the same Rank
 VVith a Pedantick Mountebank?
 He's Master of such Eloquence,
 VVell-chosen VVords, and weighty Sense;
 That he ne'er parts his lovely Lips,
 But out a Trope or Figure slips:
 And, when he moves his fluent Tongue,
 Is sure to ravish all the Throng;
 And every Mortal that can hear,
 Is held fast Prisoner by the Ear.

His other Gifts we need but name,
 They are so spread abroad by Fame;
 His Faith, his Zeal, his Constancy,
 Aversion to all Bigotry!
 His firm adhering to the Laws,
 By which he judges every Cause,
 And deals to all impartial Justice,
 In which the Subjects greatest Trust is!
 His constant keeping of his VVord,
 As well to Peasant as to Lord;
 VVhich he no more would violate,
 Than he would quit his Regal State!
 VVho has not his least Promise broke!
 Nor contradicted what he spoke!
 His governing the brutal Passions,
 VVith far more Rigour than his Nations;
 VVould not be sway'd by's Appetite,
 VVere he to gain an Empire by't!

From hence does flow that Chastity,
 Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
 And unaffected Piety;
 That just abhorrence of Ambition,
 Idolatry and Superstition,
 Which thro his Life have shin'd so bright,
 That nought could dazle their clear Light.
 These Qualities we'll not insist on,
 Because they all are Duties Christian;
 But hast to celebrate his Courage,
 Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
 A Spirit which exceeds relation,
 And were too great for any Nation,
 Did not those Vertues nam'd before
 Confine it to its native Shore,
 Restrain it from the Thirst of Blood,
 And only exercise't in Good!

The tedious *Misbridatich* War
 (The Noise whereof is spread so far)
 Was nothing to what's practis'd here,
 Tho carry'd on for forty Year,
 'Gainst Pompey, Sylla, and Lucullus,
 High sounding Names, brought in to gull us:
 In which the Romans lost more Men
 Than one Age could repair again;
 Who perish'd not by Sword or Bullet,
 But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet.
 Heroes of old were only fam'd
 For having Millions kill'd or maim'd;
 For being th' Instrument of Fate,
 In making Nations desolate:
 For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood
 Of those that in their Passage stood:
 And thought the Point they had not gain'd,
 While any Foe alive remain'd.

Our

Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
Has prov'd the Antients errant Fools :
He only studies and contrives
Not to destroy, but save Mens Lives ;
Shews all the Military Skill,
Without committing ought that's ill.
He'll teach his Men in Warlike Sport,
How to defend, or storm a Fort ;
And, in Heroick Interlude,
Will act the dreadful Scene of *Bude* :
Here *Lorain* storms, the *Vesier* dies,
And *Brandenburg* routs the *Supplis* ;
Bavaria there blows up their Train,
And all the *Turks* are took, or slain.
All this perform'd, with no more harm
Than loss of simple Gunner's Arm :
And surely 'tis a greater Good
To teach Men War, than shed their Blood.

Now pause, and view the Army Royal,
Compos'd of valiant Souls and loyal ;
Not rais'd (as ill Men say) to hurt ye,
But to defend, or to convert ye :
For that's the Method now in use,
The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuse.
Time was, the Word was powerful ;
But now 'tis thought remiss and dull ;
Has not that Energy and Force,
Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horse.
Thus, when the Faith has had Mutation,
We change its way of Propagation ;
So *Mabomet*, with Arms and Terrors,
Spread over half the VWorld his Errors.

Here daily swarm prodigious VVights,
And strange variety of Sights,

As Ladies leud, and foppish Knights,
 Priests, Poets, Pimps, and Parasites;
 Which now we'll spare, and only mention
 The hungry Bard that writes for Pension;
 Old *Squab* (who's sometimes here, I'm told)
 That oft has with his Prince made bold,
 Call'd the late King a fat ring Cully,
 To magnify the *Gallick Bolly*:
 Who lately put a senseless Banter
 Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Panther*;
 Making the Beasts and Birds o'th' Wood
 Debate what he ne'er understood,
 Deep Secrets in Philosophy,
 And Mysteries in Theology,
 All sung in wretched Poetry.
 Which rambling Piece is as much Farce all,
 As his true Mirror, the *Rebearfal*;
 For which he has been soundly bang'd,
 But ha'nt his just Reward till hang'd.

*Now you have seen all that's here,
 Have Patience till another Year.*

*The Dissenters Thanksgiving for the Late
 Declaration, 1686.*

FOR this Additional Declaration,
 This double Grace of Dispensation,
 For Liberty and Toleration
 'Gainst *Antichristian* Violation.
 Whatever Zeal misguided Passion
 Persuades the Sons of Reformation,
 'Tis but a sly Infination
 To work a *Popish* Inundation;

We

We of the new Regeneration,
 The well-affected of the Nation,
 That will be useful in our Station,
 Do offer up our due Oblation;
 And make our humble Supplication,
 While Fests and Penals are in fashion,
 We be not brought in Tribulation
 By the next Synod of the Nation.

The DISPUTE.

By the E. of R— H

Betwixt Father *Patrick* and his Highness of late,
 There happen'd a strong and a weighty Debate.
 Religion was the Theme. 'Tis strange that they two
 Should dispute about that which neither of 'em know;
 When I dare boldly say, if the Truth were but known,
 The Weakness of *Patrick*, and Strength of his own;
 He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a Curse,
 To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is
 (worse.

But the Reasons which made most his Highness to yield,
 And willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the Field,
 Were—

First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th' Lurch,
 Who tell you there can be any more than one Church.
 And, next unto that he aver'd for a certain,
 No Footsteps of ours could be found before *Martin*.
 At which two Reasons, so deep and profound,
 His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon;
 But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find
 By the sudden Conversion and Change of my Mind,
 If

It is not your Reason, nor VVit can afford
 Such Strength to your Cause; 'tis the Finger o'th' Lord.
 For now I remember he somewhere has said,
 That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.
 Thus ends the dispute 'twixt the Priest & the Knight,
 In which, to say truth, and to do 'em both right,
 He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-fight.

Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium.

HIC jacet Julius Mazarinus,
 Galliae Rex Italicus,
 Ecclesiae Praesul Laicus,
 Europae praedo purpuratus.
 Fortunam omnem amplit, omnem corrupit,
 Aerarium administravit & exhausit,
 Civile Bellum compescit, sed commovit;
 Regum jura tuitus est & invasit,
 Beneficia possedit, & vendidit,
 Pacem dedit aliquando, discessit;
 Hostes cladibus cives oneribus afflixit,
 Arrisit paucis, irrisit plurimos,
 Omnibus nocuit.
 Negotiator in Templo, Tyrannus in Regno,
 Praedo in ministerio,
 Vulpes in concilio,
 Granator in bello,
 Solus nobis in pace hostis.
 Fortunam olim adversam, aut elusit, aut vicit;
 Et nostro saeculo vidimus
 Adorari fugitivum,
 Imperare civibus exilem,
 Regnare proscriptum.
 Quid deinde egot, regas? Paucis accipere casus,

Lusit, fefellit, rapuit,
 Ferream nobis induxit, sæculum sibi
 Ex auro nostro, aureum fecit.

Quorundam Capiti nullius fortunis peperit,
 Homo crudeliter clemens.

Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,
 Plures ei cælo mortes virogate,

Cui Senatus olim unam tantum decreverat
 Vincemini se arcibus inclusit moriturus,

Et quidem apte

Quæsit Carcerem.

Diu cedentem animam retinuit ægre reddidit,
 Sic retinere omnia didicerat,

Nihil sua sponte reddere,

Constanter tamen vixit est mori, quid mirum
 Ut vixit sic obiit dissimulans?

Ne morbum quidem novere qui curabant,
 Hac una fraude nobis profuit,

Fefellit Medicos.

Mortuus est tamen infallimur, & moriens,
 Regem regno, regnum regi restituit.

Reliquit

Præsulibus pessima exempla,

Aulicis insida consilia,

Adoptiva amplissima spolia

Paupertatem populis,

Successoribus suis omnes prædandi artes:

Sed prædam nullam

Immensas tamen opes licet profuderit:

Id unum tantum habuit ex suo quod daret,

Nomen suum.

Pectus ejus post mortem apertum est,

Tum primum patuit visum Cor

M A Z A R I N I,

Quod nec precibus, nec lacrymis, nec injuriis moveretur.

†

Diu

Diu quæſivimus invenire Medici
Cor Lapidem :

Quod mortuus omnia adhuc moveat & adminiſtret ne
(mireris,

Stipendia in hunc annum accepit,
Nec fraudat poſt mortem Vir bonæ fidei,
Quo tandem evaſerit forſitan rogitaſ?
Cælum ſi rapitur tenet, ſi datur meritis longe abeſt.

Sed abi, Viator, & cave,
Nam hic Tumulus
Eſt Specus Latronis.

SATYR *Mumuzzled.*

WH O'D be the Man leud Libels to indite,
Yet fears to own what he ne'er fears to write?
And meanly ſneak his Lampoons into th' World,
Which are i'th' Streets by Porters dropt and hurl'd,
Or elſe by *Julian* 'mong the Bullies ſpread,
Which with his Pimping brings him in his Bread?
Who'd be the Wretch to hear himſelf abus'd,
By ſome Men cenſur'd, and by ſome accus'd,
For libelling the Town with his ſharp Pen,
And they with Cudgels lampoon him again?
To name great Men is Malice groſſy ſhown,
As if they could not by their Crimes be known;
But what Fool knew not, when you nam'd a Bear,
Without a Comment, *Pembroke* was not there?
When we ſay Fool, then all Men muſt agree,
V—— to name would be Tautology,
Who to the Sin of Pride does lay moſt claim;
Need we ſay T—— *Arp*—— or *Heningham*?

With

With these before the Wits have had a bout,
 I'll pick out some the Poets have left out ;
 And yet not name the Men, but swinge their Faults,
 For so wise Satyr makes his best Assaults.

One plaid at Dice all night at *Locket's Door*,
 Quarrel'd and cuff'd till he was Blood all o'er ;
 Next day he sat at the wise Green-Cloth Board,
 And with great Gravity said ne'er a word :
 There fell asleep, then wak'd with angry Face,
 And swore G—damn him, his Throw was Ams-ace :
 So swept the Mony that o'th' Green-Cloth lay,
 And vow'd he dreamt he won it all at play.
 To cheat the King, he has left off being brave,
 From Captain turn'd a formal Green-Cloth Knave.

Next comes a Wretch whom all Mankind does hate,
 Curst by his Servants for his Pride and State ;
 Keeps Bauds, and has his *Banco* for the Gout,
 Which is a modest Word for Pox, no doubt :
 No Lampoon ever thought him worthy yet,
 Having not Matter to afford them Wit.
 Leud is his outside, as his Soul within,
 One that deserves to be, for his proud Sin,
 Toss'd up to Heaven, to tumble down agen.
 Fam'd for his Vertue and good Nature too,
 Yet both conceal'd, and never came in view :
 His Office shews the Devil and he are Twins,
 Being Privy-Purse to all the Privy-Sins.

Search the whole Court, in all that blessed Race,
 Not one Man's planted in his proper Place ;
 Scarce one Man just or faithful found to be,
 Only *Frank N*— *Henry K*— *w*.
 Why did I name 'em, since ye all well know,
 When we say faithful, it implies them two ?

Once

Once faulty Men, but now as just are known,
 They mortgage Oaths, and lay their Honour down
 To every Footman lends them half a Crown.

Now for a Brute whose *Species* is unknown,
 Like Man, but Hell best knows he is not one.
 Full as destructive as the Wind North-East,
 And much more ominous to Man and Beast.
 Swell'd like a Toad, his Soul just speckled so,
 And poisons all things where he does but blow ;
 Whose crooked Nature forces so much Evil,
 'T has chang'd his *Species* from Mankind to Devil.
 'Tis not the Form, but the brave noble Mind,
 That makes us worthy to be call'd Mankind.
 He left a Conquest that the Duke had gain'd,
 A greater Blemish *England* ne'er sustain'd.
 No more of that, let's sleep out all the rest,
 For Silence in this Case is safe and best.
 He's Cofferer now, in great Esteem and Grace,
 But Sledg and Tyburn is his proper place.

Our late Secretary fell into Disgrace,
 And *Ignoramus* stept into his place.
 By our great *Filt-Roya* ! he had his Fall,
 She that commands the Court, the Devil and all.
 To us who know these things, 'tis no great wonder,
 For Court and Devil ne'er live far asunder.
 She that to th'Eye of State is such a Film,
 Who sits in Pomp to guide and steer the Helm,
 And will in time the tall Ship overwhelm.
 The Fool of Honour, like a nimble Eel,
 Has wriggled thro' the Mud of Fortune's Wheel,
 Slipt into Place improperly by Fate,
 Whose Parts were ne'er cut out to serve the State ;
 But fawning well on Madam did the Feat,
 She's a great Bubble to a cringing Cheat.

One thing I wonder at, and shall do still,
To see a Fool act wife *Achitophel*.
Could Booby think you'd e'er be in a Plot,
Whose stock of Brains would lie upon a Groat,
But that was not his but the King's great Fault?
Had he for Murders hang'd him, in all reason,
We may believe he'd ne'er committed Treason.
Thou weak *Achitophel*, to undertake
By thy wife Counsels a false King to make.
But thou and *Absalom* thy weaker Friend,
Your damn'd Ambition now is at an end;
Go, get thy Living with thy old Man *Thomas*,
That lusty Drudg will prove thy best *Mandamus*.

Now for a She-Buffoon, who, as 'tis said,
Crawl'd into th' World, without a Maidenhead;
It is most sure 'twas never had by Man,
Nor can she say where it was lost, or when,
We must conclude she never had one then.
Her Mother griev'd in muddy Ale and Sack,
To think her Child should ever prove a Crack;
When she was drunk, she always fell asleep,
And when full *Maudlin*, then the Whore would weep.
Her Tears were Brandy, *Mundungus* her Breath,
Baud was her Life, and Common-Shore her Death.
To see the Daughter mourn for such a Beast,
Is like her Life, which makes up but one Jest,
Of all her Jokes this Mourning is the best.
As *Jews*, descended from the High-Priests Race,
Were thought the fittest to supply that Place,
So she best satisfies lustful Amours,
Whose Line from *Adam* have been Bauds and Whores.

Now will I speak of all those foolish Duns,
Who trust the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, and the *Huns*.

Such

Such as tick on every Tradesman's Score,
 Nay better tick with every little Whore,
 And still tick on, till they can tick no more.
 When Dan comes, each Man asks what he'd be at,
 And swears and rants at the old Vandal rate,
 Then pays his Score off with a broken Pate :
 Bilks the poor Coachman, wretched Link-Boy cheat,
 And brags next day of his Heroick Feats.
 Such mean base things the Gossam Gentry do,
 The English keep their Fame and Honour too.
 Most highly scandalous are all the rest,
 And proud gay Fool and Pop includes the best.
 All Golden Outfides with false Tinsel Hearts,
 They only make a shew of worthy Parts ;
 The Name of Gentleman's grown odious now,
 It is become great Honour's Overthrow :
 Full as reproachful to the Men we find,
 As Common Whore is to all VVomankind.
 Here the whole Race of Gentry lies at stake,
 The Guileless suffers for the Guilty's sake.
 Pity it is that Men of noble Fame
 Should lose their Honour merely for the Name.
 'Cause Tom's a Knave, must every Tom be so,
 Must we, Draw-Can-Sir like, flay Friend and Fo-
 No general Rule without Exception is,
 Those few unblemish'd are not meant in this.

THE

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER
TRANSVERS'D,
To the STORY of
The Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.

Much Malice mingled with a little VVit. *Hind. Pan.*
Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

THE
HIND

AND THE
PANTHER

TRANSVERS

to the STORY of

the County-Mount and the County-Mount

and the County-Mount and the County-Mount

P R E F A C E.

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesqu'd, and Virgil Trauestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from the Buffoonry; and that in like manner the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, tho'tis the Subject of our Raillery. But there is this Difference, That those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and This naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design: Is it not as easy to imagine two Mice bilk-ing Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining a Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and

contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very Design and Use of them? They were first begun and rais'd to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs, and spoke in Parables, and deliver'd the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the Vulgar into understanding, by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a Piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind. They would not say that the Daw, who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes, lookt very ridiculous, when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him. But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before

Before the Word was written, said
the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd the Faith to all
Mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? Or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the Scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country-Wench use the Language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther? to bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Tho' as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suted to the Capacity of the Beasts; and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that rate.

As to the Absurdity of his Expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the Terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible: Know-

ledg misunderstood is not at all better sense than Understanding misunderstood; tho 'tis confess the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other Mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turks for Gluttony; a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Mass of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any Man, who had not renounc'd his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen:

Difference
betwixt a
Protestant
and Soci-
nian, p. 62.

He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnify'd Piece of Duncomb's was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; and to set it beyond Dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few Mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at: But what Likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? Do they so much as rhyme?

We may have this Comfort under the Severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally

equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his Master's Mind; *ſhe* disciplin'd him severely, *ſhe* commanded him, it ſeems, to ſacrifice his darling Fame; and to do it effectually, he publiſh'd this learned Piece. This is the favourable Conſtruction we would put on his Faults, tho he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Impoſition, but out of a natural Propenſity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Miſchief. What elſe could provoke him to libel the Court, blaſpheme Kings, abuſe the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greateſt Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only Eſtabliſh'd Religion? And we muſt now congratulate him this Felicity, That there is no Sect or Denomination of Chriſtians whom he has not abus'd.

Thus far his Arms have with Succeſs been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews, and Infidels look to themſelves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Intereſt of all his Neighbours to oppoſe him; for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face

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about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides merely to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick Temper of his has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe the Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece: and I believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER TRANSVERS'D.

To the Story of the *Country Mouse* and
the *City Mouse*.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson.

H A H! my old Friend Mr. Bayes,
what lucky Chance has thrown
me upon you? Dear Rogue, let
me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir, stand off,
and come not within my Sword's Point; for
if you are not come over to the Royal Party, I
expect neither fair War, nor fair Quarter from
you.

Johns.

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend ! and assault your old Acquaintance ! O' my Conscience, my Intentions were honourable.

Bayes. Conscience ! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough ; let me have Pref. ib. the Marks of your Conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, Gad I may be knock'd down for all your fair Promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these Apprehensions ? Upon my Honour I'm thy Friend ; yet thou look'st as sneaking and frighted as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Pref. ib. *Bayes.* Ay Sir, The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any Mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who, you know, never trouble our Heads with National Concerns till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion ?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this Profaneness, I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose Talk now : Mr. *Johnson*, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read the *Guide of Controversy* ; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you the *Considerations on the Council of Trent* : and so Gentlemen your humble Servant.—Good Life be now my Task.

Pag. 5.

Johns. Nay Faith, we won't part so : believe us, we are both your Friends ; let us step to

to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Comp, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your Palat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *Senses* must be starv'd, that the *Soul* may be gratify'd. Men of your Kidney make the *Senses* the Supreme Pag. 21. *Judg*, and therefore bribe 'em high; but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat *Ibid*. Rosy-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a *Protestant*, or a *Turk*.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the Face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by Nature still I am. Pag. 5. But I hope e'er long I shall have drawn this pamp'rd Paunch fitter for the strait Gate.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe Rules than he practises; for not long ago a *fat Friar* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me; I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but since you have put me upon that Subject, I'll shew you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the King's Health to thee—Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the World e'er saw, a *Non Pareillo*, I faith. But I must bespeak your Pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no Bigots.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt Contrivance indeed! what, do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps: and to show you how far I can outdo any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* Design; but, I'gad, I have so outdone him, you shall be asham'd for your *old Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*, what a plain simple thing it is: it has no more Life and Spirit

Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-Horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common Stuff, so like mere *Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to beighten, and elevate a *Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Ass* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked Story, I have more Copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together: then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not Great and Heroical? But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks*. Thus it begins:

A milk-white Mouse immortal and un- Pag. 1.
chang'd,

Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within;
She fear'd no Danger, for she knew no Gin.

Johns.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an immortal *Adoufe*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for *Celestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Pag. 1. *Yet bad She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkins Paws,*

Pag. 2. *Aim'd at her destin'd Head; which made her
fly,
Tho She was doom'd to Death, and fated not
to die.*

Smith. How came She that fear'd no danger in the Line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it obas'd if you will: for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid; mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was she doom'd to Death, if she was fated not to die? Are not Doom and Fate much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, Gentlemen, if you question my Skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the Rogues the Criticks, that will allow me nothing else, give me that: sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it; I assure you, Doom'd and Fated are quite different things.

Smith.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were doom'd to be hang'd, whatever you were fated to 'twould give you but small comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. Smith, mind the business in hand.

*Not so her young, their Linsy-woolsey Line Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.*

Smith. Certainly these *Hero's*, *half Human*, *half Divine*, have very little of the *Mouse* their *Mother*.

Bayes. Gadsokers! Mr. Johnson, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse* by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*; and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify *Priests*, *Martyrs*, and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in *Oates's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin Sentence*, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum, semen Ecclesiae*; and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation:

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood; Pag. 2.
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. Pag. 3.*

Smith. Was she alone when the *sacred Brood* was increas'd?

Bayes. Why, thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, tho the *Members* be increas'd, mayn't it?

Johns.

Johns. Certainly, Mr. Bayes, a Church, which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simily* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. Bayes? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do! why she *reign'd*, had a *Diadem*, *Scepter*, and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so *increas'd*, She may try t'other Pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so She may before I have done with her; it has cost me some Pains to clear her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

Pag. 3. *The common Hunt* She timorously past by,
For they made tame, *disdain'd* Her Company;
They grin'd, She in a fright tript o'er the
Green,
For She was lov'd where-ever She was seen.

Johns. Well said little Bayes, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leisure that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him whoe'er he is, *offendet solido*; but I go on.

The

The Independent Beast.——

Pag. 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why a Bear, Pox, is not that obvious enough?

——*In Groans her Hate exprest.*

Which I'gad, is very natural to that Animal. Well! there's for the *Independent*. Now the *Quaker*, what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, a *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! a *Bull*! no, no, a *Hare*, a *Quaking Hare*.——*Armarillis*, because she wears Armour, 'tis the same Figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no Man knows how to pun in Heroics but my self. Well, you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking Pag. 3.
Hare

Her cruel Foe, because she wou'd not swear,
And had profess'd Neutrality.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. *Bayes*;
but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lion's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty Pages after, tho 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Pag. 3. *Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his Body bent,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Complement.*

That gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't
leave it off, tho I were cudgel'd every Day
for it.

Pag. 4. *The brist'd Baptist Boar, impure as he.*

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the Courtier, let 'em e'en take it
as they will; I'gad, I seldom come amongst
'em.

Pag. 10. *Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.
The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough Crest rears
And pricks up—— Now in one Word
will I abuse the whole Party most damna-
bly—— and pricks up—— I'gad, I am
sure you'll laugh—— his predestinating Ears.
Prithee, Mr. Johnson, remember little Bayes,
when next you see a Presbyterian, and take
notice if he has not Predestination in the Shape
of his Ear: I have study'd Men so long, I'll
undertake to know an Arminian, by the set-
ting of his Wig.*

His predestinating Ears. I'gad there's ne'er
a Presbyterian shall dare to show his Head
without a Border: I'll put 'em to that Ex-
pence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. Bayes, if any of 'em
shou'd come over to the Royal Party, wou'd
their Ears alter?

Bayes.

Bayes. Wou'd they? Ay, I'gad, they wou'd shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd Ears as I have; mind this Ear, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance to fail, you might lose 'em; for *what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind ———

These fiery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred. Pag. 11.

Smith. Those I suppose are some Outlandish Beasts, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beasts, a good Mistake! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company because they were Enemies to my *Mouse*: and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you shall here me call 'em *Doctors, Captains, Horses, and Horsemen*, in Pag. 39 the very same Breath. You shall hear how I go on now.

Or else reforming *Corab* spawn'd this *Class*, Pag. 11.

When opening Earib made way for all to pass.

Johns. For all, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes, they were all lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman Lake*: as a *Catholick Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and rose again at *Queen-bithe*.

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark, Pag. 11.

If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.

Here I put a Query, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well satisfy'd in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that *Heresy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

*Quicken'd with Fire below, these Monsters
bred*

In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed.

Now to write something new and out of the way, to elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of Bogs, and Rivers.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a Burning-Glass of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was sheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd those Elements but my self. Well Gentlemen, Thus far I have follow'd Antiquity, and as *Homer* has number'd his Ships, so I have rang'd my Beasts. Here is my *Boar*, and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I gad I'd as soon make 'em dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I gad; I think they have

have play'd their Parts sufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em baited, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. Bayes, now you have been at such an Expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad so it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, Fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep servilely after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I cou'd go on with 'em; but I'gad, I won't.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. Bayes! there's no Body doubts that; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, you are mighty obliging: But I must needs say, at a Fable or an Emblem I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have study'd it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. Johnson, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, *A Cat with a Top-Knot?*

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-house.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture: indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; wou'd you please to accept it Mr. *Johnson*?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their Emblems. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and wou'd spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Bus'ness, and here I'll give you a delicate Description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood; and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtick Wood*: Now when I was there, I cou'd not help thinking of the *French Persecution*; and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and show that he was not of the same Make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Black-Smith in th' *Abyss* of Pag. 15.

Light,

Yawning and lolling, with a careless Beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

But he work'd hard to hammer out our
Souls,

He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the
Coals;

Long time he thought, and cou'd not on a
sudden

Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'- Pag. 16.
ning Pudding.

Tender and mild within its Bag it lay,

Confessing still the Softness of its Clay,

And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wed-
ding-day :

Till Pride of Empire, Lust, and hot Desire

Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire;

And understanding grown, *misunderstood*,

Burn'd him to th' Pot, and sour'd his curd-
led Blood,

Johns. But sure this is a little profane,
Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in
his God *Vulcan* working at the Anvil?

Johns. Ay Sir, but never thought his Hands
the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why, do you imagine Him an earth-
ly dirty *Blacksmith*? Gad you make it pro-
fane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much
difference betwixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my
Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen,

the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other
Mouse, the City-Mouse.

- Pag. 19. A *Spotted* Mouse, the prettiest next the
White,
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty
quite,
Pag. 23. With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread,
Pag. 22. Crozier in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head,
Pag. 84. *Three Steeples Argent* on her Sable Shield,
Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Field.

Johns. This is a glorious Mouse indeed! but
as you have dress'd her, we don't know whe-
ther she be Jew, Papist, or Protestant.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. Johnson,
for that; you take it right. She is a mere
Babel of Religions, and therefore she's a *spot-
ted Mouse* here, and will be a *Mule* presently.
But to go on.

This Princess—

Smith, What Princess, Mr. Bayes?

- Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell
you, an *Old Lion* made a Left-Hand Mar-
riage with her Mother, and begot on her Bo-
dy *Elizabeth Schism*, who was marry'd to
Pag. 20. *Timothy Sacrilege*, and has Issue *Graceless
Heresy*. Who all give the same Coat with
their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told
you before.

This

This Princess, tho estrang'd from what was
best,

Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. Pag. 23.

There's De and Re as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, Pag. 22.

Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals
above,

And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

There's a jolly Mouse for you, let me see
any Body else that can shew you such ano-
ther. Here now have I one damnable severe
reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it,
can you help me Mr. Johnson?

She —

Humbly content to be despis'd at home,

Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for
some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on
with it.

Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, Pag. 62

Where Winds can carry, and where Waves
can roll.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some
of your Friends, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer Point and Satyr all through, I'gad: Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I cou'd think of; but with an exceeding deal of Wit, that I must needs say. Now it happen'd before I cou'd finish this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was alter'd, and those People were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now: Shou'd I lose my Labour, or libel my Friend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do I but write a smooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them, that the Satyr was not intended to them, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom was it writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfy'd: And yet it mauld 'em damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the Preface to *Dear Joy's* Jest.

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the delectable *History of Reynard*

Reynard the Fox, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author cou'd I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee, Mr. Smith, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Evening, when she went away from Pag. 29.
Court,

Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a Turn, as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's* and *Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose fearful Pag. 16,

Face

Bebeld from far the common watering Place,

Nor durst approach—

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, this *Mouse* is strangely alter'd, since she fear'd no Danger.

Bayes. Godzookers! Why no more she does not yet fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she cou'd not swim, as you see by this.

Nor

Pag. 30. *Nor durst approach, till with an aweful Roar
The Sovereign Lion had her fear no more.*

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she fear'd no Danger; and I gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed:

Pag. 30. But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,

*Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly
Hiew!*

Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles, I let my self down from the Majesty of *Virgil*, to the Sweetness of *Ovid*.

*Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly
Hiew!*

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for the Ladies: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhew'n Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man must sweat to read Him; I gad you may run over this, and be almost asleep.

Th' Im-

Th' immortal Mouse, who saw the *Viceroy*
come

So far to see her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted*
Mouse, the *Viceroy*!

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily: Pag. 55.
I'll call her the *Crown General* presently if I've
a mind to it. Well,

——— did invite her home

To smoak a Pip, and o'er a sober Pot

Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the Plot. Pag. 31.

She made a Court'sy, like a civil Dame,

And being much a Gentlewoman came. Pag. 32.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first part finish'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the Majestick Turn of *Heroick Poësy*. The rest being *Matter of Dispute*, I had not such frequent Occasion for the *Magnificence of Verse*, tho' I gad they speak very well. And I have heard Men, and considerable Men too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse.

Johns. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have receiv'd no small Advantage from the smoothness of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Tho' you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things my self; but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their Talk
one

one may write a very good polemical Discourse, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controversy*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London* Divine in the Face. Indeed your knotty Reasonings, with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my Stile; but I'gad I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments, than the best of them can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extreemly well, or I'm mistaken. And pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the Delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouse, and in the other all the plain Simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Pag. 32. *Dame, said the Lady of the Spotted Muff,*
Methinks your Tiff is sour, your Gates
mere Stuff.

There, did I not tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to
smoke?

And the Weed worse than e'er Tom I—
took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why no more she has not now:
But she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted*
Muff. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown
to the Antients.

Leave, leave (* *she's earnest you see*) this * *Poeta*
hoary Shed, and lonely Hills, *loquitur.*
And eat with me at *Grolcau's*, smoak at
Will's.

What Wretch wou'd nibble on a Hanging-
Shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may regale himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Rbenish* go;
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Cban-*
nel-Row?

Do you mark me now, I wou'd by this
represent the Vanity of a Town-Fop, who
pretends to be acquainted at all those good
Houses, tho perhaps he ne'er was in 'em.
But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll
treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragoufts* our
Meat.

Then Hand in Hand we'll go to Court,
dear *Cuz*,

To visit Bishop *Martin*, and King *Buz*.

With Evening Wheels we'll drive about
the Park,

Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i' th'
Dark.

Break

Break clattering Windows, and demolish
Doors

Pag. 63. Of English Manufactures ——— Pimps, and
Whores.

Johns. Methinks a Pimp or a Whore is an
odd sort of a Manufacture, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the Parliament
a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be ex-
ported, to the Decay of Trade at home.

With these Allurements Spotted did invite
From *Hermit's Cell*, the *Female Profelyte*.
Oh! with what Ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd!

Now wou'd not you think she's going? but
I gad, you're mistaken; you shall hear a long
Argument about Infallibility, before she stirs
yet.

Pag. 69. But here the *White* by Observation wise,
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying
Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave
Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis
dark:
Lest therefore we shou'd stray, and not go
right
Through the *bliss* Horror of the starless
Night,

Pag. 37. Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*?

Sternly

Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:

That Mice may err was never yet deny'd.

That I deny, said the immortal Dame;

There is a Guide — gad I've forgot his Pag. 37.

Name,

Who lives in Heaven or Rome, the Lord

knows where;

Had we but him, Sweet Heart, we could

not err.

But hark you, Sister, this is but a Whim;

For still we want a Guide to find out Him. *Spotted Mouse loquitur.*

Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on the Narration, but write *White speaks*, or *Dapple speaks*, by the Side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my own Person with a *Posta Loquitur*, which take notice, is Pag. 69. a surer sign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a *Hand in the Margin* any where else. Well now says *White*,

What need we find him? we have certain proof

That he is somewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough:

For if there is a Guide that knows the way,

Altho we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I gad: Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for herself, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simily*.

A a *Smith*

Smith. Why then I find Similys are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about
Pag. 37. *Emission* or *Reception* of Light, or else about *Epsom-waters* : but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As tho'tis controverted in the School,
If Waters pass by Uline or by Stool;
Shall we who are Philosophers, thence gather,
From this Diffension, that they work by
I neither?

And I'gad, she's in the right on't; but
mind now, she comes upon her, swop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try

And I'gad, if they had been never so good,
this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *this*
Pag. 54. *Guide am I.*

There's a Surprize for you now ! How sneakingly t'other looks ? Was not that pretty now ; to make her ask for a Guide first, and then tell her she was one ? Who could have thought that this little Monse had the Pope and a whole General Council in her Belly ? Now Dapple had nothing to say to this ; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come

Come leave your cracking Tricks, and
 as they say,
 Use not that Barber that trims time, } Pag. 101
 delay,
 (Which I gad is new, and my own)
 I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
 Then on they jog'd ; and since an Hour of
 talk,
 Might cut a Banter on the tedious walk,
 As I remember, said the sober Mouse,
 I've heard much talk of the Wits Coffee-
 House.
 Thither, says Brindle, thou shalt go, and
 see
 Priests supping Coffee, Sparks and Poets Tea ;
 Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well
 drest,
 These baffling the Grand Senior, those the
 Test.
 And here shrend Guessees made, and Rea-
 sons given,
 That human Laws were never made in
 Heaven. } Pag. 111
 But above all, what shall oblige thy Sight,
 And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast Delight ;
 Is the Poetick Judg of sacred Wit,
 Who do's i'th' Darkness of his Glory sit.
 And as the Moon who first receives the Light,
 With which she makes these nether Regions } Pag. 28
 bright ;
 So does he shine, reflecting from afar
 The Rays he borrow'd from a better Star :

The Hind and

For Rules, which from *Corneille* and *Rapin*
flow,

Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below,
From *French* Tradition while he does
dispense

Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd
Offence,

To question his, or trust your private
Sense.

Hah ! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnson* ? gad
forgive me he is fast asleep ! Oh the damn'd
Stupidity of this Age ! asleep ! Well, Sir,
Since you're so drowsy, your humble Ser-
vant.

Johns. Nay, pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard
you all the while. *The White Mouse*.

Bayes. The white Mouse ! ay, ay, I thought
how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your
Servant.

Johns. Nay, dear *Bayes*, Faith, I beg thy
Pardon, I was up late last Night ; prithee
lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on ! Pox I don't know where I
was ; well I'll begin. Here, mind, now
they are both come to Town.

But now at *Piccadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach, tow'rds *Temple-Bar*
they drive ;

But at *St. Clements Church*, eat out the
Back,
And slipping thro the *Palsgrave*, bilkt
poor *Hack*.

There's

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poetry ; many a young Templer will save his shilling by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any young Templer eat out the Back of a Coach ?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the Devil, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,

Of Clergy kind, or Counsellor *Chough* was Pag. 133 there ;

Or Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown, Pag. 126

By his high Crop, and corny Gizzard known,

Or Sister Partlet, with the booded Head :

No, Sir, she's booted hence, said *Will*, and } Pag. 130
fled.

Why so? *Because she would not pray a-bed.* }

Johns aside. 'Sdeath ! who can keep awake at such stuff ? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnson*, How d'ye like that Box ? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a Person of Honour for looking over a Paper of Verses ; and indeed I put in all the Lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we ? Oh ! Here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo* ; from whence my *White* takes occasion to talk very well of Tradition.

Thus to the Place where *Johnson* sat, we
climb,
Leaning on the same Rail that guided
him ;
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,
Our Wit must be as true, our Thoughts
as high.

Pag. 45.

For as an Author happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of Stairs ;
So this the *Bacſa Banſta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every step I take, my Spirits soar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more and
more.

There's Humour ! Is not that the liveliest
Image in the World of a Mouſe's going up
a pair of Stairs ? *More a Wit, and more and
more.*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon
heartily, I muſt be rude, I have a particular
Engagement at this time, and I ſee you are
not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godſhookers ! Sure you won't ſerve
me ſo : all my fineſt Descriptions and beſt
Diſcourſe is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extra-
ordinary Concern, I would not leave you.

Bayes. Well, but you ſhall take a little
more, and here I'll paſs over two dainty *E-
piſodes of Swallows, Swifts, Chickens, and
Buzzards.*

Johnſ.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest Fable that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the Excellence of a Fable is in the length of it. *Aesop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble Design. But here I give you Fable upon Fable; and after you are satisfied with Beasts in the first Course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the Second. Now I was at all this Pains to abuse one particular Person; for I'gad I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd me. I was once translating a very good *French* Author; but being something long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour, what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finish'd the Translation: So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my Revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a tall, broad-back'd, lusty Fellow, of a brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a *Fluent Tongue*, and taking amongst the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but two *Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in a Name, as will make you split. I call him ——— I'gad I won't tell you, unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a Scholar,
and more a Wit ———

Bayes. Right ; and his Name is *Buzzard*,
Ha ! ha ! ha.

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet
than perhaps you imagine ; for his true name
begins with an I, which makes me slyly con-
trive him this, to begin with the same Let-
ter : There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnson* ; I
learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that
ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an A,
because she's *Amiable* ; and if you could but
get a knot of merry Fellows together, you
should see how little *Bayes* would top 'em all
at it, I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I
must leave you, I am half an hour past my
time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here
are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night,
and a Bird's Nest ; and here's three hundred
more, translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in
which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of
the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar* of
Muscovy and the *Emperor*, which is a piece
of News *White* does not believe, and this is
her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it,
for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral*
Tradition better than *Scripture*. Now you
must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that
it had been better for the World, if we
ne'er had any *Bibles* at all.

E'er

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, said the
White,

Our Robin told another Story quite :

This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd ;

My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be de-
ceiv'd,

By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,

And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.

Words I confess bound by, and tript so light, Pag. 3.

We have not time to take a steady Sight ;

Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when
writ,

To long Examination they submit.

Hard things — Mr. *Smith*, if these two
Lines don't recompense your stay, ne'er trust
John Bayes again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and
full,

God mends on second Thoughts, but Man Pag. 15.
grows dull.

I'gad I judg of all Men by my self, 'tis
so with me; I never strove to be very exact
in any thing, but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be
true, is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these gene-
ral Reflections are daring, and savour most
of a noble Genius, that spares neither Friend
nor Foe.

Johns.

Johnf. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that daring of your noble Genius?

Bayes. Afraid! Why Lord, you make so much of beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em e'en lay on, i'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my Fancy to save my Carcase. Well, but we must dispatch Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
 And like the gaudy Fly their Wings display;
 And sip the Sweets, and bask in great A-
 pollo's Ray.

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best Bill of Fare that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: but here follows a Dispute shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a Protestant, all this while trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine: upon which our Innocent does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an Ingrate.

Sirrah, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,
 Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine.

Says

Says *Will*, All Gentlemen like it ; Ah ! says
White,

What is approv'd by them, must needs be
right.

'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse. Pag. 38.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and De-
ference, which our Mouse pays to the Com-
pany.

Nor, to their *Catholick* Consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah ! ah ! there she has nickt her, that's
up to the Hilt, I'gad, and you shall see *Dap-*
le resents it.

Why, what a Devil shan't I trust my
Eyes ?

Must I drink *Stum* because the Rascal
lies,

And palms upon us *Catholick* Consent,
To give sophisticated Brewings vent ?

Says *White*, what antient Evidence can Pag. 5.
sway,

If you must argue thus, and not obey ?

Drawers must be trusted, thro whose
Hands convey'd,

You take the Liquor, or you spoil the
Trade.

For sure those *honest Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *stumm'd Claret* for *Pontack*.

How

The Hind and

How long, alas ! wou'd the poor Vintner
 last,
 If all that drink must judg, and every
 Guest
 Be 'llow'd to have an understanding
 Tast ?

*Thus she : Nor could the Panther well enlarge,
 With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.*

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's
 spotted ; which is such a blot to the Reformation as I warrant 'em they will never claw
 off, I gad.

But with a weary Yawn that shew'd her
 Pride,

Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she ly'd.
White saw her canker'd *Malice* at that word,
 And said her Prayers, and drew her *Del-*
phick Sword.

T'other cry'd *Murder*, and her *Rage* re-
 strain'd :

And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
 But now alas ———

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this ; Mr. *Smith*,
 I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that
 follows is so engaging ; hear me but two
 Lines, I gad, and go away afterwards if you
 can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
*What sad mischance these pretty things beset,
 These Birds of Beasts.*

There's

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of*
Beasts: 'tis the greatest Affront that you can
 put upon any Bird to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: Pag. 129
 And a Beast is so fond of being call'd a Bird,
 as you can't imagine.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned reas'n-
 ing Mice,
 Were separated, banish'd in a trice.
 Who would be learned for their sakes,
 who wife?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad,
 Gentlemen; if that won't move you, nothing
 will, I can assure you: But here's the sad
 thing I was afraid of.

The Constable alarmed by this Noise,
 Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
 And speaking to the *Watch*, with *Head aside*, Pag. 135
 Said, *Desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills*
apply'd.

These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
 Can ne'er enjoy at once the *But and Peace*. Pag. 115
When each have separate Interests of their own, Pag. 144
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.

By Schism they're torn; and therefore,
 Brother,
 Look you to one, and I'll secure the
 t'other.

Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
 Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers
 blow, (to know. } Pag. 98.
 Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us }
 But

But the immortal Matron, spotless White,
 Forgetting Dapple's Rudeness, Malice,
 Spite,
 Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said
 Good Night.

Pag. 145

Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this Mouse,
 With Bills and Halberds, to her Country-
 House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judi-
 cious Author, that makes *Ten thousand An-*
gels wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too,
 I'gad. —

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to
 pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such haste?
 You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extremely well. Here Drawer.

State

State-Poems Continued.

The Man of HONOUR.

Written by the Honourable Mr. Montague.

Occasion'd by a Postscript to *Pen's* Letter.

NOT all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a Crown,
A Prince's *Whisper*, or a Tyrant's *Frown*,
Can awe the *Spirit*, or allure the *Mind*
Of him, who to *strict Honour* is inclin'd.

Tho all the *Pomp* and *Pleasure* that does wait
On publick *Places*, and *Affairs* of *State*,
Shon'd fondly court him to be *base* and *great*;
With *even Passions*, and with *settled Pace*,
He would remove the *Harlot's* false *Embrace*.

Tho all the *Storms* and *Tempests* should arise,
That *Church-Magicians* in their *Cells* devise,
And from their *fortified Basis* Nations *tear*,
He wou'd unmov'd the *mighty Rain* bear;
Secure in *Innocence* condemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in *Honours*, fall.

For this brave *Strensbury* and *Lumly's* *Name*
Shall stand the *foremost* in the *List* of *Fame*,
Who first with *steddy Minds* the *Current* broke,
And to the *suppliant Monarch* boldly spoke.

Great

Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just
 Have we obey'd the Crown, and serv'd our Trust,
 Espous'd your Cause and Interest in Distress,
 Your self must witness, and our Foes confess.
 Permit us then ill Fortune to accuse,
 That you at last unhappy Counsels use,
 And ask the only thing we must refuse.
 Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expose,
 Honour alone we cannot, must not lose:
 Honour, that Spark of the Celestial Fire,
 That above Nature makes Mankind aspire;
 Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame,
 With thirst of Glory, and desire of Fame;
 The richest Treasure of a generous Breast,
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, Strength and Courage, are wild dangerous Force,
 Unless this softens and directs their Course:
 And would you rob us of the noblest part,
 Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart?
 'Tis much beneath the Greatness of a Throne,
 To take the Casket when the Jewel's gone;
 Debauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
 And teach the Nobles to be false and base:
 What Confidence can you in them repose,
 Who, e'er they serve you, all their Value lose?
 Who once enslave their Conscience to their Lust,
 Have lost the Reins, and can no more be just.
 Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,
 Raise Maiden-Scruples at unpractis'd Vice:
 Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
 And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame.
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may tast forbidden Fruit and live,

They

They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, press forward still,
And only bound by Appetite their Will:

Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
But shift with every veering blast their Sails.

Mark those that meanly truckle to your Power,
They once deserted, and chang'd Sides before,
And wou'd to morrow *Mahomet* adore!

On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the Way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:

When the rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And shook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what
Force,

Cou'd they oppose to stop the Torrent's Course?

Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood;
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
With the same Constancy they all resign.

Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the Way,
And was the *Phosphorus* to th' dawning Day;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Host,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boast:

So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain.

But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
Bold is their Flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high, their Vertue as yet wants a Name,
Exceeding Wonder, and surpassing Fame.

Rise, glorious Church, erect thy radiant Head,
The Storm is past, th' impending Tempest fled:

Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Disgrace,
It had not giv'n such Sons so brave a Race.

When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs;
 The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds :
 These Men wou'd prop a sinking Nation's Weight,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse e'en Fate.
 Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
 Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil :
 In breathing Colours, and in living Paint,
 Let them excel ; their Mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
 With Vertue, which no Dangers can controul ;
 Exalt the Thought, a speedy Courage lend,
 That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend :
 These are the *English* Arts, these we profess
 To be the same in Mis'ry and Success ;
 To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
 Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud :
 Such are our Souls. But what doth Worth avail,
 When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale?
 All Merit's light when they dispose the Weight,
 Who either wou'd embroil, or rule the State ;
 Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
 And blast that Honesty they cannot use ;
 The Strength and Safety of the Crown destroy,
 And the King's Pow'r against himself imploy :
 Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave ;
 Bereft of these, he must become their Slave.
 Men, like our Money, come the most in play
 For being base, and of a coarse Alloy.
 The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
 Of native Value, and exactest Mould,
 By Worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
 For vulgar Use too precious and too fine ;
 Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright,
 Coin of base Metal, counterfeit and light,
 Do all the Business of the Nation's Turn,
 Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn.

So shining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
Whose guilty Actions fly their searching Light ;
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire :
Give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging Sense
Increases the weak Measures of their Prince ;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in Ease,
They study not his Good, but how to please ;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those Dangers which the other shun :
Who slow to act, each Bus'ness duly weigh,
Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey ;
With Wisdom fatal to their Interest strive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
Such have no Place where Priests and Women reign,
Who love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of God-like Men
(Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
Will make the Race of those I write appear
Low as to glorious Valour, wretched Fear ;
So the smooth Lines in which those Truths are told,
(Lines justly happy, as they're nobly bold)
With Right from humble Muses hold Esteem,
And shew my Verse as distant as my Theme.

Forgive me ye Betrayers of your Land,
If I do scourge you with a wanting Hand ;
My Will is good to give you all your due,
The Pope will pardon want of Pow'r in you.

Your Aid, my Muse, this once I humbly ask ;
Exposing Villany's a noble Task :

Assist my Story with such ample Phrase,
 It may find leave to live and see good Days.
 Stamp an eternal Value on the Brave,
 By drawing to the Life a sneaking Knave;
 Show him how justly he's expos'd by all,
 And show him time may come when he may fall;
 Show him on what Foundation now he stands;
 Show him, instead of Rocks, mistaken Lands;
 Show him it lately fail'd believing Man,
 And will do so when time shall serve again.

When *Oxford* Prophecys were come to pass,
 And many a squeamish Church-man prov'd an Ass;
 Then blockish Honesty was made give ground,
 And foolish Knaves were much more useful found.
 A Search throughout the Senate pass'd for such,
 (Since Fools wou'd do, to find no more 'twas much)
 Vile Int'rest was oppos'd to Men of Sense,
 And many from that Hour did Rogues commence.
 Besides, with Gold the despicable Slaves
 Were willingly thought Fools; they might be Knaves.
 Of these the Chief a Consultation call,
 Where they shall stop, or whether stop at all:
 Some faint Resistance Conscience wou'd have made,
 And Honour wou'd have spoke, but was forbad;
 Int'rest with Impudence assum'd the Chair,
 And thus address'd to each *Plebeian* Fool was there.

Of all Philosophers that plagu'd the World,
 And curious Brains in various Labyrinths bur'd,
 None far'd so ill, and yet so justly far'd,
 As those preach'd Vertue for its own Reward;
 More useful Doctrines sprung from wiser Schools,
 They heard their Morals, and resolv'd them Fools.
 Mark those who drive the Multitude to please,
 Nice of their Honour, lavish of their Ease:

How

How in the gazing Croud they humbly stand,
 With their perplexing Honesty at hand,
 They dare not use the Strength they may command,
 They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
 But he is great who can and dare controul;
 You'll soar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
 And with Contempt look down on rotten Praise;
 Laugh at dull Notions of a glorious Name,
 When Beggary's the Basis of its Frame,
 More useful Honour shall attend your Fate,
 You serve a Power can make you rich and great,
 Who scorns the Nations Love shall live above their
 Hate.

Permit no bugbear Thoughts against your Cause,
 The loss of your Religion and the Laws,
 Trifles to those who dare their God defy,
 And can wish copious Consciences comply.
 Contemn the foolish Threats of distant Time,
 'Tis plain that Honesty is yet a Crime;
 If things hereafter turn another way,
 You'll still be right, for still you can obey:
 Ne'er fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
 The best of Courts will stand in need of such;
 Fools oft grow useless, and are laid aside,
 But Knaves of Conduct always will abide:
 Old Honesty some poor Employ may get,
 But he that sticks at nothing shall be great,
 The Villain wisely thrives in every State.

Thus Int'rest spoke, and merits just Applause,
 The Judges first declar'd against the Laws;
 Of Levi's Tribe not many went astray,
 (Much wonder'd at, since they procur'd this Day)
 But Men of Conscience oft in Judgment fail,
 Mistaken Loyalty did once prevail,
 But such Diseases now no more they ail:

Become good Christians by Affliction's Rod,
Their King they honour, but they fear their God.

Of those that brand their Country with Disgrace,
Noble in Title as in Practice base,
Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
That sniveling Representer of the rest,
Who in their Names the Monarch thus address:

Most glorious Prince, in whom all Vertues shine,
Where every Worth in one great Soul combine!
You for your gracious Deeds we come to bless,
But most of all your Constancy confess;
Safe by your Word, in Peace your People sleep,
Your sacred Word which you so nicely keep;
That Word so much throughout your Land renown'd,
In which Equivocation ne'er was found.

On this it is so firmly we rely,
You cannot ask the thing we can deny.
As Heav'n has taught the Soul of Man to know,
Whate'er it pleaseth to dispense below,
Shall to Advantage of Believers tend,
And bless their blind Obedience in the end;
So we such awful Thoughts of you receive,
Whate'er you'll do, we for our Good believe;
Our grand Ambition is our King to please,
We ne'er can want Repose while he's at ease.
When by Obedience we have giv'n you rest,
And blasted e'en the frightful Name of *Ty*,
But smile upon us, and your Slaves are blest.

Thus spake the fawning Minister of State,
Poor in Esteem, and despicably great:
The easy Monarch blest the Priesthood's Skill,
Forsakes his Reason to perform his Will;
Deserts his noble Friends for flatt'ring Knaves,
Neglects his Subjects while he favours Slaves.

Rise up, brave Prince, attend your Nature's Course,
We know that's noble, when exempt from Force;

Spread

Spread your relenting Arms, embrace your Friends,
They'll help you to attain more noble Ends.
You know their Love, the Rebels know their Force,
Serve God with speed, annul th' unjust Divorce;
Then shall you stand great in your Peoples Love,
A lively Emblem of the mighty *Jove*.
Then shall your haughty Rival cease to soar,
And tremble at the neighb'ring *British* Shore;
The Senate's Bounty shall preserve you still,
With chearful Tribute all your Coffers fill.
All Kings shall gaze with Envy on your Throne,
Then with Contempt look down upon their own;
To gain your Smiles shall be their utmost Pride,
And happy he who nearest is ally'd.
Belov'd by God and Men you shall remain,
Great without War, and undisturb'd your Reign.
Then when the Remnant of your Days are done,
The Thred of glorious Life at length is spun,
Sincere in Grief your People all shall mourn,
Some goodly Fabrick shall your Grave adorn,
With this Inscription, for Eternal Praise,
Here lies the only Prince who left all evil Ways.

The VISION.

'TWAS at an Hour when busy Nature lay
Dissolv'd in Slumbers from the noisy Day,
When gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms spread
A Darkness o'er the Universal Bed,
And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled;
My flutt'ring Fancy 'midst the silent Peace,
Careless of Sleep, and unconcern'd with Ease,

Drew to my wandring Thoughts an Object near,
 Strange in its Form, and in Appearance rare.
 Methought (yet sure it cou'd not be a Dream,
 So real all its Imperfections seem)

With Princely Port a stately Monarch came,
 Airy his Mien, and Noble was his Frame:
 A sullen Sorrow brooded on his Brow;
 He seem'd beneath some weighty Fate to bow;
 Distrust and Grief upon his Eye-lids rest,
 And show the struggling Troubles of his Breast.
 Upon his Head a nodding Crown he wore,
 And in his Hand a yielding Scepter bore;
 Forlorn and careless did his Strokes appear,
 And e'ery Motion spoke a wild Despair.

This mournful Scene did all my Passions move,
 And challeng'd both my Pity and my Love;
 And yet I thought him, by the Ruins made,
 Above my Pity, and beyond my Aid:
 Long did he in a pensive Silence stand,
 For sure his Thoughts cou'd not his Words command:
 Too big for Speech———

Till sullen Murmurs from his Bosom flew,
 And thus a Draught of his Disorders drew.

Almighty Pow'rs! by whose Consent alone
 Ordain'd, I did ascend the Regal Throne;
 Led by your dark Decrees, and Conduct there,
 I, as your great Vicegerent, did appear
 Beneath my Charge, whilst crouding Nations sate,
 And bow'd, and did admire my rising Fate:
 'Twas then my Laurels fresh and blooming grew,
 And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew;
 My willing Subjects bless and clap the Day;
 The bravest and the best were all my Friends,
 Whilst Faction in Confusion sneak'd away;
 At distance grin'd, but cou'd not reach their Ends.

Such Faith unto my Promises were shown,
 My Word they took, for Oaths were useless grown:
 My very Word compos'd their Hopes and Fears,
 Sacred 'twas held, and all Serene appears:
 Until my Fate revers'd did backwards reel,
 Blur'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's Wheel.
 Ye Gods! why did ye thus unconstant prove?
 Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?
 Or was this stately Majesty but giv'n
 To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry e'en of Heav'n?
 Can ne'er a Saint implore Celestial Aid,
 Nor yet the Virgin Goddess intercede?
 'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suff'ring lie;
 'Twas to advance her just Divinity:
 Yes, I avow the Quarrel and the Cause,
 'Twas for my Faith, and to out-cope the Laws.
 I'd rather be forsaken and alone,
 Than sit a craving Monarch on a Throne:
 Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,
 Fawn on th' invading Foe, and kiss his Hand;
 Leave me their Prince, forsaken and forlorn,
 Expos'd to all their Sights and publick Scorn.
 Let after Ages judg the mighty Test,
 Judg the magnifick Grandeur of my Breast.
 I saw my great Fore-father yet afore,
 Seal all his sacred Vows with martyr'd Gore;
 His Royal Issue branded with Disgrace,
 Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' exclude the Race:
 And yet these Terrors all I dare invade,
 Thus Conscience, thus Religion does persuade.
 I'll stand or fall by both those Tenets still,
 And be the second Martyr to my Will.

And then he stop'd; his fiery Eye-balls move,
 And thus with his resisting Fate he strove,
 And stood, like *Capaneus*, defying *Jove*:

When

When strait a Noise, from whence it came unknown,
 Was heard to answer in an angry Tone:
 Dye then unpity'd, Prince! for thus thy Fate
 Long since, by its Decrees, did antedate.
 To such Perverseness, what regard is shown?
 What Merit couldst thou plead to mount a Throne?
 To thy repeated Wishes Heav'n was kind,
 And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy Mind;
 It put a Scepter in thy eager Hand,
 Yet not t'oppose the Genius of the Land.
 If Reason could not sway thy Actions here,
 Heaven's not oblig'd by Wonders to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a distance stand,
 Skulk from thy Troubles to a safer Land;
 Those who their Being to thy Bounty own,
 Forsake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
 Those who were Friends to thee and to thy Cause,
 Bold for their Rights, and for their Country's Laws,
 Thou from thy darker Counsels didst remove,
 And want their Aid, now they refuse their Love.

Some more imperfect Sounds did reach my Ear,
 But Sense return'd, and Day-light did appear,

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
 To write of Converts Apostolick,
 Describe their Persons, and their Shames,
 And leave the World to guess their Names;
 But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme
 Was for Heroick Song too mean:

Their

OWN, Their Characters we'll then rehearse
In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll sing,
That chang'd their Faith to please their King.

e? The first an antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloth'd in Plaisters Aromatick,
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick:
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Out-lives his Sense by sixty Year;
And what an honest Man wou'd anger,
Out-lives the Fort he built at *Tangier*.
By Pox and Whores long since undone,
Yet loves it still, and fumbles on.
Why he's a Favourite few can guess,
Some say it's for his Uglinefs;
For often Monsters (being rare)
Are valu'd equal to the Fair:
For in his Mistresses, kind *James*
Loves Uglinefs in its Extremes.
But others say it's plainly seen,
Tis for the choice he made o' th' Queen;
When he the King and Nation blest
With Off-spring of the House of *Esse*;
A Dame whose Affability
Equals her Generosity.

— Oh! well-match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the Aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Vertues turn'd:
But 'twas not Conscience, or Devotion,
The Hopes of Riches or Promotion,
That made his Lordship first to vary,
But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary*;
And she to make Retaliation,
Is full as leud in her Vocation.

cir The

The next a Carayanish Thief,
 A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef;
 Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
 But very Rhynocercical,
 Was marry'd e'er the Cub was lick'd,
 And now not worthy to be kick'd;
 By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
 To save his Coat, to Italy;
 Where *Hains* and he, that vertuous Youth,
 Equal in Honour, Sense, and Truth;
 By Reason and pure Conscience urg'd,
 Past Sins by Abjuration purg'd.
 But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
 More worldly Motives had to veer;
 The Scoundrel *Plebeian's* swerving
 Was to secure himself from starving;
 And that which made the Peer a Starter,
 Was Hope for a long wish'd-for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who sits at Helm,
 And long has steer'd the giddy Realm,
 With Taylor's Motion, Mien, and Grace,
 But a right Statesman in Grimace;
 The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns
 The dully Grave, the Frowns and Scorns,
 Promises all, but nought performs.
 But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
 He's very humble in Devotion;
 With Taper Light, and Feet all bare,
 He to the Temple did repair,
 And knocking softly at the Portal,
 Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
 And for a Sinner make some room,
 A Prodigal return'd home.
 Some say that in that very Hour,
 Convert *Mall Meggs* arriv'd at Door;

So both with penitent Grimace,
Statesman and Band, with humble pace,
Enter'd, and were receiv'd to Grace.

The next a Knight of high Command,
'Twixt London Bridg, and Dover Sand ;
A Man of strict and holy Life,
Taking Example from his Wife ;
He to a Nunnery sent her packing,
Lest they shou'd rake each other napping.
Some say L'E—— did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit ;
Good natur'd, as you may observe,
Letting his Tit'lar Father starve :
A Man of Sense and Parts, we know it,
But dare as well be damn'd as show it ;
Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant,
At King's-Bench Bar appear'd most fervent
Against his Honour for the Test ;
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous Store,
Whose best Example is, they're poor ;
Merely drawn in, in hopes of Gains,
And reap the Scandal for their Pains ;
Half-starv'd at Court with Expectation,
Forc'd to return to their Scotch Station,
Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a Mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Pension,
After upon true Protestant Whore
He 'ad spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Colonel next does come,
With stradling Legs and massy Bum :
With many more of shameful Note,
Whose Honour ne'er was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch ;

If

If abler Men do not support her Weight,
All quickly will return to Forty Eight.

*The humble Address of your Majesty's
Poet Laureat, and others your Catholick
and Protestant Dissenting Rhimers, with
the rest of the Fraternity of Minor
Poets, Inferior Versifiers and Sonnetteers,
of Your Majesty's Antient Corporation of
Parnassus.*

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT we Your Majesty's poor Slaves,
Your merry Beggars, witty Knaves,
Being highly sensible how long
And dull dry Prose addressing Throng,
Have daily vex'd your Royal Ears
With fulsom Speeches, canting Pray'rs;
Unanimously think it better
T' address Your Majesty in Meter.

Great Sir, Your healing Declaration
Has cur'd a base distemper'd Nation:
The Godly hug it for the Ease
It gives to squeamish Consciences;
And by the Mammonists, 'tis made
The grand Encouragement of Trade:
But we must reckon it (in our Sense)
A gracious Poetick Licence.

'Tis your peculiar Excellency,
T' indulge Religion to a Frensy;
And our Religion is our Fancy:
For which, we judg 'twou'd be a Crime,
Not to present our Thanks in Rhime.
We, with all Subjects of our Mind,
Do pay, like them, our Dues in kind:
That jealous Protestants wou'd greet
With Tests and Laws your Royal Feet;
That all wou'd sacrifice in course
Their stubborn Consciences to yours;
That th' Academies wou'd oppose
On no Pretence your Royal Cause,
But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws:
That Corporations yield their Charters,
And no more grudge your Soldiers Quarters;
That Borough-Towns wou'd chuse such Men,
As you shan't need send home agen;
That all right Members take their Stations,
Such as Sir R—— and Sir P——
That your new Friends stand every where,
Of which we recommend one pair,
Honest *Will. Pen*, and *Harry Care*.
Dissenters will with all their Heart-a
Vote for a Gospel *Magna Charta*;
Your Judges too will over-awe
The poor dead Letter of the Law;
Your High-Commissioners, from whom
The obstinate receive their doom,
For trusty Catholicks make room.
Only one resty part o'th' Nation
Wou'd bound your Pow'r of Dispensation;
For which we'll bait the Rogues again,
With Second Part of *Hind* and *Pan*:
We'll rhyme 'em into better Manners,
And make them low'r their Paper-Banners.

Nor is this all that we will do,
No, Sir, we'll pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Apollo* bless you,
May *Juno* help your budding Issue ;
May you attempt no Enemies
To skirmish with but Butterflies :
Nor exercise your Martial Arms,
But in mock Sieges, false Alarms.
May you have long and peaceful Days,
And may we live to sing your Praise ;
And after all, may you inherit
The over-plus of the Saints Merit.

The LAUREAT.

Jack Squabb, *his History in little drawn*
Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.

A PPEAR thou mighty Bard, to open view ;
Which yet we must confess you need not do :
The Labour to expose thee we may save,
Thou stand'st upon thy own Records a Knave ;
Condemn'd to live in thy Apostate Rhimes,
The Curse of ours, and Scoff of future Times.
Still tacking round with every Turn of State,
Reverse to *Sb*——ry, thy cursed Fate
Is always at a Change to come too late :
To keep his Plots from Coxcombs was his Care,
His Policy was mask'd, and thine is bare :

Wife

Wise Men alone cou'd guess at this Design;
And could but guess, the Thread was spun so fine:
But every purblind Fool may see thro' thine.

Had Dick still kept the Regal Diadem,
Thou hadst been Poet Laureat to him,
And long e'er now, in lofty Verse proclaim'd
His high Extraction, among Princes fam'd:
Diffus'd his glorious Deeds from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.

Nay, had our Charles, by Heav'n's severe Decree,
Been found, and murder'd in the Royal Tree,
Ev'n thou hadst prais'd the Fact; his Father slain,
Thou call'dst but gently breathing of a Vein:

Impious and villanous! to bless the Blow
That laid at once three lofty Nations low,
And gave the Royal Cause a fatal Overthrow.

What after this could we expect from Thee?
What could we hope for, but just what we see?

Scandal to all Religions, New and Old;
Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and sold,
And mortgag'd Happiness redeem'd for Gold.

Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you must allow;
Who ever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou?
Ev'n thy own Zimri was more steadfast known;
He had but one Religion, or had none.

What Sect of Christians is't thou hast not known,
And at one time or other made thy own?

A bristled Baptist bred; and then thy Strain
Immaculate, was free from sinful Stain.

No Songs in those blest times thou didst produce,
No brand and sham good Manners out of Use:

The Ladies then had not one bawdy Bob,
Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet Squab.

Next thy dull Muse, an Independent Jade,
On Sacred Tyranny five Stanza's made;

Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both Extremes did run,
 To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son,
 When *Charles* came in, thou didst a Convert grow,
 More by thy Int'rest, than thy Nature so.
 Under his livening Beams thy Laurels spread,
 He first did place that Wreath about thy Head;
 Kindly reliev'd thy Wants, and gave thee Bread;
 Here 'twas thou mad'st the Bells of Fancy chime,
 And choak'd the Town with suffocating Rhime.
 Till Heroes form'd by thy creating Pen,
 Were grown as cheap, and dull, as other Men.
 Flush'd with Success, full Gallery and Pit,
 Thou bravest all Mankind with want of Wit.
 Nay, in short time, wer't grown so proud a Niny,
 As scarce t'allow that *Ben* himself had any.
 But when the Men of Sense thy Error saw,
 They check'd thy Muse, and kept the Termagant in

(awe.

To Satyr next thy Talent was address'd,
 Fell foul on all, thy Friends among the rest:
 Those who the oft'nest did thy Wants supply,
 Abus'd, tradue'd, without a Reason why.
 Nay, ev'n the Royal Patron was not spar'd,
 But an obscene, a santring Wretch declar'd.
 Thy Loyal Libel we can still produce,
 Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse.
 O strange return, to a forgiving King!
 But the warm'd Viper wears the greatest Sting.
 Thy Pension lost, and justly without doubt;
 When Servants snarl, we ought to kick 'em out.
 They that disdain their Benefactor's Bread,
 No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
 That lost, the Vizard chang'd, you turn about,
 And strait a true blue Protestant crept out:
 The *Frier* now was writ; and some will say,
 They smell a Malecontent thro all the Play.

Th

The Papist too was damn'd, unfit for Trust,
Call'd treacherous, shameless, profligate, unjust,
And Kingly Power thought Arbitrary Lust.
This lasted till thou didst thy Pension gain,
And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy Strain.
If to write Contradictions Nonsense be,
Who has more Nonsense in their Works than thee?
We'll mention but thy *Layman's Faith*, and *Hind*,
Who'd think both these (such clashing do we find)
Could be the Product of one single Mind?
Here thou wouldst charitable fain appear,
Findst fault that *Athanasius* was severe:
Thy Pity strait to Cruelty is rais'd,
And ev'n the pious Inquisition prais'd,
And recommended to the present Reign:
"O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain*!
Have we not Cause, in thy own Words to say,
Let none believe what varies every day,
That never was, nor will be at a stay?
Once, Heathens might be sav'd, you did allow;
But not, it seems, we greater Heathens now.
The Loyal Church, that buoys the kingly Line,
Damn'd with a Breath, but 'tis such Breath as thine.
What Credit to thy Party can it be,
T'have gain'd so lend a Profligate as thee?
Stray'd from our Fold, makes us but laugh, not weep;
We have but lost what was Disgrace to keep:
By them mistrusted, and to us a Scorn;
For it is Weakness at the best to turn.
True, hadst thou left us in the former Reign,
T'have prov'd it was not wholly done for Gain;
Now, the Meridian Sun is not so plain.
Gold is thy God; for a substantial Sum,
Thou to the *Turk* wouldst run away from *Rome*,
And sing his holy Expedition against *Christendom*.

But to conclude, blush with a lasting Red,
 (If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already said)
 To see thy Boars, Bears, Buzzards, Wolves and Owls;
 And all thy other Beasts, and other Fowls,
 Routed by two poor Mice (unequal Fight!)
 But easy 'tis to conquer in the Right.
 See there a Youth (a shame to thy gray Hairs)
 Make a mere Dunce of all thy threescore Years.
 What in that tedious Poem hast thou done,
 But cram'd all *Aesop's* Fables into one?
 But why do I the precious minutes spend
 On him, that wou'd much rather hang than mend?
 No, Wretch, continue still just as thou art,
 Thou'rt now in this last Scene, that crowns thy part;
 To purchase Favour, veer with every Gale,
 And against Interest never cease to rail;
 Tho thou'rt the only proof how Interest can pre-
 vail.

On the Bishops Confinement.

WHere is there Faith and Justice to be found?
 Sure the World trembles, Nature's in a
 To see her pious Sons design'd to fall (Swound;
 A Victim to Religion! Truth, and all
 The Charms of Piety are no Defence
 Against the new-found Power, that can dispense
 With Laws, to murder sacred Innocence.
 Surely, unless some pitying God look down,
 And stem this Torrent, it will shortly drown
 Divinity it self——
 The Bishops Prisoners! Can we tamely see
 Those Reverend Prelates bow the Knee

To *Anticrist*? No, mighty Monarch, no:
 Tho we must pay to *Cesar* what we owe,
 There is a Power Supreme, by which you live;
 Whose Arm is longer, and Prerogative
 Larger by far than yours; whose very Word
 Can blast your Hopes, and turn your two-edg'd
 Sword;

Can make his Secular Vicegerent know,
 Vertue, like Palms deprest, do higher grow.
 Tho rob'd in all the Grandeur of your State,
 Courtiers, like radiant Stars, about you wait:
 'Midst of your glorious Joys, when you put on
 That awful Presence which becomes a Throne;
Belshazzar-like, three Words upon the Wall
 Shall blast your Joys, and make your Glories fall.
 His Holiness, that Patriot of Strife,
 Tho he can grant you Pardon, cannot Life.
 Arise then, Mighty Sir, in God-like Mien;
 As of thy Valour, let thy Truth be seen:
 Free from Mistrust, let all your Words be clear;
 By Actions let your Promises appear:
 Protect that Church which brought you to the Crown,
 You know 'tis great and honourable to own
 A Kindness done; but to reward with Death,
 That happy Instrument that gave you Breath,
 Is mean, and might a Cath'lick's Conscience sting,
 To cut the Hand off that anoints you King.

*Advice to the Prince of Orange, and the
 Packet-Boat return'd.*

Adv. **T**HE Year of Wonder now is come,
 A Jubilee proclaim'd at *Rome*;
 The Church has pregnant made the Womb.

Pac. No more of the admired Year,
No more of Jubilee declare;
All Trees that blossom do not bear.

Adv. Orange, give o'er your hopes of Crowns,
And yield to France the Belgick Towns,
And keep your Fleet out of the Downs.

Pac. We'll wait for Crowns, not Interest quit,
Let Lewis take what he can get;
And do not you proscribe our Fleet.

Adv. Ye talk of eighty Men of War,
Well rigg'd and man'd you say they are;
'Twas joyful News when it came here.

Pac. Well may the sound of eighty Sail,
Make England's greatest Courage fail;
When half the number will prevail.

Adv. But we have some upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.

Pac. Talk not as if you'd match our Cocks,
And launch your few Ships on the Stocks;
And if you can, secure your Docks.

Adv. Besides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army roam;
But you, they say, won't let them come.

Pac. Your Subjects in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with Proclamation greet,
Will all obey when they think fit.

Adv. Soldiers and Seamen both we need,
Old England's quite out of the Breed;
Feather and Scarf won't do the deed.

Pac. Of Men and Arms never despair,
The civiliz'd wild Irish are
Courageous even to Massacre,

Adv. Now if you'd be victorious made,
Like us, on Hounslow Masquerade,
Advance your Honour and your Trade.

Pac.

Pac. Then take this Counsel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earnest on the Main.

Adv. *Buda* we storm'd, and took't with ease;
Do you the same upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you please.

Pac. The Storming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-spring are
Of them that made all *Europe* fear.

Adv. Such Warlike Actions will at least
Inspire each neighbouring Monarch's Breast,
Till *Lewis* shall compleat the rest.

Pac. Such Camp, such Siege, and such sham Shows,
Make each small State your Power oppose,
And *Lewis* lead you by the Nose.

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend Tripes, Guardian of the Law;
Sacred to Justice, Treason's greatest Awe!
Do thou decide the Nation's weighty Cause,
And judg between the Judges and the Laws.
So shall no guiltless Blood thy Timber e'er pollute;
But righteous Laws shall vouch all thou shalt execute.

Harry Care's last Will and Testament.

NOT Hell it self, nor gloomy Fate can save
The leudest Sinner from his destin'd Grave:
But all the footy Surges once must try,
Old *Charon's* Boat's a certain Destiny.

This *Harry* found, whose mouldring Corps did call
 For Physick-props t'uphold the human Wall;
 Thinking himself to *Ne plus ultra* come,
 He thought of Winding-Sheet, and of his Tomb:
 Summon'd his glorious Kindred to appear,
 To see his last, and his last Will to hear.
 The weeping Croud the mournful Chambers fill,
 While he in dying Accent makes his Will.

Imprimis, For my Soul (if such I have)
 I wish it bury'd with me in my Grave:
 For if what great Divines do preach and tell,
 Be real Verities of Heaven and Hell,
 Down to the gloomy Shores I surely go;
 The same I serv'd above, must serve below.

And next, for my dear Wife, who weeps my Fall,
 And is chief Mourner at my Funeral;
 My sole Executrix I do here make,
 And let her all my Goods and Chattels take:
 Besides, my Province too let her command,
 That undiscover'd lies in *Fairy-Land*.
 To her my unsold Pamphlets I bequeath,
 To buy her Brandy and Tobacco with:
 And if she do a Male or Stallion take,
 I hope he'll use her kindly for my sake;
 With equal strength the Marriage Yoke she'll draw,
 If he but drench her well with *Usquebagb*.

My Daughter next, the Off-spring of my Bed,
 I pour a double Portion on her Head:
 The only Legacy I can bestow,
 And more than Heaven gave me here below:
 May she the *Irish* Witness wed, and raise
 A Race of Evidences for our Cause.

And for those kinder Folks that propt my Pains,
 I freely leave them both my Pen and Brains:
 May they my little Artifices use,
 To raise up Factions, and the Croud amuse;

Till

Till being doubly dipt in Infamy,
Like me unpity'd, and unenvy'd, die.

Now to the num'rous Croud that does survive,
I only can my dying Counsel give :

The *Western* Emissaries I approve,
And even dying do declare my Love.

I charge them to stand firm unto their Trust,
Accounting what's their Interest to be just.

The Females I commend to Brother Cox,
Who if he cannot cure, can give the Pox ;
And may he still the vigorous warmth retain,
T'impart to stroaling She in Street or Lane.

I've nothing more to give to all the rest,
But leave ten thousand Curses on the Test :

And who do its Abolishing withstand,
I leave upon them an Eternal Brand.

And for the Penal-Laws they like so well,
I'll write for their Repeal when I'm in Hell :

And if damn'd *Pluto's* Laws are like to these,
I'll quickly sue him out a Writ of Ease.

I there will my Occurrence truly state,
Whilst some infernal *Larkin* prints the Cheat :

¶ Hell's black Tyrant will both sooth and praise,
And ev'n in Sulph'rous *Styx* Sedition raise.

*A New Catch in Praise of the Reverend
Bishops.*

TRUE *Englishmen*, drink a god Health to the *Mitre*,
Let our Church ever flourish tho her Enemies
spite her :

May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
And their Malice, as well as their Arguments, fail.

Then

Then remember the Seven which supported our
Cause,
As stout as our Martyrs, and as just as our Laws.

Protestantism Reviv'd: or the Persecuted Church
Triumphing.

IN Sable Weeds I saw a Matron clad, (was sad;
Whose Looks were grave, whose Countenance
Pensive with Care, she musing sat alone,
Her State too, too unhappy to bemoan:
Deep bitter Pangs I saw her undergo,
And pay the tributary drops of Woe.
So wept *Deucalion*, when he saw the State,
And face of Nature chang'd, and desolate.
By this dumb Elegy a while sh'express
The gloomy Sorrows of her troubl'd Breast:
Then heaving up her Head, the silence broke,
And with a heavy Sigh dejected spoke.
Good God! what Grief surrounds my aged Head!
What new distracting Woes I daily wed,
Who am by spiteful Foes in Triumph led!
They pierce my Side with Wound, they break my
rest,
And snatch my sucking Children from my Breast:
My elder Sons inhumanly they treat,
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit.
Thus they insult, thus put me to Disgrace,
And spit their frothy Venom in my Face:
My growing Sorrows to compleat the more,
I'm flouted by a *Babylonish* Whore.
Put me to Death they can't, since Heaven decreed }
I must not die, tho with my Saviour bleed, }
But humbly should in after Times succeed.

What

What most my anxious Soul tormented hath,
Is, he that should defend, betrays my Faith.
Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Grievs betray'd,
Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made.
Who e'er was curb'd by such a Concubine?
Who so perplex'd? Was ever Grief like mine?
Then she bow'd down her Head, and with her Tears
Bedew'd the parched Earth: when strait appears
A Comforter by pitying Heaven sent,
To raise her drooping Spirits almost spent;
Who when he had respectful Homage paid,
In terms obliging reverently said.

Mother, I know the Cause of all thy Grief,
I'm sent thy Succour, and thy true Relief:
Thy God has heard thy Sighs, thy faithful Pray'rs,
And graciously receiv'd thy flowing Tears:
I'll wipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expel,
And usual Joy shall in thy Count'nance dwell:
I've made thy haughty Domineers bow,
And own their Lives they to my Bounty owe:
I've foil'd them all, I have disarm'd them quite;
They have the Power to bark, but not to bite.
To ease your Pain, by th' God of Heav'n I'm sent;
He acts, and I'm the honour'd Instrument.

Then she arose, Joy smiling in her Eye,
And with a chearful Voice did thus reply:
Thanks gracious God, Thanks thou victorious Son,
By whom I have my wonted Glory won:
Rejoice my Sons, and *Hallelujahs* sing
To our great Saviour, our Triumphant King.

*The Council.**To the Tune of Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and a *Nat*
 In Council sat,
 To rig out a Thanksgiving,
 And make a Prayer
 For a thing in the Air,
 That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *Est*,
 As 'tis express'd
 In her late quaint Epistle,
 Did to our Lady
 Bequeath the Baby,
 With Coral, Bells and Whistle.

III.

With this intent, she to her sent
 Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
 That to conceive
 She might have leave;
 And is not this an odd thing?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale
 To the Prince of *Wales*;
 Tho some are of Opinion,
 That when't comes out,
 A double Clout
 Will cover his Dominion.

The Audience.

THE Criticks that pretend to Sense;

Do cavil at the Audience,

As if his Grace were not as good

To bow to, as a piece of Wood.

Did not our Fathers heretofore

Their senseless Deities adore?

Did not Old *Delpbos* all along

Vent Oracles without a Tongue?

And wisest Monarchs did importune

From the dumb God to know their Fortune.

Did not the Speaking-Head, of late,

Of Matters learnedly debate?

And rendred without Tongue or Ears

Wise Answers to his whisp'ring Peers?

And shall we to a living Prince

Deny the State of Audience?

What tho the Bantling cannot speak?

Yet like the Blockhead he may squeak;

Give Audience by Interpreter,

The wisest Prince can do no more.

Then enters with a *Prince's Banner*,

Sir *Charles*, after the usual manner.

Great Sir, *His Holiness from Rome*

Greets your high Birth. The Prince cry'd *Mum*.

The consecrated Pilch and Clout,

If you'll vouchsafe to hear me out,

And many other Toys, I'm come

To lay them at your sacred Bum.

So young, yet such a God-like Ray!

Phœbus, your *Dad*, was Priest *Dad-a*!

Great Prince, I have no more to say.

Con-

Conducted next, there comes, *Great Sir*,
 An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
 To gratulate your lucky Fate,
 That gives to *England's* Throne new date.
 We joy that any thing should reign,
 To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
 The Youth, to see them thus beguill'd,
 In token of his Favour smil'd:
 But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright,
 As sham'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
 Next, having pass'd the inward Centry,
 The doubtful *Monsieur* made his Entry:
The King, my Master; Sir, has sent
Your Royal Birth to complement;
 If you will make it but appear,
 That you are *England's* Lawful Heir.
 Here Lady *Powis* took him short,
Have you a King? Thank Maz'rime for't!
 Fr. Man] *Whoe'er the Father was, the Mother*
Was France's Q. (P—is) Who questions t'other?
 At this Reproof, he pawn'd a Purse,
 And parting made his Peace with Nurse.
 The *Dane*, the *Swede*, with other Nations,
 Come in with loud Congratulations.
 Upon the *Swede*, so fam'd for Battle,
 He cast a Frown, and shook his Rattle.
 And for the *Dane*, who took the part
 Of good Prince *George*, he let a Fart.
 This put him in a fullen fit,
 Nurse scarce could dance him out of it:
 When an Ambassador from *Poland*
 Knock'd at the Door, and Velt from *Holland*;
 He crying suck'd, and sucking cry'd,
 When Lady *Governess* reply'd,
 Peace Prince, peace Prince, peace pretty Prince,
 And let the States have Audience.

Dutch.

Dutch-man.] *From Holland I am bitter sent,
To challenge, not to complement.
Prepare with speed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice four thousand on the Nail;
Whish by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, when your Sire contracted.
The Name of Holland did affright,
And make th' young Hero scream outright.
But Orange nam'd, the Royal Elf,
The sweet, sweet Babe, besmit himself.
Tyrconnel, who came o'er no less
Than to be made his Governess,
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She suck'd his Nose, and lick'd him clean.
Last came the Lady H—— from Play,
Mov'd by Instinct, he cry'd, *Mamma,*
And posted to the Queen away.*

An Epistle to Mr. Dryden.

Dryden, thy Wit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *Lero, Lero*, is the only Song.
What Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
Stuff and set off our goodly Farce of State?
Not *Albevil* can turn a deep Intrigue,
Till first well warm'd with Bishop *Talgol's* Jig.
W——m cannot sleep, or if a Nap he takes,
His Dream some old *Tresilian* Ballad breaks.
But was e'er seen the like in Prose or Metre,
To this mad Play, or work of Father *Petre*?
At Court no longer *Punchionello* takes,
Each Scene, Part, Cue, mishapen to the *Mac's*.

Such

Such Plot, and the Catastrophe is such,
 We must be either *Irish* all, or *Dutch*.
 Our very Judges in *Westminster-hall*,
 Like their old Roof, were *Irish* Timber all.
 And (bless us!) *Irish* Wolves are brought to keep
 The Nation, grown now all such silly Sheep;
 Such errand Asses, errand Cattel made,
 Or to be yok'd, or saddl'd, fleec'd, or flea'd.
 O Martyr's Son! thy Destiny is shown;
 Such Props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
 So *Juno*, in her Impotence of Rage,
 By Heav'n deny'd, did Hell's black Pow'rs engage;
 Yet sped the Hero: *Jove* and Fate were strong;
 Religious Care! He took his Gods along.
 But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
 And shakes afar the *French* and *British* Shores:
 One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies;
 Lord! what they tell us of some Prince from *Prize*:
 Arms, and the Man they sing, no *French* Finess,
 But hearty Blows, and *Brandenburg* Address.
 Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes agen;
 We rise, and walk, all true erected Men.
 The force of those *Circean* Cups subdu'd,
 And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
 The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
 And grubs the base Pretenders to his Stock.
 But Oh! what Spirit of Deceit from far,
 Possess'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar!
 What Bane, what Mischief on poor Mortals shed
 By Vermin, from the Law's Corruption bred!
 Tho to their *Irish* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
 Below, what Strife and endless Toils they weave!
 Wanting brave strength to strangle Men to death,
 What Frauds they hide! what Venom underneath!
 And when some shorter course to Murder's shown,
 Cry, O that (luscious) Point! they gain'd the Crown.

Sons

Sons of the Pulpit the same Measures keep,
 And of that same stumm'd Cup have drunk as deep :
 Agog for some odd Transubstantiate Thing,
 Chimera Reign, or Metaphysick King :
 Sublim'd to School-Divinity Extremes,
 Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
 So high from solid honest Wisdom blown,
 They'd have some *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne :
 Not Law-ordain'd, but by some God appointed ;
 Not Lay-elected, but by Priest anointed.
 Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Priestcraft Prince ;
 Give us a King *Divine*, by Law and Sense.

Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons are sport,
 Their Cause is carry'd to the last Effort.
 Princes in more compendious Method teach,
 Force is their way ; let old Apostles preach.
 What's stablish'd Law, where standing Armies come,
 Or who'll talk Gospel to a Kettle-Drum ?

When God would hear, where Giants did oppress,
 The several Nations had their *Hercules*.

So were the Horns of grizly Violence broke ;
 So People freed from triple *Geryon's* Yoke.
 The various Snake in *Lerna-Lough* that bred,
 That loh'd and hiss'd to death, at every Head ;
 The mean Lion, *Erimanthian* Boar,

Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar :
 All by his God-like Prowess done away,
 Their lawless Rule, and that Gigantick Sway.

In vain whilst this high Vertue Nations sought,
 The *Nassau-House* were never yet without :
 Nor is confin'd to Provinces their Care,
 Their gen'rous Labour neighb'ring Kingdoms share.
 Were the fould Herd flee from his lifted Hand,
 That long had made a Stable of the Land :
 The Monster of the Lough, new *Lerna* Plague,
 (But scarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teague* :

D d

The

The rav'nous Kind, the Harpies sharp for Prey,
 With Birds obscene, and uncouth to the Day:
 No Den, no Ditch, no rousting for them more,
 Now, now is come our *Hercules* ashore:
 Vile *Fraud* dispel'd, and superstitious Mists;
 He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Priests.
 Then warmer *Wallop*, in due Scarlet shown,
 To Coffee-Dick bequeaths his rusty Gown.
 O *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
 How would his Club, and *Atlas*-Shoulders shine!
 How wouldst thou all the Maids of Honour fright,
 With naughty Tale, of Fifty in a Night!
 Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
 No Miracle to forty thousand Men.
 When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
 Why then the Marvel that a Poet sings.

The D R E A M.

WEary'd with Bus'ness, and with Cares oppress,
 My Faculties were doz'd, and fond of Rest;
 An unusual Heaviness did on me creep,
 My Soul indulg'd it, yet I could not sleep:
 Dreams short and frightful vex'd me all the night,
 I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light.
 The first such Wonders brought within my view,
 And when I wak'd I almost thought them true:
 Methought I saw great *Julius* sadly lie,
 Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by;
 Th' ungrateful *Brutus* whom he doted on,
 With meagre *Cassius* pleas'd with what he'd done,
 Crying, *The World and Brutus are my own.*

I nearer

I nearer drew, to view the ghastly Trunk,
 But Oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæsar* was sunk;
 'Twas *Charles* the Second who lay mangled there,
 The sacrificing Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *Tork* and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, grasp'd his Brother by the hand,
 I heard him sighing say, Within my Land
 A faithful pious Mother thou'lt command,
 Who in the utmost of Extremity,
 When all but her, and much upbraided I,
 Would from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
 Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
 And in thy Banishment maintain thy Cause;
 Passive Obedience thou hast much in store,
 But do not urge it to thy utmost pow'r.
James to preserve her most devoutly swore;
Charles dy'd, and *James* discharg'd his Oath next hour.
 I saw the Priests flock in, the Bishops out,
 I saw *Petre* cram the Wafer down his Throat;
 Tho dead, it sav'd the Heretick, no doubt.
 I saw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
 A wretched Train, and a more wretched Sight!
 To me it seem'd a Funeral in disguise,
 Or fear his Creditors should his Body seize:
 I saw him shewn for Two-pence in a Chest,
 Like *Monk*, old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the rest;
 And if the Figure answer'd its intent,
 In ten Years time 'twould buy a Monument.
 My Fancy brought me back again to Court,
 Where only Fools advise, and Knaves retort,
 Our Kingdom's Curse, and other Nations Sport.
 I heard the Jesuits in a grand Cabal,
 Resolve to root out Heresy, or fall.
 Each his particular Opinion gave;
 They cry'd, An opportunity we have
 To fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.

Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
 How to suppress it by a forward Fool;
 A bawling blundering senseless Tool:
 Whose Mouthing at *White-Chappel* first began,
 Who regularly to his Greatness ran
 Thro all the vile degrees of Treachery,
 And now usurps the Court of Equity.
 He said, If you would bring the Clergy down,
 Erect a Court-Commission from the Crown,
 And for Dispensing Law let me alone.
 They hug'd their Bubble, and the Deed was done.
Petre grew fat, and with *Mandamus*'s
 Canker'd the Worthy *Universities*.
 The Seats of Learning *Blockheads* might command,
 Yet the King's Promise to the Church doth stand.
 Next, *Liberty of Conscience* was ordain'd;
 The *Bishops* for Contempt were then arraign'd;
 The Nobles and the Commons closetted,
 The *Penal Laws* must be abolished:
 If you refuse, your Principles are base,
 Disloyal, and you lose our Royal Grace,
 And each that has Dependences his Place.
Rochester fell, the Loyal *Herbert* starv'd;
 Each that forsook his God, his Monarch serv'd:
Somerset lost his Troops, and *Shrewsbury*,
Oxford was strip'd: So *Scarsdal*, and *Lumley*;
 And many more too tedious to relate,
 By whom in Safety, *James*, thou now dost sit.
 When thou perceiv'dst no Comfort from this Wild,
 Thy Dame immediately was quick with Child;
 The Princess at the Bath when it was born,
 The Bishops in the Tower, yet had he sworn
 The Church of England never should be wrong'd:
 Upon this News the Hot-brain'd Papists throng'd.
 I wak'd, and as I on my Dream reflected,
 My reasonable Notions thus projected:

O King,

O King, I cry'd, thy Measures run too fast,
 And thou wilt find the Curse of it at last :
 Why dost thou wrong thy Country, shame thy Life,
 To please false Priests, and an ungrateful Wife ;
 A Wife, whose Character has always been
 A fawning Dutches, and a saucy Queen ?
 How canst thou suffer *Petre's* Insolence,
 Who only makes a Harvest of his Prince ;
 A Slave, to rule three Kingdoms, govern thee,
 Yet ne'er was Master of a Family ?
 This Serpent envying thy Happiness,
 Has crept into thy *Eve*, whose Wilfulness
 Has certainly betray'd thy Paradise.
 Discerning *Hallifax* thy Fall foresaw,
 And early did his slighted Faith withdraw :
 He needs no pardon for th' Advice he gave,
 Which shows him honestest than some that have.
 Under the Rose Men use their Mind to tell,
 But now *Myne-Heer*, 'tis under the Broad-Seal.
 O *Nassau* ! with thy promis'd Succours come,
 And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome* :
 Thy Wife shall young *Ottavia's* Place supply,
 And those that have betray'd our Country fly ;
 Unless the King, to prove the Prince his own,
 Shall to the Lion's Den present his Son ;
 And if the Royal Brute do not destroy
 The Infant, *By Christ it is his own Joy.*

Over the Lord Dover's Door, 1686.

U Nhappier Age who're saw,
 When Truth doth go for Treason ;
 Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
 And Coxcomb's Sense for Reason ?

Religion's made a Bawd of State,
 To serve the Pimps and Panders;
 Our Liberty a Prison-Gate,
 And Irish-men Commanders.

O wretched is our Fate!
 What dangers do we run!
 We must be wicked to be Great,
 And to be Just, undone.

'Tis thus our Sov'reign keeps his Word,
 And makes the Nation great;
 To Irish-men he trusts the Sword,
 To Jesuits the State.

Over the Lord Salisbury's Door, 1686.

IF Ceell the Wise
 From his Grave should arise,
 And look the fat B——t in the face;
 He'd take him from Mass,
 And turn him to Grass,
 And swear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking Head.

I'M come my future Fate to seek,
 Speak then, Celestial Blockhead, speak.

Answer.

Hadst thou not consulted with the Witch at Rome,
 Thou needst not thus, like Saul, to Endor come,
 To seek out (Brother Solid-head) thy Doom.

The Hearts of all thy Friends are lost and gone;
Gazing they stand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And scarce believe thou art the Martyr's Son,

Those whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace,
They to their Interest sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in sorrow make thee end thy days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On Force or Fraud; why shouldst thou, Monarch, why
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented die?

*Essay written over his Door, upon an Institution
and Induction.*

I.

'TIS a strange thing to think on,
That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
Who writ for the Reformation,
Should so basely submit,
Without Honour or VVit,
To the Reading the Declaration.

II.

Whoever takes Order
From this *Satan* Recorder,
And thinks to go out a Divine;
Will find it a folly,
To expect the Ghost Holy,
'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine.

*The Fable of the Pot and Kettle, as it was
told by Colonel Titus the Night before he
kiss'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Brass Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, sinking and distress'd
By its own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppress'd,
Silily bespoke the lighter Vessel's Aid,
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly said:
Come, Brother, why should we divided lose
The Strength of Union, and our selves expose
To the Insults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with united Forces we can stem?
Tho different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this new Friendship understood,
And made this Answer: Tho I wish for Ease
And Safety, this Alliance does not please;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Constitution is too rough for me:
If by the Waves I against you am tost,
Or you to me, I equally am lost;
And fear more Mischief from your hardned side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide.
I calmer Days, and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and serve your end,
To perish by the Rigor of my Friend.

The

The Moral.

Learn hence (ye Whigs) and act no more like Fools,
Nor trust their Friendship who would make you Tools:
While empty Praises and smooth Flatt'ries serve,
Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd Smiles de-
serve:

But let not the Alliance farther pass;
For know that you are Clay, and they are Brass.

Epitaph on Harry Care,

A True Dissenter here does lie indeed,
He ne'er with any or himself agreed;
But rather than want Subjects to his Spite,
Would Snake-like turn, and his own Tail would bite.
Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faster side;
But when he came by Suff'ring to be try'd,
The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride.
Thence, Settle-like, he to recanting fell.
Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well.
Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by Evil,
He fac'd to Rome, and march'd off to the Devil.

*A Lenten PROLOGUE refus'd by
the Players, 1682.*

OUR Prologue-Wit grows flat, the Nap's worn off;
And howsoe'er we turn, and trim the Stuff,
The Gloss is gone, that look'd at first so gaudy;
'Tis now no Jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy,
But Plots and Parties give new matter birth,
And State-Distractions serve you here for mirth.
At *England's* cost Poets now purchase Fame,
While factious Heats destroy us without shame,
These wanton *Nero's* fiddle to the Flame.
The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become
The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum:
Here Poets beat their brains for Volunteers,
And take fast hold of Asses by their Ears:
Their gingling Rhime for Reason here you swallow;
Like *Orpheus* Musick which makes Beasts to follow.
What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread?
How can it change a *Libeller's Heart*, and clear a
Laureat's Head!

Open his Eyes till the mad Prophet see *Medal,*
Plots working in a future Power to be. P. 41.

Traitors unform'd to's *Second Sight* are clear;
And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear;
Rebellion is the Burden of the Seer.

To *Bays* in Vision were of late reveal'd
Whig Armies, that at *Knightsbridg* lay conceal'd:
And tho no mortal Eye could see't before, *Reb. Com.*
The Battel was just entring at the door! P. 31.

A dangerous *Association*—sign'd by none! *Reb. Com.*
The Joiner's Plot to seize the King alone! p. 52.

Stephen with *Colledge* made his dire Compact;
The watchful *Irish* took 'em in the Fact——
Of riding arm'd: O Traitorous Overt-Act!

With

With each of 'em an antient Pistol sided,
Against the Statute in that case provided.
But why was such a Host of Swearers prest?
Their Succour was ill Husbandry at best.
Bays's crown'd Muse by sov'reign Right of Satyr,
Without Desert can dub a Man a Traitor;
And Tories, without troubling Law or Reason,
By loyal Instinct can find Plots and Treason.
But here's our Comfort; tho they never scan
The Merits of the Cause, but of the Man,
Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake
Law—that is made by Judges whom they make.
Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease
They turn those pliant Puppets as they please;
With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
Such shall be sure to meet—but when there's need;
When a sick State, and sinking Church call for 'em,
Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em:
Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of Defence,
Grateful to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,
If it dare speak th' untamper'd Nation's Sense.
Nay, Paper's Tumult, when our Senate's cease,
And some Mens Names alone can break the Peace;
Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet,
As chusing honest Sheriffs makes a Riot.
To punish Rascals, and bring *France* to Reason,
Is to be hot, and press things out of season;
And to damn Popery, is *Irish* Treason.
To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
Is a Fanatick Plot against the State:
To skreen his Person from a Popish Gun,
Has all the Mischief in't of *Forty One*.
To save our Faith, and keep our Freedom's Charter,
Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
This Logick is of Tories deep inditing,
The very best they have—but Oaths and Fighting.

Let

Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,
 And *Roger* vapour o'er us in *Effigy*.
 Let 'em in *Ballads* give their *Folly* vent;
 And sing up *Nonsense* to their *Hearts* content.
 If for the *King* (as *All's* pretended) they
 Do here drink *Healths*, and curse, sure we may pray;
 Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*,
 Safe from old *Foes*—but most from his new *Friends*!
 Such *Protestants* as prop a *Popish* Cause,
 And *Loyal Men*, that break all *Bounds* of *Laws*!
 Whose *Pride* is with his *Servants* *Salaries* fed,
 And when they've scarce left him a *Crust* of *Bread*,
 Their corrupt *Fathers* foreign *Steps* to follow,
 Cheat ev'n of *Scraps*, and that last *Sop* would swallow.
French *Fetters* may this *Isle* no more endure;
 Spite of *Rome's* *Art* stand *England's* *Church* secure,
 Not from such *Brothers* as desire to mend it,
 But false *Sons*, who designing worse to rend it,
 With leud *Lives* and no *Fortunes* would defend it.

On Easter-day 87. this was found fix'd on
 the *King's* *Chappel-Door*.

WHEN God Almighty had his *Palace* fram'd,
 That glorious shining *Place* he *Heaven* nam'd;
 And when the first *Rebellious* *Angels* fell,
 He doom'd them to a certain *Place*, call'd *Hell*.
 Here's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd by *Sacred* *Story*,
 But yet I ne'er could read of *Purgatory*;
 That cleansing-place which of late *Years* is found,
 For sinning *Souls* to flux in till they're found:
 The *Priest* form'd that for the good *Roman* *Race*,
 Our *Maker* never thought of such a *Place*.

Oh

Oh *Rome* ! we'll own thee for a learn'd wise Nation,
To add a Place wanting in God's Creation.

*Upon K. James's Pistolling a Mastiff Dog at
Banbury, in his last Progress.*

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to please us,
Of mighty *Perseus*, *Hercules*, and *Theseus* ;
And several other gallant Heroes too,
Who ev'ry one their several Monsters slew.
The *Minotaur* did *Theseus* bravely slaughter,
And then as bravely sw—d the King's own Daughter.
Nemean Lion bold *Hercules* did choak,
And of his Skin made him a lasting Cloak.
The far-fam'd *Perseus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
And all t'enjoy *Andromeda's* brown Tail.
Historians all the Great *St. George* admire,
For murd'ring horrid Dragon that spit Fire.
But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
One of these Heroes slew the Dog of Hell.
Renown'd Attempts (you'l all confess) if true !
But our great J—; did more than this (*Morbleu* :)
He who before, t'immortalize his Name,
Lost dreaded *England* all her Naval Fame ;
He who return'd from *Belgick* Lion's Roar,
When *Sandwich* sunk in sight of *Southwold* Shore :
He who two Summers but of late sat down
With all his Forces before *Hounslow* Town,
And nothing else but bare Dishonour won :
He, when he saw his Loving Friend assail'd
By furious Mastiff-Cur, Ear-ship'd, bob-tail'd,
Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woo's* fierce,
Ready to seize the Lord-Lieutenant's Horse :

'Tis

'Tis ^{time} ~~time~~, quoth he, to shew that wondrous Might,
 Which I have long conceal'd from human Sight.
 With furious Tone pursuing then his Speech,
Fanatick Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,
 (He cry'd) *for know thou art but bluntly pointed,*
Tho sharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lord's Anointed.
 To which the Dog, who never Scripture read,
 And scorn'd to call an earthly Monarch, Dread :
I am no Dog (quoth he) to fawn and flatter,
But I address according to my Nature :
However, know I am a Dog of Sense,
That's more than may be said of many a Prince.
 With this the mighty J — a Pistol drew,
 Discharg'd, and shot the Mastiff thro and thro.
 Some say that *Vulcan*-like he riv'd his Brain,
 No matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane ;
 By Royal Hand for saucy Language slain,
 And both got honour, Dog and Sovereign :
 The Sov'reign had the honour Dog to kill ;
 The Mastiff, that a Prince his Gore did spill.
 Now then, come down from Heav'n (ye Cur) come
 down,
 Thou whom the sultry Summers so renown !
 Resign that place of thine, more justly due
 To this same Dog, whom God's Vicegerent slew :
 Surely a Dog so dignify'd in Story,
 Is th' only Dog with Constellation's Glory.
 And you, who in your Signs *St. George* advance,
 Trampling o'er Dragon's Jaws, pierc'd thro with
 Lance ;
 Alter your Painting, and set up in place
 The bravest Hero of the *Scotish* Race,
 Discharging Thunder from his gaudy Saddle,
 And Mastiff prostrate in a goary Puddle :
 So shall you Truth advance o'er fabulous Toys,
 And Dog and Monarch both immortalize.

The Metamorphosis.

HAD the late fam'd Lord *Rochester* surviv'd,
 We'ad been inform'd who all our Plots contriv'd;
 Authors and Actors we had long since seen,
 In sharpest Satyrs they'ad recorded been,
 Tho Captain, Doctor, Lord, Duke, K—g or Q—n:
 His bold and daring Muse had soar'd on high,
 And brought down true Intelligence from the Sky.
 He oft the Court has of its Vices told,
 While Priests pretend they dare not be so bold;
 Tho they're Heaven's Messengers, its Livery wear,
 Receive its bounteous Salary, yet they dare
 Neglect their Duty, or for Gain or Fear,
 Connive at what's directly opposite,
 And e'er they'l give offence, each turn a Profelyte:
 Witness the dismal Change that now is come,
 Long since expected by the Church of *Rome*.
 The Calves of *Dan* and *Bethel* bleat aloud,
 And *Jeroboam* worships in the Croud;
 Our upstart Statesmen turn with every Wind
 That blows from *Rome*, to Sense and Truth are blind.
 But yet, tho ten of our twelve Tribes should fall,
 And worship *Dagon*, *Ashtaroath*, and *Baal*;
 A Remnant will remain, who firm will stand
 To God, Religion, and their native Land;
 Who will not bow themselves to th' *Romish* Yoke,
 Tho they share *Sydney's* or brave *Russel's* Stroke.
 Nor can this *Egypt's* Darkness long remain,
 A Star of *Jesse* will once shine out again;
Scotch Vermin, *Irish* Frogs, *French* Locusts, all
 That swarm both at *St. James's* and *Whitehall*;
 Tho now advanc'd to all Trust, all Command,
 All Offices enjoy by Sea and Land,

Shall

Shall, when this Sun doth set, no more appear
 Within the Confines of our Hemisphere.
 A Princely Branch remains will on us smile,
 And spread its goodly Boughs quite o'er the Isle;
 Confirm our staggering Hopes, remove our Fears,
 And turn to Balm of *Gilead* all our Tears:
 The Church and State shall nourish as before,
 Just Judges to the needful Bench restore;
 And thorowly purge the Judgment-Seat from those
 Who make the Laws themselves, the Laws oppose.
 For such there are, and in the highest Place,
 Who their Profession do so much disgrace;
 That many fear their Grievance to unfold,
 Where Law and Conscience both are bought and sold.
 Our Pulpits too shall be adorn'd with those
 Who turn not with each Blast of Wind that blows;
 Who dare teach Truth, and dare that Truth main-
 tain,
 Not mov'd by Threatnings, Frowns, Favour, or
 Gain;
 That dare declare against the Sins o'th' Nation,
 While others of that Tribe embrace the Fashion.
 Nor henceforth shall those Black-coat Vipers come,
 Who here are daily disemboгу'd from *Rome*;
 Where Sins of all kinds, and of all degrees,
 (The Church-Revenues, and the Office-Fees
 Being discharg'd) religiously are done,
 Tho't be to murder Father, Brother, Son;
 Ravish a Sister, with a Daughter do
 What Nature has a just Abhorrence to:
 For which, if Purgatory or Hell you'l shun,
 Fee the Priests largely, and your Work is done:
 They're Delegates to him that keeps the Keys,
 And can't admit one Soul without the Fees;
 For he, as God, in Heav'n and Earth has Pow'r
 To crown, and to uncrown in the same Hour;

Unmake and make, create and uncreate,
To Torments after Death can give a Date;
From him proceeds inevitable Fate.
These Imps do now in Crowds each other follow,
And hope e'er long Churches and Bells to hallow;
To teach you how to worship to the *East*,
Prescribe us Fasts, while they themselves do feast;
Whole Loads of Relicks they have got together,
Ay, and St. *Peter's* Shadows gliding hither;
In th' Abby shortly will be kept a Fair,
Where you may buy such consecrated Ware,
As *England* has not seen this hundred Year.
For 'tis not *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Spain*,
That can the thousandth Part of Saints contain;
For Saints, by Canonizing, do become,
By an infallible Deception made at *Rome*,
Not only Omnipresent, but beside,
One into twenty thousand they divide:
The like with other Relicks they can do,
Joseph's old Coat, the Virgin *Mary's* Shoe;
St. *Peter's* Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear;
The Hoofs o' th' silly Ass which Christ did bear;
The right Eye of *John Baptist*, and the Apostle
St. *Thomas's* Shoulder Blade-bone, with the Gristle;
The Virgin *Mary's* Milk sold by the Quart;
Nay, th' Blood and Water, which from *Jesus* Heart
Was by a Soldier let out with a Spear,
By Miracle kept 'bove sixteen hundred Year:
Besides all this, more Nails to shew there be,
That fix'd our Saviour *Christ* unto the Tree,
Than twenty Smiths in a whole Day can make;
Yet all these for the same the Church does take.
Bless me, thought I, good Heaven! What does
this mean?
Such Trumpery by me shall ne'er be seen;

No, nor the Monsters, that were nam'd before;
 Altho a Trumpet stood before the Door,
 And, after dismal sound on *Ludgate-Hill*,
 Where Porcupine of you did cast his Quill;
 Where Crocodile, Rhinoceros, and Baboon,
 With other Prodigies are daily shown;
 Invite me in, I wou'd not stir, I swear,
 To see those more Prodigious——there.

Cæsar's Ghost.

'T WAS still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
 Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere;
 But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
 As if old *Chaos* were again return'd;
 When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
 Shot thro the solid Darkness of the Night:
 In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
 And all the Winds were bury'd in the deep;
 No whispering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
 Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below;
 No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purl'd;
 But all conspir'd to hush the drowsy World.

When on my Couch in thoughtless Slumbers wrap'd,
 I lay repos'd;——My very Soul too slept
 In peaceful Dulness, silent and serene,
 Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.
 Methought I saw a dark and dismal Vault,
 Whose Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
 And seem'd by some Infernal Magick wrought:
 So vast and so perplexing intricate,
 As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate;

And yet of Kings the great Repositer,
 And only Royal Dust lies mouldring here.
 Amongst these Monuments of Sacred Fame,
 Great *Cesar* stood; *Cesar*, whose deathless Name,
 When Shrines decay, triumphant shall remain,
 While Sense, good Nature, Wit, and Love shall reign.
 While I with awful Fear and Trembling, paid
 Humble Oblations to the Mighty Dead,
 Methought the sweating Marble did uncloze,
 And from Death's Mansion the dead Monarch rose:
 His Eyes o'er all scatter'd a sullen Light,
 Such as divides the breaking Day from Night;
 By whose faint Rays the Object I discern'd
 All pale ——— with ghastly Majesty adorn'd.
 His stiffen'd Loins a purple Mantle bore,
 His Brows a Wreath of wither'd Laurels wore,
 Such as had flourish'd there in Life before.

Now forth he stalks, silent as Shadows glide,
 Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divide;
 As quick as Thought the faithless Town he past,
 And tow'rd's the Camp of wondrous Fame does hast;
 While Midnight Fogs surround his awful Head,
 And down his Locks their baneful Poison shed.
 The wand'ring airy *Demons* at the View,
 And all the *Ignis Fatuus*'s withdrew;
Hecate let fall her charm-preparing Weeds, (treads,
 Wond'ring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface
 Which more than that which she invokes, she dreads.
 She flies all frighted with erected Hair,
 And scarce her Broomstaff bears her thro the Air;
 From his dread Presence every Evil ran,
 Except that more exalted Evil, Man:
 Not the first Race of less corrupted Fiends,
 Till taught by Man, knew half their new-coin'd Sins.
 Thrice with Majestick pace he walks the round,
 Surveying the Pavilions utmost bound,
 And useless Grandeur every where he found.

Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pbarsalian* Field,
Did not more Signs of Glorious Action yield;
But this was all for Show, not Terror made,
'Twas *Hounslow* Farce, a Siege in Masquerade.

More near he views it yet, and found within
All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin;
Alsatia's Sink into this Common-Shore
Did all its vile and nasty Nuisance pour;
Fat Sharpers, broken Cuckolds, Gamesters, Cheats;
What *Newgate* disembogues, find here retreats;
The Groom and Footman from their Liv'ry strip'd,
With Scarf, gay Feather, and Command equip'd.
Promotion gives to Sauciness Pretence,
And Greatness is mistook for Insolence;
And to evince their Valour every Hour,
Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r;
Yet to the Country Ladies these appear
So novel, witty, *Beau en Cavalier*,
That scarce a tender Heart is left behind,
Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find!
The Phantom to that Quarter first resorts,
Where the Illustrious Gen'als keep their Courts.

I.

Great *Fever* — the foremost of the Crew,
Whose Uncle *Turene* well cou'd fight we know.
He who so often does repeat the Jest,
How he subdu'd the Monarch of the *West*,
(Or wou'd have done had he not been undress'd.)
This rough stern Hero of the *British* War
To neighbouring Tents is always born in Chair,
For fear of Incommodement from the Air.

II.

It wonders what did *Chur* — I recommend,
Who never did to Deeds of Arms pretend:
Love, all his active Youth, his Bus'ness was,
Love that best suits his handsom Shape and Face.

But Armies are like Verse, whose doggrel Lines
Are here for Sense, and there for jingling Rhimes.

(Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
And learns to be more charming Company,
Where the ill-manner'd God has nought to do :)
Some few for fighting are, but most for Show ;
Where rich embroider'd Cloaks *a la Campagne*
So often shine, unless it chance to rain.
Then Lord how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling !
Undone, 'tis spoil'd, e'er shown before the King ;
In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they're basking laid,
As fine young Birds on *Persian* Carpets tread,
That o'er the spacious Floor in wanton Pride are
spread.

Like feasting Gods luxurious, and, they say,
As arrant Fornicators too as they.
None come amiss when Lust their Fancies lead, !
Alcmena, nor the sweet-fac'd *Ganymede* ;
And, like those Gods, they all are giv'n to love,
But none we hear e'er thunder'd but old *Jove*.

III.

Here one the Hero acts in *Lovit's* Arms,
And calls his Passions out in warlike Terms,
Tells of soft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms ;
How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
And how at the first Onset he gave ground :
He who ne'er yet did to a Conqueror bow,
Yet kisses and adores his Fetters now :
While all the Batteries ever he assay'd,
Have been against some Female fortless Maid.
But *Love-it*, who has less of Love than Pride,
Being with gilt Coach and Country-house supply'd,
Makes that atone for all Defects beside.

IV.

There lay a Youth of all his Wits bereft,
Who this Campaign was by his Mistress left ;

A nauseous Strumpet, insolent and loud,
 False and destructive, basely born, and proud.
 Oh bubbld Fool, thou that hadst seen the Fate
 Of Cully B--*she's* quickly spent Estate;
 Collier undone, and forty Rake-hells more
 For an old common o'er-grown flabby Whore,
 Whose Bastard-Son may vie with thee for Age,
 A Trader twenty Years upon the Stage:
 What from th' expensive Folly couldst thou see
 But shameful Ruin, laugh'd-at Infamy?
 Thy Eyes I know were open'd long before,
 But still the Jilt betray'd thee to the Whore;
 Debas'd thy noble Spirits to her Rule,
 And turn'd thy once fair Fame to Ridicule;
 Debauch'd thy Sense with Conversation base,
 Whores, Eating-Pimps, Play'rs, a numerous Race:
 While thou the treating Cully art despis'd,
 And Cuckold by the Slaves thou gormandiz'd.
 Return, thou Prodigal, from Husks and Swine,
 The Ruin of the first was cause of thine:
 They say thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
 And we'll believe thou canst be braver yet:
 Thou'st yet a nobler Race of Life to run,
 Leave *Her* — *d* to her now to be undone:
 But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade;
 Love cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangieren* he beheld,
 More maul'd by Love than e'er he was in Field;
 Yet wondrous amorous still, and wondrous gay,
 Old *January* dizen'd up in *May*:
 His Zeals as Trophies of his Victory Graces,
 But all adorn'd with many Looking-Glasses, } *Col.*
 In which he practises *Bon Mein* and Faces; } *Sac-l.*
 How well to manage *Ogling*, and what Air
 He shou'd maintain, when Cock, when frisk his Hair;
 What

What Affectation best wou'd Youth express,
 And least the Ruins of his Age confess;
 Half-chok'd with monstrous Crevat-string, disputes
 What Colour best to his Complexion suits;
 And all in middle Gallery to pore,
 And claim, which is his Joy, some low-priz'd Whore.
 Vain self-admiring Fop, tho every day
 Thou dost thy antiquated Form survey!
 But to be well deceiv'd, cease playing the Ass
 Six Hours each Morn before a Looking-Glass,
 And trust the wiser Valet with thy Dress:
 For whilst thou dost not thy ag'd Face behold,
 Thy Dress may flatter thee thou art not old.

VI.

Chett— that Scoundrel, he whom Nature made
 An arrant Fool, altho a Rogue by Trade,
 Which he industriously improv'd so well,
 He does in nicest Villany excel,
 And from the Trumpet rais'd the Colonel;
 Yet lives a double Scandal in his Race,
 His Morals are as odious as his Face:
 Tho Knave and Coward in his Front be writ,
 He has one Vertue recommends him yet;
 A Passive Valour that can kicking bear,
 A Caution that secur'd him in his Fear
 Behind the Cannon in the *Western* War.
 And farther to this Honour has pretence,
 Can cheat his Men with matchless Impudence:
 But that's the gen'ral Cry, while no bold Tongue
 Is found to tell *Augustus* of their Wrong.

VII.

Next a *Gabresious Allonier*, who sat
 Like *Bacchus* on his Tun in Drunken-State,
 With all his mellow Gang encompass'd round,
 In high Debauch of Wine and Bawdry drown'd.

VIII.

That Monster *G* — *dy* of prodigious size,
 A Body fitted to his beastly Vice;
 A Face to all more formidable far
 Than *Gorgon's* Head, or to that Coward *War*;
 In Youth mean Cheats and rooking with his Trade,
 Now (starving) got Command—for Drink—not
 Bread.

IX.

V — our new *Troy's* Hector, and its Hope,
 Prefer'd from Tail of Coach to Head of Troop;
 'Twas no true Valour got him first a Name,
 But some *Welsh* Fury did his Blood inflame,
 And sure he never fought when he was ta'en.
 No Brutal Coward Tyrant *Algerine*
 E'er treated Slaves so ill as his have been;
 As if to him Authority were new,
 It is but damn the Rascal, and a Blow.
 For they so oft false Musters do observe,
 Rather than follow him the Rogues will starve;
 And wou'd, if e'er indeed there came a War,
 Be justly shot like wry-neck'd *Chevalier*,
 By some of his own Soldiers in the Rear.
 But *V* — — *n's* not alone, more of his Stamp,
 That better merit *Tyburn*, rule the Camp.

X.

Among this Crew *M* — — — *ll* that Fornicator,
 Incamp'd with Grandam *Doxey* and her Daughter;
 The good old Soul he loves because she's handy,
 Can joke and smoak, and hold him tack with Brandy;
 Full threescore Years in wise Experience bred,
 Prefer'd from drawing Ale to *M* — — *ll's* Bed.
 She's old enough to witch, and by her Art
 Has struck some crooked Pin quite thro his Heart;
 Or has some damn'd Infirmary unseen,
 That makes him dote on such a rival'd Queen.

XI.

Among this Drunken-Club was Beau Sir Tom,
Dub'd for his Brother's Merits not his own ;
From drudging City-Prig advanc'd to be
Right Worshipful, in Place of High-Degree,
But knew not how to manage Quality ;
And thought the nearest way was to be leud,
While all Degrees the Debauchee pursu'd :
But like true Cit did always over-do,
As well in Leudness as in Fashions too ;
Drinking's his leading Vice, his darling Sin,
That pumps his duller Inclination in ;
Then loud as Storms, encourag'd for all Evil,
Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.

By chance the Poet *Elkanah* was there
To make them sport, for 'twas not yet the Fair ;
With many more too scandalous to name,
Whose Talents are to Swear, Whore, Drink and Game.
At a large Table they were seated round,
With Bottles, Snuff, foul Pipes and Glasses crown'd,
Boxes and Dice — but whether false or true,
I leave it to the Fools that Night shall rue ;
For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
That came to see the Show, look'd to by Bully ;
Where bubbled of their Coin, they healed are
Ala Campagne, — that is, with Cheat entire :
Damme, cries *Grab*, each *Prig* his *Bustock* bring,
And let us forthwith fall to managing ;
When I am boozing, clear old Dudgeon's *Drolish*,
Then let my *Natural* be a *Jump*, a *Polish*,
I sink her down — Then makes some nasty Jest,
And crowns it with a *Bumper* to the Best ;
(And calls for *Link-boy*, swears his *Pego's* nice,
And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
Then to the height of Leudness they retire,
And *Venus* must extinguish *Bacchus* Fire.

Thus

Thus 'tis when Men forsake an honest Trade ;
 How much the better Pedant thou hadst made,
 Or (bilking sharp) hadst bully'd up and down,
 And scar'd the trembling Mortals of the Town ?
 This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere ;
 Yet still this Part of thee remains while here,
 That thou canst cheat, oppress, and domineer.
 Tho thus much by thy Foes must be confess'd,
 Of all thy roaring Tribe thou art the best.

The rest such Cowards, Sots, such harden'd Rogues,
 Blasphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines, and Dogs,
 Have newer Sins than were to Sodom known ;
 And if just Heav'n shou'd send its Vengeance down,
 There's not one Lot to save a sinking Town.

But numberless and endless 'twere to tell
 All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.
 All which the Phantom does in haste survey,
 He scents the Morning-Air and must away,
 And on the Eastern Hill he views the breaking Day.
 Yet e'er he goes with a Remorse extreme,
 Looks back and sighs o'er his Jerusalem ;
 Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
 In whispering our pronounc'd thrice----Wo, wo, wo ;
 And then methought I heard a hollow Sound,
 Like Ecchoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound ;
 And thus it spake—*Full five and twenty Years*
I reign'd, without the Noise or Toil of Wars,
Bore all th' Indignitys of Faction's Power,
And saw my Life in danger every Hour ;
Yet rather had resign'd it up in Peace,
Than ow'd my Safety to such Brutes as these,
At best a Scare-crow Rebels to affright,
Put them to Action, and scarce one will fight.

Ah, Great Augustus ! thou deserv'd an Host
 Of Heroes, such as ancient Rome produc'd ;

When each Commander shou'd like Scipio be,
 Or rather like the yet more God-like Thee,
 Brave, temperate, prudent to the last degree.
 The common Rout all Sceva's in the Field,
 Who bore a thousand Arrows in his Shield.

At least they shou'd have Souls to be inspir'd,
 And by the great Example to be fir'd;

Thy Constancy and Valour imitate,
 And raise at once thy Glory and the State.

This said, and parting with a pitying Look,
 Tow'rd his Eternal Hope his way he took,
 And blest his Fate he cou'd again return
 To the blest Confines of his peaceful Urn.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau to W. K.
 1687.

Believe me, *Will*, that those who have least Sense,
 Think they to Wisdom have the sole Pretence;
 And that those Wretches who in *Bedlam* are,
 Deserve it less than those who put them there.

The haughty Pedant, swoln with frothy Name
 Of Learned Man, big with his Classick Fame;
 A thousand Books read o'er and o'er again,
 Does word for word most perfectly retain,
 Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain:
 Yet this cramm'd Skull, this undigested Mass
 Does very often prove an arrant Ass;
 Believes all Knowledg is to Books confin'd,
 That reading only can inform the Mind;
 That Sense must err, and Reason ramble wide,
 If Sacred *Aristotle* ben't their Guide.

While,

While, on the other hand, a flutt'ring thing,
 With a full Roll, and three-pil'd Crevat-String,
 Whose Life's a Visit, who alone takes care
 To say fine Things, write Songs, and count the Fair;
 Laughs at the musty Precepts of the School,
 Calls the learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
 Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
 For well-bred Person, or a Man of Wit;
 Names proper only to the Sparks o' th' Town,
 And damns his Scholar to his College-Gown.

The Bigot fierce, who vainly does believe
 His bant'ring Zeal can Heaven it self deceive;
 With Saint-like Looks the bleer-ey'd Crow does blind,
 And the Jilt Villain damns all Humane kind.
 While the wild Libertine, the Beast of Prey,
 Who bears down all that stops him in his way,
 Ranges o'er all, and takes his savage fill
 In the wild Forest of a boundless Will:
 Swears that Heav'n, Jove's, and Hell's eternal Pain,
 Are the sick Dreams of a distemper'd Brain,
 Tales fit for Children, a mere holy Jest,
 To starve the People, and to glut the Priest.

The sharpest Satyrift with Poetick Rage
 Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
 Laughs at the Fool, and at the Villain rails:
 Yet Folly reigns, and Villany prevails;
 While the crack'd Skull shows all that has been said,
 Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
 For partial Man try'd by himself alone,
 Protesting every Sentence but his own;
 Severe to all Men, to himself too kind,
 Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.

The sordid Miser, a mere lump of Clay,
 Form'd into Man, e'er from its gross Allay
 It was refin'd by the Soul's Heavenly Ray;

Whose Thirst of Wealth encreases with his Store,
And to spend less, does covet to have more ;
Who *Midas* like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in th' Enjoyment of a golden Wish ;
Thinks himself wise, boasts of being provident,
And downright Scraping calls good Management.

The Love of Wealth is Madness, and I hate
The very Trouble of a great Estate :

'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal ;
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has spent all,
The beggar'd Fool calls himself Liberal.

}

Now weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
Which of the two seems the most prudent Man :
The Gamester swears both shou'd in *Bethlem* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddest of the three,
Whose Life, whose Soul, whose very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws them all away ;
Who every Moment waits his Destiny
From the uncertain running of a Die ;
And, if he chance to lose, then how he stares !
Then how the Fury, with his bristled Hairs,
Curses his Fate, Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies,
And with Oaths heap'd on Oaths, he storms the Skies.

I cou'd name thousands more ; but to draw all
The Shapes of this false reasoning Animal,
Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that die
Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury* :
Or say, how oft th' impatient Heir, to have
The old Man's Wealth, has wish'd him in his Grave :
A Drudgery so great my Pen declines,
Content to sum up all in these four Lines :

Greece boasts seven Sages, but the Story lies,
For the whole World ne'er saw one truly wise :
All Men are mad ; and the sole difference
Lies in the more or the less want of Sense.

*A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the
Prince of Orange's coming into England.*

Written by Mr. Shadwell.

OUR Glorious Realm, o'er all the Earth renown'd,
Once with the noblest Government was crown'd;
By which all foreign Tyrannys were aw'd,
Easy we were at home, and terrible abroad.

All our wise Laws of Empire were design'd,
Not for the Lust of one, but good of all Mankind;
The great Prerogative was understood
A vast unbounded Pow'r of doing Good:
From doing Ill, by Laws it was confin'd,
If Sanctions, Pacts or Oaths cou'd Princes bind.
By Antient Usages and Laws they sway'd,
Which both were by the choice of Subjects made.
Old Customs grew to Laws by long Consent,
And to each Written Law of Parliament;
Freedom in Boronghs, and in Land Freehold,
Gave all, who had them, Voices, uncontrol'd:
But few new Rights were by new Laws obtain'd,
Only some ravish'd Libertys regain'd.

Who had no Voices, yet alike were bound
By the Protection, which from Laws they found;
For every one in those had equal Right,
And no great Man cou'd injure, or affright.
Where Subjects in the Laws can claim no share,
'Twixt them and Cattle no Distinctions are.

This was the Constitution of our State,
And true Religion flourish'd in its height:
From lying Legends, false Traditions free,
From Monkish Ignorance, Schoolmens Frippery,
From Idols, and from Papal Tyranny.

~
Their

Their Building made of Stubble, and of Hay,
Was by our wise Reformers swept away.
Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union
Under the great *Eliza*, perfect grown,
Hers and the Peoples Int'rests were thought one.
She, and the Realm, with mutual Kindness strove,
Great its Obedience, and as great her Love ;
Long might such Happiness have been enjoy'd,
Had it not been b' ambitious Priests destroy'd.
Those haughty Priests cou'd not contented be
With what remain'd from Popish Dignity,
But wou'd their Hierarchy have greater made,
With cast-off Rights-the Laity they invade,
And call in *Jus Divinum* to their Aid.
With that invisible Commission arm'd
Our Kings, with Sov'reign and Inherent charm'd,
With Sacred Person, Power without a Bound,
Prerogative unlimited, no ground
Whereof is in our Constitution found.
Thus they, by Ecclesiastick Flattery,
Turn'd Kings to Tyrants, and to Slaves the Free :
These furious Fools yet wise Divines contemn'd,
And their rash Doctrines privately condemn'd :
None dare in publick say they were unsound,
But Fines, and Pillorys, and Brands were found.
For now commission'd from above the Sky,
Kings soon were deem'd for Laws and Oaths too high ;
Hotly 'twas taught, they were not bound by Oaths,
Because no Pow'r above them to impose.
'Twas now no Kingly Office, nor a Trust,
No Laws to rule by but their Sov'reign Lust ;
And all the Land for their Estate they own'd,
The Subjects were their Stock upon the Ground.
At length, to rivet on the Chains we wore,
Lend Knaves in Quoifs yield the Dispensing Power,
Which never Tyrant here had claim'd before.

The

The Scandals of the Bar must now be found
 To give the Government this mortal Wound ;
 Which at one Blow took all its Strength away,
 And down in pieces dash'd, the noble Structure lay.
 Ruin and Rubbish cover'd all the Ground,
 And no Remains were of the Buildings found.
 Monsters of *Roman* and *Hibernian* Race,
 With Phangs and Claws infect the wasted Place :
 With one of *British* kind, who swallow'd more
 Than any other bloody Beast of Pow'r ;
 Fiercely he goggled, his Jaws open'd wide,
 Louder he roar'd than all the Beasts beside.
 Some like Jackals, before him prey'd for Blood,
 And to his rav'nous Maw brought all they cou'd :
 Against the Rapine of these Beasts of Prey,
 First *London's* noble Prelate stood at Bay ;
 One fit t' atone for all the Clergies Blots,
 For three vile *English* Bishops, and twelve *Scots*.
 Then valiant *Fairfax*, and brave *Hough* made head,
 But by these Monsters were discomfited ;
 And now the trembling Church began to reel,
 And the effects of Non-resistance feel ;
 Where *Jus Divinum* was not on their side,
 They strove to stop the fierce impetuous Tide.
 Seven suffering Heroes gave it such a Shock,
 It seem'd to dash its Surges on a Rock ;
 But Show'rs of Locusts came with thickest Fogs,
 From *Tyber's* Marshes, and from *Shannon's* Bogs :
 Vast Clouds of Vermin hasten to their Aid,
 And intercepting Light, thick Darkness made ;
 All clouded was our sullen Hemisphere,
 But lo ! the Glorious *Orange* does appear !
 And by his universal Influence,
 Does to our drooping Land new Life dispense ;
 His Heat ferments that Lump was dead before,
 Which now in every part exerts its Pow'r ;

To

To purge it self, that it may clean become;
 The Fermentation soon throws off the Scum,
 And ev'ry part does tow'rds Perfection move,
 Tow'rds Strength and Soundness, Harmony and Love;
 When Earth oppress'd, with Darkness overspread,
 From filthy boggy Exhalations bred;
 The Sun with unisecless Marches of his Light,
 Discusses Vapours, and dispels the Night:
 With equal silence in his glorious Race,
 Our noisom Fogs does the brave *Orange* chase;
 Does all the Pow'rs of Darkness put to flight,
 And the infernal Ministers of Night;
 The guilty Spirits smother'd approach of Light.

When undistinguish'd in the mighty Mass,
 And in Stagnation Universal Matter was,
 Huddled in heaps the differing Atoms lay
 Quiet, and had no Laws of Motion to obey:
 Th' Eternal Mover threw the Ferment in,
 The solid Atoms did their Course begin:
 The quickning Mass moves now in ev'ry part,
 And does its Plastick faculties exert.
 The jarring Atoms move into a peace,
 And all Confusion and Disorders cease:
 The ugly undigested Lump became
 The perfect, glorious, and well-order'd Frame.
 Let there be Light, th' Almighty *Fiat* run;
 No sooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done.
 Inspir'd by Heav'n, thus the great *Orange* said,
 Let there be Liberty, and was obey'd.
 Vast Wonders Heav'n's great Minister has brought,
 From our dark *Chaos*, beauteous Order brought:
 H' invaded us with Force to make us free,
 And in another's Realm could meet no Enemy.
 Hail Great Assertor of the greatest Cause,
 Man's Liberty, and the Almighty's Laws:

Heav'n greater Wonders has for Thee design'd,
Thou Glorious Deliv'rer of Mankind!

*A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious
Queen Mary, upon her Arrival in England.
By Thomas Shadwel.*

MADAM,

Immur'd with Rocks of Ice, no Wretches left
Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light bereft,
Under the Influence of the rugged Bear,
Where but one Day and Night in all the Year,
With ne'er so much transporting Joy could meet
The dawning Day, as your Approach we greet.
Your Beams reviv'd us from the *Belgian Shore*,
Which now our long-lov'd Princess does restore:
What could make us so rich, or them so poor?
The World nought equal to our Joy can find,
But the despairing Grief you left behind.
We from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more
Than by our Aid they ever got before,
When the great *Vere's* and *Sidney's* won such Fame,
That each of them immortaliz'd his Name.
Not *Alva's* Rage would have distress'd them so,
As, Madam, we have done, recalling You.
Our ador'd Princess to *Batavians* lent,
Is home to us with mighty Int'rest sent:
For we, with her, have won the Great *Nassau*,
Whose Sword shall keep the Papal World in awe.
She comes, she comes, the Fair, the Good, the Wise,
With loudest Acclamations rend the Skies;
Rock all the Steeples, kindle ev'ry Street,
Thunder ye Cannons from each Fort and Fleet.

To

To all the neighb'ring Lands found out your Joys,
And let *France* shake at the Triumphant Noise.
Bless'd be the rising Waves, the murm'ring Gales,
Sustain'd the mighty Cargo, swell'd the Sails.
Bless'd be the Vessel, as that was which bore
The Sacred Remnant, when there was no Shore.
Not the returning Dove they welcom'd so,
As we our *MART*, who brings *Olive* too ;
That only promis'd Safety to their Lives,
This our lost Peace and Liberty revives.
Bless'd, bless'd be his Invasion, which made way
For this most happy and illustrious Day.
So brave an Action, so renown'd a Name,
Was ne'er yet written in the Book of Fame.
Let *Parasites* call Princes Wise, and Brave,
Who bear inglorious Arms, but to enslave. (bind:
Our Prince will break those Chains wherewith they
'Tis his true Glory to enlarge Mankind.
In any Land you would Dominion gain ;
And *MADAM*, in each Commonwealth would reign.
Where'er your God-like *PRINCE* from us should go,
They would, like us, submit without a Blow.
In his short Sway more Wisdom he has shown,
Than here before in Ages has been known.
The Name of *KING* adds nothing to his Fame,
But his great Vertues dignify that Name.
What Land can boast of such a matchless Pair,
Like Him so wise, so brave ; like You so wise, so fair ?
Where'er so many sacred Vertues join,
They to a Scepter shew a Right Divine.
Who are approv'd so Valiant, Wise and Just,
Have the best Titles to the highest Trust.
Tho from the Loins of greatest Kings deriv'd,
That Title's not so strong, nor so long-liv'd ;
For Princes more of solid Glory gain,
Who are thought fit, than who are born to reign.

The OBSERVATOR,

*Or the History of Hodge, as reported by some ;
From his siding with Noll, to's scribbling for Rome.*

STAND forth thou grand Impostor of our Time,
The Nation's Scandal, Punishment and Crime ;
Unjust Usurper of ill-gotten Praise,
Unmatch'd by all but thy leud Brother Bayes ;
How well have you your sev'ral Gallants chose,
Damnably to plague the World in Verse and Prose ?
Like two *Twin Comets* ; when you do appear,
We justly may suspect some Danger near.
He lately did under Correction pass,
Honour'd by that great Hand that gave the Lash ;
A Doom too glorious for that cursed Head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he led.
But you are to a viler Fate design'd,
To suffer by a vulgar Hand like mine.
We'll tear your Vizard, and unmask your Shame,
And at each Corner Gibbet up your Name :
Expose you to the Scorn of all you meet ;
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.
Under usurping *Noll* you first began
To rear your Head, and shew your self a Man ;
Unpitying saw the Royal Party fall,
And danc'd and fiddl'd to the Funeral :
Disclaim'd their Int'rest, and renounc'd their Side,
And with the Independent strait comply'd :
Officious in their Service, wrote for Hire ;
A brisk Crowdero in the factious Quire.

Your

Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run ;
The Horoscope still opens to the Sun.
There 'twas in those unhappy Days,
You laid Foundation for designed Praise ;
By disrespect ignobly purchas'd Shame,
And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name.

When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
You fac'd about, and quickly chang'd the Scene ;
Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary Strings,
Began to play Divinity of Kings :
Your former Master straitways is forgot,
Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief, Murderer, what not ?
Such Recompence he doth deserve to have,
Who for his Interest durst employ a Knave.
Now 'twas a time you thought to take your Ease,
After such great Exploits perform'd as these :
Applauding to your self your own Deserts,
You strait set up for a vain Ass of Parts ;
Resolving that the Ladies too should know
What other Tricks and Gambols you could do.
Was there a skipping Whore about the Town,
Or private Baudy-house to you unknown ?
Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went ;
To do both Drudgeries you alike content.
But ill Success you had with Madam C—k,
Whom in the very Act her Husband took :
Strong *Bastinado* o'er your Shoulders laid,
Made you a while surcease that lecherous Trade ;
Till growing old in customary Sin,
You with a chaster Lady did begin :
Whom when you found she all Assaults refus'd,
And would not yield her self to be abus'd ;
Down on your Knees you presently was laid,
And thus (O righteous Heaven !) devoutly pray'd ;
Since you disdain the kind Request to grant,
Dear Madam, let me lay my Hand upon't.

This is the Man whose whole Discourse and Tone,
 Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion;
 Was such a godly Rascal ever known?
 But now reform'd by Indigence of Gold,
 Your former wanton Course grew slack and cold,
 For 'twas at first indeed too hot to hold.
 Now new Expedients must employ your Brain,
 And other Methods for advance of Gain:
 Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,
 Which made you timely think of a Retreat:
 Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,
 A guilty Conscience has quick-sighted Eyes.
 When you return'd you fell to work amain,
 And took up your old Scribbling Trade again;
 Some sorry Scandal on Fanaticks thrown,
 And viler Canting upon Forty one,
 You thought sufficient to oblige the Crown;
 Then who but you, the World was all your own.
 Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
 A witty zealous Protestant appear;
 Your secret Spies and Emissaries use,
 To pay for false Intelligence and News.
 When nam'd in two Diurnals you dispense,
 Equally void of Reason, Truth, and Sense.
 The Guineas now from every Quarter came,
 To pay respect to your encreasing Fame,
 While you at *Sam's* like a grave Doctor sat,
 Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate;
 Who lickt your Spittle up, and then came down,
 And shed the nasty Drivel o'er the Town.
 Ay, these were blessed Times, and happy Days,
 When all the World conspired to your Praise.
 He who refus'd and would no Token send,
 Must be traduc'd as the Dissenters Friend:
 And that your Greatness no regard might lack,
 You got a Knighthood chopt upon your Back.

But

But something now has stop't that rapid Stream,
And you have nothing more to say for them.
Your piercing Eye discovers from afar
The glittering Glory of some further Star,
Which bids you pay your Adoration there.
Inconstant Rover, whither dost thou tend?
When will thy tedious Villanies have an end?
Whither at last dost thou intend to go?
Unto which Party wilt thou e'er prove true,
To Turk or Pope, or Protestants or Jew?
Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
To what a mighty Sum do they amount?
Thy Solemn Protestations, Oaths and Lies,
Devices, Shams, Evasions, Perjuries;
My Paper to a Volume would exceed,
Of greater bulk than *Hollingshed* and *Speed*.
For thou art now so scandalously known,
And so remarkable in Vice alone,
That every one can find a Stone to throw
At such a snarling pimping Cur as thou.
But Wretch! if still thou art not past all Grace,
And wholesom Counsel can with thee find place:
If thou at last sincerely wouldst atone,
And expiate thy former Mischiefs done,
Like dying *Judas* render back thy Pelf,
Recant thy Books, and then go hang thy self.

*The Miracle; How the Dutcheß of Modena
(being in Heaven) pray'd the B. Virgin
that the Queen might have a Son, and how
our Lady sent the Angel Gabriel with her
Smock; upon which the Queen was with
Child.*

*To the Tune of O Youth, thou hadst better been
starv'd at Nurse. In Bartholomew Fair.*

YOU Catholick Statesmen and Churchmen rejoice,
And praise Heaven's Goodness with Heart and
with Voice:

None greater on Earth or in Heaven than she,
Some say she's as good as the best of the Three.

Her Miracles bold

Were Famous of Old,

But a braver than this it was never yet told;

'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,

Had not heard on't before the last day of Thanksgi-

II.

(ving.

In Lombardy-Land, great Modena's Dutcheß (ches;
Was snatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel Clut-
When to Heaven she came (for thither she went)
Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content,

On her Knees she fell down

Before the bright Throne,

(Boon;

'And beg'd that God's Mother would grant her one
Give England a Son (at this Critical Point)

To put little Orange's Nose out of Joint.

III. As

III.

As soon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, she strait gave Commission;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her *Shoulders Divine*,
And charg'd him to hasten to *England's* fair Queen.

Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the same,
And bid her for ever to praise my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work such a Wonder,
Shall keep the most insolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my best Son) his part of the matter
Must be with this only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand,
Then let him go travel to visit the Land:

And the Spirit of Love
Shall come from above,
Tho not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he shall come in some likeness or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dalla*) and make her a Mother.

The Message with Hearts full of Faith was receiv'd,
And the next News we heard was Q. M. conceiv'd;
You great ones converted, poor cheated Dissenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, and Commons, Con-
fenters,

You Commissioners all,
Ecclesiastical,
From M — the dutiful, to C — the tall;
Pray Heav'n to strengthen her Majesty's Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

Dialogue

DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perplex'd?

Why beyond Woman's Patience vex'd?

Your spurious Issue grow and thrive;

While mine are dead e'er well alive.

If they survive a nine days Wonder,

Suspicious Tongues aloud do thunder;

And strait accuse my Chastity

For your damn'd Insufficiency!

You meet my Love with no desire,

My Altar damps your feeble Fire;

Tho I have infinite more Charms

Than all you e'er took to your Arms.

The Priest at th' Altar bows to me;

When I appear, he bends the Knee;

His Eyes are on my Beauties fix;

His Pray'rs to Heav'n and me are mixt;

Confusedly he tells his Beads,

Is out both when he prays and reads.

I travel'd farther for your Love

Than *Saba's* Queen, I'll fairly prove.

She from the South, 'tis said, did come,

And I as far from East did come.

But here the difference does arise:

Tho equally we fought the Prize,

What that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,

But I soon found your Treasury drain'd;

Your Veins corrupted in your Youth;

'Tis sad Experience tells this Truth;

Tho I had Caution long before

Of that which I too late deplore.

Y. Pray, Madam, let me silence break;

As I have you, now hear me speak.

These

These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.

But, if you'll smooch your Brow awhile,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not but to make't appear,
That you the great'st Aggressor are.

I took you with an empty Purse,
Which was to me no trivial Curse;
No Dowry could your Parents give,
They'd but a Competence to live,
When you appear'd, your charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me surprize
With Wonder, not with Admiration;
Astonishment, but no Temptation.
Nor did I see in all your Frame,
Ought could create an am'rous Flame;
Or raise the least Desire in me,
Save only for Variety.

I paid such Service as was due,
Worthy my self, and worthy you:
Caress'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
When soon I found your haughty Mind
Was unto Sov'reignty inclin'd;
And first you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny;
While I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was still obey'd:
Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.

I took such measures as you gave,
All Day your Fool, all Night your Slave.

Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You still resolve your Course to steer:
All that oppose you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Pow'rs above.

Now several Stratagems you try,
 And I'm in all forc'd to comply;
 To Mother Church you take recourse;
 She tells you 't must be done by force;
 And you, impatient of delay,
 Contrive and execute the way.

When mounted to the place you sought,
 It no Contentment with it brought:
 One Tree within your prospect stood,
 Fairest and tallest of the Wood;
 Which to your prospect gave offence,
 And it must be remov'd from thence.
 In this you also are obey'd,
 While all the fault on me is laid.

Now you was quiet for a while,
 As flatt'ring Weather seems to smile:
 Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
 Had found fresh matter for your Spite;
 And set to work your busy Brain,
 Which took fire quickly from their Train.
 Some Wise, some Valiant you remove,
 'Cause they your Maxims don't approve;
 And in their stead such Creatures place,
 Which to th' Employments bring Disgrace:
 While whatsoe'er you do I own,
 And still the Dirt on me is thrown.

Strait new Chimera's fill your Brain,
 The humming Beetles buz again;
 A Goal-Delivery now must be,
 All tender Consciences set free;
 Not out of Zeal, but pure design
 To make Dissenters with us join,
 To pull down Tell and Penal Laws,
 The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause.
 The sly Dissenters laugh the while,
 They see where lurks the Serpent's Guile;

And

And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause
We did confine, tho' 'gainst the Laws:
But soon was glad to set 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.

Now all is turning upside down,
Loud Murmurings in every Town;
We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets against us come:
The Protestants do laugh the while,
And the Dissenters sneer and smile;
But no Assistance either sends,
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what must be done,
Consult your Oracle of R O M E,
For next fair Wind be sure they come.

*On the University of Cambridge's burning the
D. of Monmouth's Picture, 1685. who
was formerly their Chancellor. — In Answer
to this Question,*

In turba semper sequitur fortunam & odit damnatos.
By Mr. Stepney.

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And beg'd a Copy of his God-like Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.

The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
 To save the Image of the tall young Man,
 Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
 That with strong Thoughts she might improve her
 But all in vain, since the wise House conspire (Race;
 To damn the Canvass Traitor to the Fire,
 Lest it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
 Scythmen next Harvest to renew the Fight:
 Then in comes *Mayor Eagle*, and does gravely alledg,
 He'l subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
 But the Man of *Clareball* that Proffer refuses,
 'Snigs, he'l be beholden to none but the Muses:
 And orders ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
 On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*:
 And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
 On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that ben't enough.
 The Heads, lest he get all the Profit to himself
 (Too greedy of Honour, too lavish of Pelf)
 This Motion deny, and vote that *Tite Tillet*
 Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
 The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it;
 The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
 Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonafire together,
 As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Cbedder*;
 Confusedly croud on the Sophs and the Doctors,
 The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and the
 Proctors, (in all,
 While the Troops from each part of the Countries
 Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of Stale.
 But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
 Does by her Absence their Folly rebuke.
 The tender Creature could not see his Fate,
 With whom she had danc'd a Minute so late.
 The Heads, who never could hope for such Frames,
 Out of Envy condemn'd Sixscore Pounds to the Flames;
 Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
 As if being a Traitor had alter'd his Phiz:

So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose Favonr ne'er settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Retries.

Nulla manere diu neque vivere carmina
possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ notoribus.

By Mr. Aylasse, T. C. C.

HE that first said it, knew the worth of Wit,
Lov'd well his Glass, and as he drank he writ:
Vast was his Soul, and sparkling was the Wine,
Which strangely did inspire each mighty Line.
The watry Springs of *Helicon* are Theams
Fit for dull Freshmen, and dull Doctors Dreams;
Not Flood of *Cam*, or Well of *Aristotle*,
Yield half the Pleasure of the charming Bottle:
Poor Scriblers then that Bread and Water use,
The slender Diet of a *Bridewel* Muse,
As easily may Water Poets make,
As Coffee Politicians does create,
The two Grand Whigs of Poetry and State,
When Booths on *Thames* were built, and Oxen roasted,
Poets the Strength of Waters might have boasted;
And might have made their frozen Verse to pass,
As well as he that put out Ice for Glass:
Tho our good Proctor otherwise does think,
Our Mother *Cambridg* kindly bids us drink;
She holds the Candle and the sacred Cup,
And as the one wastes, cries, drink t'other up.
'Twas drinking got our Ancestors Renown,
And Claret first that dy'd the Scarlet Gown.
As well may *Dutchmen* without Brandy fight,
As *English* Poets without Claret write.
Not moderate Learning, nor immoderate Fees
Are of themselves sufficient for Degrees:

Wine,

Wine, and the Supper, must the Act compleat,
 And he does best dispute who best does treat:
 'Tis *Carnival*, and we'll the time enjoy,
 This day, and next, while Wine and Wit run high.
 And the forty days
 Preachers in vain may bid the Court repent,
 But Poets sure did never write in Lent.
 Now in the Name of Dulness and small Beer,
 Ye *Northern Wits* of fam'd *St. John's* appear,
 That scarce taste Wine or Wit thro'out the Year.
 Had she who by the pow'rful Charms of Wine
 Transform'd *Olysses* Men to grunting Swine;
 Had she and you th' Experiment try'd again,
 By contrary Effects ye had Poets been.
 Next the pert Fops by Title dignify'd,
 Wise to themselves, and Fools to all beside;
 Whom Company nor Drinking can refine,
 Blockish and dull beyond the pow'r of Wine;
 Who after the first Bottle still the same,
 Can never higher rise than Anagram,
 Or at most quibble on their Dowdy's Name.
 When *Whig* Religious, Trimmer Loyal turns;
 When *Cambridge* Wives, and *Barnwel* Whores turn
 Nuns;
 When Curat's rich, and the fat Doctor's poor,
 When Scholars trick, and Townsmen cheat no more:
 When am'rous Fops leave hunting handsom Faces,
 When craving Beadle begs no more for Places:
Hopkins and *Sternhold* with their paltry Rhimes,
 Shall please us now, and take with future Times:
 And *Water-drinkers* then shall famous grow,
 Settle the Poet to my Lord Mayor's Show
 Shall *Dryden*, *Cowley*, and our *Duke* outgo.

To Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd. By Mr. P.

WHEN crowding Folke, with strange ill Fates,
Were making Legs, and begging Blasts;
And some with Patents, some with Merits
Tir'd out my good Lord, — — — Spirit;
Sneaking, I stood among the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited, while the Clock struck thrice,
And Footman brought out fifty Lyes;
Till Patience vext, and Legs grown weary
I thought it was in vain to tarry;
But did opine it might be better,
By Penny-post to send a Letter.
Now, if you miss of this Epistle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.
My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little Place;
And fair Pretensions I have for't,
Much Need, and very small Desert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle;
Ask'd for me, from my Lord, Things fitting,
Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at Six and Seven,
As S — — — has left Mun. Si — — —
No Family that takes a Whelp,
When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
When he's grown up to Dog's Estate;

Nor Parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious Barns that Strollers dropt,
 Leave 'em when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:
 No thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
 Than if they'd throttled them at Nurse.

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
 Taught me with Syder to replenish
 My Fatts, or ebbing Tide of Rhenish.
 So when for Hock I drew prickt white-Wine,
 Swear't had the Flavour, and was right Wine:
 Or sent me with ten Pounds to Furni-
 Val's-Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney;
 Where now, by forging Deeds and cheating,
 I'd had some handsom ways of getting.
 All this you made me quit to follow

That sneaking Whey-far'd God Apollo;
 Sent me among a fidling Crew
 Of Folks, I'd never seen or knew,
 Calliope, and God knows who.

To add no more Invectives to it,
 You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
 That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman.

Among all honest Christian People,
 Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way,
 And your Petitioner shall pray ———

There's one thing more I had almost slip't,
 But that may do as well in Post-script;
 My Friend C ———; M ———ue's prefer'd,
 Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,
 That one Moule eats while t'other's starv'd.

*The true and genuine Explanation
Of one King James's Declaration.*

J. R.

WHEREAS by Misrepresentation
(Of which Our self was the Occasion)
We lost Our Royal Reputation,
And much against Our Expectation,
Laid the most Tragical Foundation
Of vacant Throne, and Abdication:
After mature Deliberation
We now resolve to sham the Nation
Into another Restauration;
Promising, in Our wonted Fashion,
Without the least Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for Our Reinauguration
We chuse to owe the Obligation
To Our kind Subjects Inclination;
For whom we always shew'd a Passion.
And when again they take occasion
To want a King of Our Persuasion,
We'll soon appear to take Our Station,
With the ensuing Declaration.
All shall be safe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more believe in J. R.

J. R.

WHEN we reflect what Desolation
Our Absence causes to the Nation,
We wou'd not hold Our self exempted
From any thing to be attempted,
Whereby Our Subjects, well beguil'd,
May to Our Yoke be reconcil'd.

Be all assur'd, both Whig and Tory,
 If for past Faults you can be sorry,
 You ne'er shall know what we'll do for you.
 For 'tis our noble Resolution
 To do more for your Constitution,
 Than e'er we'll put in Execution.
 Tho' some before us made a pother,
England has never such another,
 No not our own Renown'd Dear Brother.
 We have it set before our Eyes,
 That our main Interest wholly lies
 In managing with such Disguise,
 As leaves no room for Jealousys.

And to encourage Foes and Friends
 With Hearts and Hands to serve Our Ends,
 We hereby publish and declare
 (And this We do because We dare)
 That to evince We are not follen,
 We'll bury all past Faults in Woollen,
 By which you may perceive We draw
 Our wise Resolves from Statute Law.
 And therefore by this Declaration
 We promise Pardon to the Nation,
 Excepting only whom We please,
 Whether they be on Land or Seas.

And farther Bloodshed to prevent,
 We here declare Our self content
 To heap as large Rewards on all
 That help to bring Us to *Whitehall*,
 As ever did Our Brother Dear
 At his Return on Cavalier:
 Or We, to Our immortal Glory,
 Confer'd on non-resisting Tory.

Then be assur'd the first fair Weather
 We'll call a Parliament together,
 (Chuse Right or Wrong no matter whether)

Where

Where with United Inclination
 We'll bring the Interest of the Nation
 Under Our own Adjudication
 With their Concurrence We'll redress
 What We Our self think Grievances
 All shall be firm as Words can make it
 And if We promise, what can shake it

As for the Church, We'll still defend it,
 Or if you please, the Pope shall mend it
 Your Chappels, Colleges, and Schools
 Shall be supply'd with your own Foulds
 But if We live another Summer,
 We'll then relieve them from St. Peter's

Next for a Liberty of Conscience,
 With which We bit the Nation long since,
 We'll settle it as firm and steady
 Perhaps as that you have already

We'll never violate the Test,
 Till 'tis Our Royal Interest
 Or till We think it so at least
 But there We must consult the Priests

And as for the Dispensing Power
 (Of Princes Crown the sweetest Flavour)
 That Parliament shall explain it
 As We in Peace may still maintain it

If other Acts shall be presented
 We'll pass 'em all, and be contented

Let Harley, Whitlock, and old Glengall
 Draw Bills enough to load three Bagges
 We'll give them Thanks, and bear their Charges

Whether they be for Partial Trials
 Dull Judges Pride, or Self-Denials
 For Royal Mines, or Tribunal
 Whatever Laws receive their Fashion
 Under the present Usurpation,

Shall have Our Gracious Confirmation,
Provided still we see Occasion.

Our Brother's Irish fertility, &c.
(Which we 'tis true repeat'd in Fairs)

We'll be contented to restore,
If you'll provide for *Teague* before;
For you your selves shall have the Glory,
To re-establish wandering *Tory*.

But now you have so fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time you shou'd consider
What Funds are proper to supply Us
For that, and what your Hearths save by Us:

Therefore consult your *Polyhymne*
To find another *Rhime* to *Chimny*,
Or if I bleed the Devil's in me,
And lest a Project in its Prime
Shou'd be destroy'd for want of Time,
We'll soon refer the whole Amount

To your Commission of Account.
Thus having tortur'd Our Invention,
To frame a Draught of Our Intention,
By the Advice of *H*———*ton*,

Wife *Ely*, *Fenwick*, and *Tom D*———
And, of all Ranks, some Fifty One,
Who have adjusted for Our coming
All Gimcracks fit for such a mumming,
And 'tis their Business, to persuade you
We come to succour, not invade you.

But after this we think it Nonsense
(Besides it is against our Conscience)
To trouble you with a Relation
Of Tyranny, and Violation,
Or Burdens that oppress the Nation;
Since you can make the best Construction
Of what may turn to your Destruction.

But

But since our Enemys wou'd fright you,
 Telling our Debt to *France* is mighty,
 As positively we assure you,
 As if we were before a Jury,
 That he expects no Compensation
 For helping in our Restauration,
 But what he gains in Reputation:
 And all must own that know his Story
 How far his Int'rest stoops to Glory;
 Whose Generosity is such,
 We doubt not he'll out-do the *Dutch*.
 We only add, that we are come
 By Trumpets sound and beat of Drum,
 For our just Title's Vindication,
 And Liberty's Corroboration.
 So may we ever find Success,
 As we intend you nothing less
 Than what you owe to old *Queen Bess*.

On the Death of the Queen. By my Lord Curts.

SHE's gone! The Beauty of our Isle is fled;
 Our Joy cut off, the Great *MARIA* dead.
 We faint beneath the Stroke: But weep no more,
 Waft not our Sorrow to a foreign Shore;
 Lest *Albion's* Enemys with impious Breath
 Profane our Sighs, and triumph in her Death.
 Tears are too mean for her; our Grief should be
 Dumb as the Grave, and black as Destiny.
 For such a Loss let universal Nature mourn,
 And all things to their first Disorder turn.

Ye Fields and Gardens, where our Sovereign walk'd,
 Serenely smil'd, and profitably talk'd,

Be gay no more; but wild and barren lie,
That all your blooming Sweets, with hers may die;
Sweets that crown'd Love, and loosen'd Majesty.

Blest Princess! How strengthen'd, how ador'd
How much above e'en Her own Sphere she soar'd!
Whilst other Monarchs glory in their State,

In Wealth and Power contented to be Great;
She, with a God-like and Heroick Mind,
Pursu'd a Greatness of another kind.

A brighter Diadem than Earth could give,
A glorious Name that shou'd for ever live,
And with unweary'd Virtue pressing on,

Gave Lustre to, not borrow'd from a Crown,
Nor was this Angel lodg'd in common Earth.
Her Form proclaim'd Her Mind as well as Birth.

So graceful and so lovely; ne'er was seen
A finer Woman or more awful Queen;
The gazing Crowd admir'd Her as a God,

And reverenc'd the Ground whereon she trod.

Ye gentle Nymphs that on her Throne did wait,
And help'd to fill the Brightness of Her State;

Mourn over your dead Mistress, speechless mourn,
Watch Her dear Ashes, and attend Her Urn.

She cherish'd and ador'd your tender Years,
Preventing still the fearful Mother's Cares;
Whilst all with shining Gold and Purple grac'd,
Your Beautys in the fairest Light were plac'd.

How Majesty is fall'n! As if the Great
Were destin'd to short Days, and sudden Fate.
O Empire! Thou deceitful, treacherous Good!

How false thy Smiles, tho' hard to be withstood!
What stormy Ills thy calmer Brow conceals,
And what uncommon Strokes a Monarch feels!

See where the glorious *Nassau* fainting lies;
The mighty *Atlas* falls, the Conqueror dies.

O Sir! return, to *Albion's* Help return;
 Command your Grief, and like a Hero mourn.
 If you forsake us, we are lost indeed;
 Your Subjects now lament, but then must bleed.
 Think what a Task your Vertue has begun,
 And be not weary ere your Race is run.

That Power that form'd you in the tender Womb,
 Then laid the Scenes of all your Toils to come,
 Degreed that you shoud *Europe's* Saviour be,
 And from fierce Monsters purge the Earth and Sea;
 Monsters of Tyrants that oppress Mankind,
 And set no Bounds to their ambitious Mind.

Succels and Honour wait upon your Arms;
 Heav'n guide your Heart, and guard you still from
MARIA has the Crown of Glory won; (Harms.
 And may you late arrive where she is gone.

I try'd in vain; my long neglected Maid
 Like *Woman* past their Childing, did relate
 And could not, as my mind, one Hint produce
 For I was never, you know, my Friend, at home
 With a rich vein by peevish Nature blest;
 I made my Court to the coy *Nymphs* in vain;
 And still the hands that could their loves declare
 How'er, of all of *Friendship's* sacred Name
 The faint Remains of my decaying Flame
 Exalt their heart, ambition how to try
 One *Blaze*, before they quite extinguish'd die
 May your good Husband overlook Mistakes
 And pardon all the Faults which *Friendship* makes
 I his Fountain then shall still his Spring out-run
 To *Friendship* for *Christian* Waters go
 You said you'd know how we employ the Day
 What it is left makes too much haste away

*Tunbridgialia: Or the Pleasures of Tun-
bridge. In a Letter to a Friend.*

By Mr. Peter Causton, Merchant.

THOU best of Poets, and thou best of Friends,
Best of that List which thy great Race com-
mends;

By *Tunbridge* noble Spring, much pleas'd, I lay,

At Truce with Care passing the Summer's-day,

When the rich Present came in shining Verse;

Ye Gods! how shall I half my Joy rehearse?

I once was thinking to return the same

In Lines that might express an equal Flame.

I try'd in vain; my long-neglected Muse,

Like Women past their Childing, did refuse,

And cou'd not, to my mind, one Hint produce:

For I was ne'er, you know, my Friend, at best,

With a rich Vein by peevish Nature blest;

I made my Court to the coy Nymphs in vain,

And blest the Bards that cou'd their Loves obtain.

Howe'er, at call of Friendship's sacred Name,

The faint Remains of my decaying Flame

Exalt their Head, ambitious now to try

One Blaze, before they quite extinguish'd die.

May your good Humour overlook Mistakes,

And pardon all the Faults which Friendship makes;

This Fountain then shall the fam'd Spring out-do,

And *Tunbridge* for *Castalian* Waters go.

You fain wou'd know how we employ the Day,

Which of it self makes too much haste away;

What

What Arts we use to keep our Grief and Care,
(Those Flies which in our Cup still bold Intruders are)
With what Receipts and Helps prepar'd we come
To loose the Thought of Family at home.
Assist me, gentle Muse, to answer these
In Lines that may my self and others please.

Refresh'd with Sleep, which Nature's Loss repairs,
Soon as the Day on the streak'd Hills appears,
Up with the Sun we mount and travel, we
To the fam'd Spring, he to the Western Sea.
Tobacco makes the Journey strangely slide,
Ever the best Companion, walk or ride.
Having now reach'd the Spring, a Country Lass
Stands ready to present you with a Glas:
Such Water tho nor *Rome* nor *Greece* can show,
Tho here the Poets boasted Spring does flow;
Impregnate with such Virtues it does come,
As to add Heat to the cold barren Womb.
To an expiring House it gives an Heir,
And wretched helpless Women here repair,
Who joyful Mothers prove within the Year.
It cures the raging Fever's Calenture,
And keeps that Purple Flood from running o'er.
The sad Sisyphian Task, the Stone, which still
Rolls back again, and mocks the Artist's Skill;
It carries off with far less Pains and Cost,
Than *Hannibal* with his Quack Arts cou'd boast:
It steeps your Cares beyond the Power of Wine,
And does the Brain for thinking fit refine:
Clouds of the Head, like those above we find,
Dissolv'd in Water, both are at an end.
An ugly numerous Rout of feverish Pains,
Had seiz'd at once my Liver, Heart and Veins,
And made such fierce and quick Attacks, that I,
Just on surrendring, thought I now must die.

I sought the Sons of Art, who try'd in vain
 To raise the Siege, and force the pressing Pain,
 Whatever Virtues, Herbs and Drugs can boast,
 They found, alas, on me were merely lost.
 The proud Disease became more rampant still,
 And laugh'd at all their baffled Art and Skill.
 'Twas here I found Ease for my mighty Grief;
 And where Art fail'd, kind Nature gave Relief:
 This Fountain prov'd to me a *Well of Life*.

Blest Spring! what Praise and Honour can we give
 Worthy the Favours we from thee receive?
 Thy lasting Name (if Time's impartial hand
 But spare these Lines) in Poetry shall stand,
 And round the learned World shall largely spread,
 With the fam'd Springs of old together read.

In the mean time, after we've drunk a Glass
 Or two, to make the Waters better pass,
 We take a Turn *à la* Walks——
 Here in such Crowds the Ladies pass, you'd swear
 The *Cyprian* Goddess and her Nymphs were there,
 Hung round with all the Riches that the *East*
 Or *West* sends here, brisk, jaunty and well dress'd;
 With what a Mein and charming Air they move,
 Creating Wonder, and inspiring Love!
 Such was the beauteous *Helen's* shining Train,
 When she was courted by the *Phrygian* Swain,
 And all the while, to entertain the Ear,
 Musick and Voices mixt, their Parts do bear.

Next for the Chappel, by the Fountain rais'd,
 Where its great Author is devoutly prais'd
 And after Prayers, a Pipe can do no harm
 In drinking, good to keep the Stomach warm.
 For this Design appointed Places are,
 Lest Smoking on the Walks offend the fair,
 And now we sit, after a careless rate,
 Over a Dish of Tea, and fall to chat:

Here

Here one forsooth, plays the Philosopher
Upon the Wells, describes the secret Power
Of Spaws and Mineral Waters, how they come,
With Steel impregnate, thro the Earth's cold Womb;
Whence springs their Force, that they so nearly can
Make clean this foul *Augean* Stable, Man;
How first found one, and when the Mode began.
Another turns the Talk to *Westminster*,
And asks how Matters pass'd last Term at Bar?
What Judges likely are to rise or fall? (bawl?
What Lawyers hang the best, and who the best can
Warmly, a third takes up Religion's Cause,
Gravely debates the *Test* and *Penal Laws*.
Another tells a Tale, or breaks a Jest,
Inquires the Hour, or what comes uppermost;
How do your Waters pass? O bravely, Sir.
What News from *London*? How do things stand?
I hear Sir *John* — is likely to be Mayor. (there
Are the Particulars yet come by the Post?
What Prisoners ta'en? how many Men were lost
On the *Turks* side? and what the Victory cost?
What, are the *Pole* and *Muscovite* asleep,
Idely to let such fair Occasions slip?
How do the *India* Actions rise? What Ships
On the Plate-Expedition go with *Phipps*?
Follow'd by all the forward Youth of *Greece*,
Thus *Jason* brought in Triumph home the Golden
But what before was mere Romance and Lye, (Fleece:
Shall henceforth pass for current History.
This and Tobacco pass the time away;
Others there are that rather fancy Play:
But me from Play, my better Stars preserve,
The fatal Box devouring as the Grave;
Into *Charybdis* Mouth as soon I'd flie,
As venture my Estate upon a Dye.

Having

Having by this time fed the Eye and Ear,
 Next for the Belly is our greatest Care:
 There's nothing at our Lodgings to be got,
 Here we must cater both for Spit and Pot.
 Close by the Wells upon a spacious Plain,
 (Where Rows of Trees make a delightful Lane)
 A noble Market's daily kept, well stor'd
 With all the Countrys round about afford.
 Fresh Fish a neighbouring River does supply,
 Soals, Oysters, and the like, are brought from Rye.
 Of Flesh and Fowl, no where more plenty's found;
 In Veal, Lamb, Pork, and Beef, we much abound;
 And *Tunbridge* Mutton, fam'd above the rest.
 Of Fowl we have good store, and of the best;
 As well cram'd Chickens, Pigeons, Ducks and Geese,
 With Teal and Partridge, nicer Tasts to please;
 The Swan and Peacock you may add to these,
 On which tho we but small esteem do place,
 The latter did an Emperor's Table grace. [*Vitellius*.
 In short then, not to swell the Bill of Fare,
 St. Peter's Sheet, and Noah's Ark are here;
 Whatever kinds the *British* World does see
 Of Beasts, Fish, Fowl, that go, or swim, or flie;
 Fruits, Spice, and *Indian* Pepper too we boast,
 That here we hardly fancy *Bantam* lost;
 Sugar from *Mevis* and *Barbadoes* brought,
 By wondrous Art to such Perfection wrought:
Italy sends us Oil, *Virginia* Smoke,
 A better sort *J—rys* himself ne'er took.
 And after all, to crown the Work, the *Rhine*,
France, *Florence*, the *Canaries* find us Wine.
London, that noble Mart, can't furnish more;
London, for choice, compar'd with us, is poor.
 Were that Imperial Glutton now at hand, [*Vitellius*.
 Who a Year's Tax wou'd at one Supper spend,

Who

Who made each Land, and every distant Sea,
Club to maintain his raving Luxury,
On easier Terms he here supply'd might be.
This for the Belly; and for other Ware
Of every sort, we challenge *Sturbridge-Fair*.

Having now drunk our Morning's Dose, and Cheer
Provided, homewards we directly steer.
After a whiff of the fam'd *Indian Weed*,
By way of Whet to Dinner we proceed;
Tho, betwixt Friends, we seldom need a Whet,
Or any Arts to raise the Appetite:
'Tis the fresh Earth that makes the Plow-man feed,
Water in us does the same Sharpness breed.
Now with a Friend, a Jest, and cheering Glass
Of blest *Bordeaux*, how glibly Victuals pass!
The Camp once victual'd, then the Sport begins,
Whether your Fancy leads to Bowls or Pins.
Here's choice of Bowling-places to be seen,
But *Rustball* is by much the finest Green;
All curious Carper-ground: You know the Play,
One with a Jack, a small Bowl, leads the way:
By throwing of a Dye who first must go,
And who and who's together, strait we know.
Come, pray Sir, bowl away, this Ground's your Guide;
That Cast is narrow, this as much too wide:
Not home! for want of Strength your Cast you spoil;
Oh rub a thousand, now you're gone a Mile.
Here's three; to make us up, one more we lack:
Thank you for that, dear Sir, you kiss the Jack.
The finest Archer's Bow, or Fowler's Piece,
As soon may fail, as a good Bowler miss.
Are you for Cards? here you may find enow
Dispos'd for Cribbage, Gleeke, or Lantre-lien.
A Game at Cards! a perfect Fight, you'd swear,
Maintain'd with all the Stratagems of War:

Here's

Here's ambuscading, routing, rallying Men,
 And every thing but Wounds and Dying seen.
 After a long Dispute, with restless Pains,
 One side before a bloodless Victory gains,
 But if my Counsel in the Case might sway,
 Beware how you become a Slave to Play.
 Some sit whole Nights together at the Sport,
 For which their Families and Lands must smart:
 Not that I blame any that undertake
 It more for Pleasure, than for Lucre sake;
 But playing deep, and squandring so much time,
 Is that in Carding I account a Crime.
 If this don't please, we have another Game
 Call'd Chess, at which the Gentry pass their time.
 Into the checquer'd Field two Kings descend,
 On each a Queen and Bishops two attend;
 On either side two Knights their Post maintain,
 Two Rooks and Pawns twice four compleat the Train.
 The Signal given, both the Armies join
 To take the adverse King, the chief Design:
 For this both Sides in furious Charges meet,
 Proud of a Death before their Sovereigns Feet;
 That is a Law peculiar to the Play,
 The King must first be took, before you win the Day.
 Are you dispos'd to read a Poet? then
 Our old Acquaintance *Horace* is the Man;
 He'll please, which way so'er your Humour lean;
 Does it to Mirth and Gallantry incline?
 His charming Odes are full of Love and Wine.
 He can be grave, not only please, but teach,
 As well as any *Grecian* Master preach.
 His Rules of Poetry the means impart
 How the best Genius may be help'd by Art.
 Here you may learn correctly how to write,
 To a true Edge your Style and Judgment set.

His Satyr, form'd above the common size,
Lays Railing by, and jeers you out of Vice.

But if your Thoughts are more devoutly set,
Than for a Page or two in Sacred Writ,
This little Book does at one view contain
What *Grecian* Sages blindly sought in vain,
The World's Creation, and the Fall of Man ;
And how the Tincture of his Sin could be
Deriv'd on his unborn Posterity :

How he entail'd a double Death on Man,
VVhence Physick and Divinity began :
How after several rolling Periods past,
VVith an incarnate God the VVorld was blest ;
VVho to poor Man Bowels of Mercy bore,
And Death disarm'd of all its Sting and Power ;
Redeem'd the captive VVretch from Sin and Hell,
And plac'd him higher than whence at first he fell :
Remov'd his Seat from Earth to Heaven, with power
Of never sinning, never falling more.

VVith watchful Providence our gracious Lord,
From Foes of every sort, his Church does guard.
Heaven han't indeed thought fit that we should be
From Sin, much less from Error, wholly free ;
Lest we, on disappearance of a Foe,
Throw by our Arms, careless of Danger grow.
Thus vanquisht *Carthage* 'twas thought fit to spare,
To keep *Rome*'s Mártial Spirits still in fear.

But if a Friend comes in, the Book's thrown by ;
A Bottle better sutes in Company.

Boy, reach that Flask here : Come, Sir, if you please,
Here's to the King, and both the Princesses.
Another Health to the Establiſh'd Church ;
Hang him who does that or his Liquor lurch.
Bless me ! it warms, I feel the potent Juice,
Its winged fires thro every Vein diffuse.

H h

VVhat

What Magick in the Grape, what Charms in Wine,
 That to such various Humours Men incline!
 Pander to Lust, Midwife to Mirth and Wit,
 Thou mak'st old Friends fall out, and Cowards fight.
 The Captive full of Thee, forgets his Chains;
 With Thee the Beggar flusht, in Fancy reigns.
 The Dutch at Sea, Death in the Face will stare,
 Their Senses steep'd in Nants and Gunpowder.
 The Sun by this a good way on his Road,
 The cool and lengthen'd Shades invite abroad.
 Whether we ride or walk, thro Woods or Plains,
 The winged Choir divert us with their Strains.
 Here Sights to Cits unknown, the time beguile,
 Viewing the various kinds of Rural Toil:
 For one's a Haying, with unwearied Pains,
 Amidst a jolly Crew of Sun-burnt Swains:
 Another plies the Plough for Grain and Food;
 Some distance off a third's a felling Wood.
 The pretty painful Bee, by nature blest
 With Foresight, is as busy as the best;
 Along the Fields in Bands they take their flight,
 Returning home laden with Spoils at Night.
 Here's one, i'th' School of Patience thro'ly try'd,
 Thoughtfully Angling by a River side;
 After six tedious Hours, lose or get,
 He still keeps on, half starv'd and thorow wet.
 Fishing, he'll tell you, is its own Reward;
 Give him but Bites, Fish is his least regard.
 But now a Pack of Dogs alarm our Ears,
 Mulick, that Hunters say, exceeds the Spheres;
 O'er Hill and Dale, with full-mouth'd Cry they run,
 To the known sound of Hollow or of Horn.
 And Deer no Safety in their Coverts find,
 And Reynolds stands to rights before the Wind.
 As for the timorous Hare, away she flings
 Before the Dogs, 'twas Fear first gave her Wings.

From

From this Diversion strait we're call'd aside
 To view the soaring Hawk's delightful Pride.
 How thro that Sea of Air the Bird of Prey,
 With Wings instead of Sails, divides his way :
 The lesser Birds clap on more sail, and fly ;
 It looks just like a running Fight at Sea.
 At this mean Prize he makes his humble stoop,
 Like *Algerine* at some poor Pink or Sloop.
 Besides all this, to close the lovely Scene,
 Each Night there's constant dancing on the Green :
 Persons of highest Rank stick round the Ring,
 Lustre and Grace to the Diversion bring :
 Whilst Lads and Lasses forth in Pairs advance,
 Musick keeps time to the well-measur'd Dance :
 Not finer Virgins flockt to those feign'd Games,
 When *Rome's* bold Youth so roughly woo'd the *Sabian*
 (Dames.

Tir'd, but not cloy'd, with this and such like Sport,
 Home to our Rest and Lodgings we resort ;
 And here we lie free from the dismal Noise
 Of Coaches, Midnight Fires, and Bellman's Voice :
 Here we in safe Security are blest,
 And nought but Conscience to disturb our Rest.
 Refresh'd with sleep, next Morn away we rig,
 Nothing remains of Yesterday's Fatigue.
 Thus, Friend, from Grief and Care we purge our
 (Head,

In-such a constant Round of Pleasures tread,
 That *Mecca's* Prophet, in his Paradise,
 Has hardly past his word for more than this.

But Oh, my Muse, Oh whither wilt thou lead ?
 Forbear, 'tis hallow'd Ground on which we tread.
 Methinks I hear the Poets of the Town
 Thus schooling me with a censorious Frown :
 Free of the *Hamburgh* or the *Guinea* Trade,
 You ought not yet the Poet's Rights invade ;

Whose jealous Company no more allows
 Of Interlopers, than the *India* House.
 The *Toleration* Tradesmen may admit
 For the high Calling of a Preacher fit;
 But Poetry no gifted Brother knows,
 Who from a Merchant strait an upstart Author grows.
 Go home, fond Man, and mind a better Game
 Than trading thus to the wild Coasts of Fame;
 Go, count your Cash, your Merchandize pursue,
 At once bid Poetry and Friends adieu.

*An Essay on Writing, and the Art and Mystery of
 Printing. A Translation out of the Anthology.*

Worthy that Man to scape Mortality, (lie;
 And leap that Ditch where all must plunging
 Who found out Letters first, and did impart,
 With dextrous Skill, Writing's mysterious Art,
 In Characters, to hold Intelligence,
 And to express the Mind's most hidden Sense.
 The *Indian* Slave, I'm sure, might wonder well
 How the dumb Papers cou'd his Theft reveal.
 The stupid World admir'd the secret Cause
 Of the Tongue's Commerce without help of Voice;
 That merely by a Pen it could reveal,
 And all the Soul's abstrusest Notions tell:
 The Pen, like Plowshare on the Paper's Face,
 With Black and Magick Tracks its way does trace,
 Assisted only by that useful Quill,
 Pluck'd from the Geese that sav'd the *Capitol*.

First, Writing-Tables Paper's place supply'd,
 Till Parchment and Nilotick Reeds were try'd.
 Parchment, the Skin of Beasts, well scrap'd and drest,
 By these poor Helps of old, the Mind express't:

But

But After-times a better way did go,
A lasting sort of Paper, white as Snow,
Compos'd of Rags well pounded in a Mill,
Proof against all but Fire, and the Moth's Spoil.
What poor Beginnings these ! The Silk-worm there
Had nought to do, no Silken Threds were here ;
But Rags, from Doors pick'd part, from Dung-hills
Masht in a Mill, gave rise to this fine Art ; (part,
Which in an instant gives a speedy birth
To *Virgil's* Books, the rarest Work on Earth,
But still an Art from Heaven was to come,
(From thence it came) this Matter to consume ;
Which could transcribe whole Books without a hand :
Behold the Press ! see how the Squadrons stand !
In all his Fights the *Roman* Parricide,
With half the Skill ne'er did his Troops divide ;
Nor *Philip's* Son, who with his Force o'er-run,
And mow'd the Countries of the Rising Morn :
Not the least motion from their Post, but all
Work hard, and wait the welcome Signal's Call ;
The Letters all turn'd Mutes, in Iron bound,
Never prove Vocal, till in Ink they're drown'd ;
The lab'ring Engine their still silence breaks,
And strait they render up their Charge, and speak :
Now drunk with the *Castalian* Flood, they sing,
Arma Virumque Gods, and God-like Kings ;
Six hundred Lines of *Maro's*, quick as Thought,
Beyond the nimblest Running-hand are wrought :
Much fairer too the Characters do show ;
For Grace, fam'd *Cocker's* Pen, its Head must bow.
Three thousand Births at once, you see, which soon
O'er ev'ry Country scatter'd are, and thrown,
In every Tongue with which Fame speaks are known.
These Types immortalize where'er they come,
And give learn'd Writers a more lasting Doom.

Court Rites, *Galenick* Precepts, *Moses* Rules,
 Are printed off, the Guides of learned Schools :
 What Wonders wou'd Antiquity have try'd,
 Had they the dawn of the Invention spy'd ?
 The Offices of *Tully* were the first
 That came abroad in this new-fashion'd Dress.
 Imperial *Metz* her self would Author prove ;
 And *Venice* cries she did the Art improve ;
 Not Antient Cities more for *Homer* strove.
 Goddess! Preserver from the Teeth of Time,
 Who keeps our Names still fresh in Youthful prime ;
 What Man was he whom thus the Gods have grac'd,
 Worthy among the Stars to have a Place !
 Like Head of *Nile* unknown, thy bubbling Rise
 Is hid, for ever hid, from mortal Eyes.

Prologue, by the E. of R——r.

GENTLE Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
 Men but despise us while we but complain :
 Such Numbers are concern'd for the wrong side ;
 A weak Resistance still provokes their Pride,
 And cannot stem the fierceness of the Tide.
 Laughters, Buffoons, with an unthinking Croud
 Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
 Insult in every Corner : Want of Sense,
 Confirm'd with an outlandish Impudence,
 Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
 Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and false Wit ;
 To boast their Leudness here young Scourers meet,
 And all the vile Companions of a Street
 Keep a perpetual bawling near that Door,
 Who beat the Band last night, who bilkt the Whore :
 They snarl, but neither fight nor pay a Farthing,
 A Play-house is become a mere Bear-Garden ;
 Where

Where every one with Insolence enjoys
 His Liberty and Property of Noise.
 Should true Sense, with revengeful Fire, come down,
 Our *Sodom* wants ten Men to save the Town:
 Each Parish is infected, to be clear
 We must lose more than when the Plague was here:
 While every little thing perks up so soon,
 That at fourteen it hectors up and down; (Town; }
 With the best Cheats and the worst Whores i' th' }
 Swears at a Play, who should be whip'd at School: }
 The Foplings must in time grow up to rule, }
 The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool. }
 Some powerful Muse, inspir'd for our defence,
 Arise, and save a little common Sense:
 In such a Cause let thy keen Satyr bite,
 Where Indignation bids thy Genius write:
 Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town;
 And single out the Beast and hunt him down;
 Hang up his mangl'd Carcase on the Stage,
 To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

*On Melting down the Plate: Or, the Piss-
 pot's Farewel, 1697.*

MAids need no more their Silver Piss-pots scour,
 They now must jog like Traitors to the Tower.
 A quick dispatch! no sooner are they come,
 But ev'ry Vessel there receives its Doom:
 By Law condemn'd to take their fiery Trial,
 A Sentence that admits of no Denial.
 Presumptuous Piss-pot! How didst thou offend?
 Compelling Females on their Hams to bend?
 To Kings and Queens we humbly bow the Knee,
 But Queens themselves are forc'd to stoop to thee.

To thee they cringe, and with a straining Face,
 They cure their Grief by opening of their Case.
 In times of need thy help they did implore,
 And oft to ease their Ailments made thee roar.
 Under their Bed thou still hadst been conceal'd,
 And ne'er but on Necessity reveal'd;
 When over-charg'd, and in Extremity,
 Their dearest Secrets they disclos'd to thee.
 Long hast thou been a Prisoner close confin'd,
 But Liberty is now for thee design'd;
 Thou, whom so many Beauties have enjoy'd,
 Now in another use shall be employ'd:
 And with delight be handled ev'ry day,
 And oftner occupied a better way.
 But crafty Workman first must thee refine,
 To purge thee from thy Soder and thy Brine.
 When thou, transform'd into another shape,
 Shalt make the World rejoice at thy Escape;
 And from the Mint in Triumph shall be sent,
 New coin'd and mill'd, to ev'ry Hearts content.
 Welcome to all, then proud of thy new Vamp,
 Bearing the Passport of a Royal Stamp;
 And pass as current, pleasant, and as free,
 As that which hath so oft pass'd into thee.

On Content.

I.

BLEST He that with a mighty Hand
 Does bravely his own Fate command;
 Whom threatening Ills, and flattering Pleasures find
 Safe in the Empire of a constant Mind:
 Who from the peaceful Bench describes
 Repining Man in the World's Ocean tost,

And

And with a chearful Smile defies
The Storm in which the discontented's lost.

II.

Content thou best of Friends, for thou
In our Necessities art so ;
Mid'st all our Ills, a Blessing still in store ;
Joy to the Rich, and Riches to the Poor.

Thou Chymick Good, that canst alone,
From Fate's most poisonous Drugs, rich Cordials raise:
Thou truest Philosophick Stone,
That turn'st Life's melancholy Dross to golden Days.

III.

Content the good, the golden mean,
The safe Estate that sits between
The sordid Poor, and miserable Great,
The humble Tenant of a rural Seat.

In vain we Wealth and Treasure heap ;
He 'midst his thousand Kingdoms still is poor,
That for another Crown does weep ;
'Tis only he is rich, that wishes for no more.

IV.

Hence Titles, Mannors and Estate,
Content alone can make us great ;
Content is Riches, Honour, all beside :
While the *French* Hero with insatiate Pride,
A single Empire does disdain :
While, still he's great, and still wou'd greater be,
On the least spot of Earth I reign
A happier Man, and mightier Monarch far than he.

V.

I beg good Heaven, with just Desires,
What Need, nor Luxury requires ;
Give me with sparing Hands, but moderate Wealth,
A little Honour, and enough of Health ;
Life from the busy City free,
Near shady Groves, and purling Streams confin'd ;

A faithful Friend, a pleasing she,
And give me all in one, give a contented Mind.

VI.

Tell me no more of glorious Things,
Of Crowns, of Palaces and Kings;
The glittering Folly, nobly I contemn,
And scorn the troubles of a Diadem.

Thus *Horace* for his *Sabine* Seat,
Did mighty *Cesar's* shining Court refuse;
And in himself compleatly great,
Contentedly enjoy'd a Mistress, and a Muse.

Tunbridge-Wells. By the Earl of Ro-
chester, June 30. 1675.

AT five this Morn, when *Phœbus* rais'd his Head
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed;
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendezvous of Fools, Buffoons and Praters;
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and
(Daughters,
My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose it was prescrib'd:
But turning Head, a cursed sudden Crew
That innocent Provision overthrew,
And without drinking, made me purge and spue.
From Coach and Six, a Thing unweildy roll'd,
Whom lumber Cart more decently would hold:
As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a mere *Sir Nicholas Cully*;
A Bawling Fop, a Natural Nokes, and yet
He dar'd to censure, to be thought a Wit.

To

To make him more ridiculous in Spite,
Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight :
" How wise is Nature when she does dispense
" A large Estate to cover want of Sense?
" The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,
" For he's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter ;
" But a *poor Blockhead*, is a wretched Creature.
Tho he alone was dismal Sight enough,
His Train contributed to set him off ;
All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff.
No Spleen or Malice need on them be thrown,
Nature has done the business of Lampoon,
And in their Looks their Characters are shown.
Endeavouring this irksom sight to baulk,
And a more irksom noise, their silly talk ;
I silently shrunk down to th' lower Walk.
But often when we would *Charibdis* shun,
Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run ;
For here it was my cursed luck to find
As great a Fop, tho of another kind :
A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in Spanish Guise,
The Buckram Puppet never stir'd his Eyes,
But grave as Owlet look'd, as Woodcock wise.
He scorns the empty talk of this mad Age,
And speaks all Proverbs, Sentences, Adage ;
Can with as great Solemnity buy Eggs,
As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues ;
Master o'th' Ceremonies, yet can dispense
With the Formality of talking Sense.
From hence unto the upper end I ran,
Where a new Scene of Foppery began ;
A Tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
Were Company for none besides themselves :
They got together, each his Distemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Strangury ; and some were bold

To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease bring Infamy.
 But none there were so modest to complain
 Of want of Learning, Honesty or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train.
 These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
 Saucily pretending a Commission given :
 But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command
 Seldom extends t'above ten Miles of Land ;
 Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassy,
 He'd find but small effect from such a Message.
 Listening, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,
 Was pert * *Bayes*, with Importance comfortable :
 He being rais'd to an Archdeaconry, * *Parker*.
 By trampling on religious Liberty ;
 Was grown so fat, and look'd so big and jolly,
 Not being disturb'd with care and melancholy,
 Tho *Marvel* has enough expos'd his Folly.
 He drank to carry off some old Remains,
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins ;
 Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood
 Can give sufficient Sweetness to his Blood,
 Or make his Nature or his Manners good.
 Next after these, a fulsom *Irish* Crew
 Of silly *Macks* were offer'd to my View ;
 The things they talk, but hearing what they said,
 I hid my self, the Kindness to evade.
 Nature has plac'd these Wretches below scorn,
 They can't be call'd so vile, as they were born.
 Amidst the Croud, next I my self convey'd,
 For now there comes (White-wash and Paint being
 laid)
 Mother and Daughter, Mistriß and the Maid,
 And Squire with Wig and Pantaloon display'd :
 But ne'er could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
 For a true Medly, with his Herd compare.

Here

Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Countesses,
Chandlers, Mum, Bacon, Women and Sempstresses,
Were mixt together; nor did they agree
More in their Humours, than their Quality.
Here waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,
Leaning on Cane, and muff'd up in Hood:
The would-be-Wit—whose business 'twas to woo,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn scrape of Shoo;
Bowing advanc'd, and then he gently shrugs,
And ruffled Foretop he in order tugs;
And thus accosts her, "Madam, methinks the Weather
" Is grown much more serene since you came hither:
" You influence the Heavens; and should the Sun
" Withdraw himself to see his Rays out-done,
" Your Luminaries would supply the Morn,
" And make a Day, before the Day be born.
With Mouth screw'd up, and awkward winking Eyes,
And Breast thrust forward; Lord, Sir, she replies:
It is my Goodness, and not your Deserts,
Which makes you shew your Learning, Wit and Parts.
He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say.
And thus breaks out a fresh: Madam, I'gad,
Your Luck, last Night, at Cards was mighty bad
At Cribbage; Fifty nine, and the next Shew,
To make your Game, and yet to want those two:
G—d—me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my Life I saw the like before.
To Pedler's Hall he drags her soon, and says
The same dull stuff a thousand different ways;
And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.
Quite tir'd with this most dismal Stuff, I ran
Where were two Wives, and Girl just fit for Man,
Short was her Breath, Looks pale, and Visage wan.

Some }

Some Curtisy's past, and the old Compliment,
 Of being glad to see each other, spent;
 With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
 And one began thus to renew the Talk.
 I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought
 No Rudeness, what Cause was it hither brought
 Your Ladiship? She soon replying smil'd,
 We have a good Estate, but ne'er a Child;
 And I'm inform'd these Wells will make a barren
 Woman, as fruitful as a Conny-warren.
 The first return'd; for this Cause I am come,
 For I can have no Quietness at home.
 My Husband grumbles tho we've gotten one,
 This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son:
 And this disturb'd with Head-ach, Pangs and Throws,
 Is full Sixteen, and yet had never *Those*.
 She answer'd strait, Get her a Husband, Madam;
 I marry'd at that Age, and never had 'em;
 Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
 A Back of Steel will bring them better down.
 And ten to one, but they themselves will try
 The same way to encrease their Family.
 Poor silly Fribble, who by Subtilty
 Of Midwife, truest Friend to Lechery;
 Persuaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
 To give thy Wife occasion to enlarge
 Thy silly Head. Some here walk, cuff and kick
 With brawny Back and Legs and potent ———
 Who more substantially will cure thy Wife,
 And to her half dead Womb restore new Life.
 From these the Waters got their Reputation
 Of good Assistance unto Generation.
 Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
 With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song:
 Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew.
They

They were Cadets, that seldom did appear,
 Damn'd to the stint of Thirty Pounds a Year,
 With Hawk on Fist, or Greyhound led in hand,
 They Dog and Foot-boy sometimes do command;
 But now having trim'd a Leash of spavin'd Horse,
 With three hard pinch'd-for Guineas in their Purse,
 Two rusty Pistols, Scarf about their Arse——
 Coat lin'd with Red, they here presum'd to swell;
 This goes for Captain, that for Colonel:
 Ev'n so Bear-Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted;
 But is, by virtue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
 Bless me! thought I, what Thing is Man, that thus
 In all his Shapes, he is ridiculous.
 Our selves with noise of Reason we do please
 In vain, Humanity's our worst Disease:
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be
 Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.

*In Memory of Joseph Washington, Esq; late
 of the Middle Temple, an Elegy. Written
 by N. Tate, Servant to their Majesties.*

CAN Learning's Orb, when such a Star expires,
 No notice take of its extinguish'd Fires?
 Can *Washington* from *Britain's* Arms be torn,
 And not one *British* Muse his Hearse adorn?
 Since abler Bards his Obsequies decline,
 And they whom Art inspires desert his Shrine,
 I'll trust my Grief his Fun'ral to breathe;
 I'll crown his Tomb, tho with a fading Wreath.
 Nor shall the boasting Fates have this to say,
 That unobserv'd they stole such Worth away.

No —

No ——— Since Mankind a Loss in him sustain,
We'll of that Wrong to all Mankind complain.

O whither tend the famish'd Hopes of Wit,
That does whole Years in brooding Study sit!
From early Dawn, till Day forsakes the Sky,
And Midnight Lamps the absent Sun supply;
Why should the Learn'd, with Chymist Patience, wait
Their Work's *Projection*, never gain'd till late?
If, soon as got, Fate's rigid Law must doom
Them, and their rich Discov'ry to one Tomb!
Why should we antient Arts steep Ruins climb,
And backward trace the painful Steps of Time?
Why moil and ransack, for a Golden Mite,
Past Ages rubbish till we lose our Sight?
If baffl'd, from the search we must retire,
Or, having seiz'd it, o'er the Prize expire.

In vain does friendly Nature too combine,
And with her Industry her Forces join;
In vain her ablest Faculties are brought,
Quick Fancy, Judgment to Perfection wrought,
And Memory, the Magazine of Thought;
Convincing Reason, charming Eloquence,
All these she did to him we mourn dispense:
To him who lies in Death's cold Arms enclos'd,
And leaves his sacred Fame ———
To such an artless Song as mine expos'd.

O for a *Mausolæum*! no less Tomb
Can for his Merits History have Room:
Then let some Angel from the Realms of Light
Descend, the shining Epitaph to write!
No Mortal Wit his Character may give;
Our Verse can only on his Marble live.

His Genius rival'd *Rome's* and *Athens* Fame,
Breath'd *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Flame;
Touch'd the *Horatian* Lyre with equal Ease,
Sail'd with Success on *Tully's* flowing Seas.

In Language his Knowledge was sublime;
From Modern to the Speech of Infant-time.
Thus from the sacred Oracles he drew
Those Truths, which scarce the Patriarchs better knew.

The Sages by Antiquity admir'd,
(Who justly to the Name of *Wise* aspir'd)
In Speculation ne'er cou'd soar so high,
Nor Contemplation to such Use apply;
For he, his Life adjusting to his Thought,
Practis'd more Vertue than those Masters taught.

His Soul of e'ery Science was the Sphere,
Yet *Artless Honesty* sat Regent there;
Bright Learning's Charms none better understood,
Yet less he study'd to be learn'd, than good.

No Truth, in Notion, as in Practice, just,
Ne'er servily his Knowledge took on trust;
Nor held for Sacred Customs doting Dreams;
Disdain'd to drink *Tradition's* muddy Streams;
But to clear Principles had still recourse,
Nor rested, till he found the happy Source:
And then, with gen'rous Charity possest,
His Country with the rich Discov'ry blest.

His Skill in Laws was less for private Gain
Employ'd, than publick Freedom to maintain;
While Mercenaries with the Current steer'd,
His Country's constant Patron he appear'd.
With *Roman* Vertue at the needful Hour,
Oppos'd encroaching Tides of Lawless Power.
His brandish'd Pen, in Liberty's Support,
Cou'd Lightning on th' astonish'd Foe retort.
Scarcely in *Marvel's* keen Remarks we find
Such Energy of Wit and Reason join'd.
Great *Milton's* Shade with Pleasure oft look'd down,
A Genius to applaud so like his own.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Souls unite, in generous Friendship join'd,
By a reciprocal Exchange of Hearts;
The Cement which does the Contexture bind,
Arises from a Sympathy in Parts.

'Tis not the Work of Interest, or Force,
But Nature all things to their like does move;
Love is true Friendship, Origin and Source,
Similitude the truest Cause of Love.

Soon as each Object does it self display,
At the first View such mutual Charms appear,
Tho Distance, or Disasters stop the way,
Yet still they wish and covet to be near.

Their Motions and Desires are the same;
This, no Design to that unknown, does move;
Both their Affections shine with equal Flame,
By Nature kindled, and supply'd by Love.

A pair of Souls, in sweet Conjunction One;
Safe in each other's Bosom they confide;
Have neither Joy nor Grief that's singly known;
But both alike the common Care divide.

IV.

Friendship on such a Basis built shall grow,
And like the Eagle still its Youth renew:
Time in the Building no Defect can show,
Nor Wit or Malice the strong Knot undo.

Thus

VII.

Thus sturdy Oaks from small Beginnings grow,
Which when in Earth have deeply taken Root,
Play with those Winds that weaker Trees o'erthrow,
Whilst up to Heaven the lofty Branches shoot.

The WISH.

I.

AS Leaves which from the Trees blown down,
Are scorch'd and shrivel'd by the Sun;
Or Lillys which the Virgins crop,
Contract their Beauty, die and drop:
So when I on *Dorinda* look,
I strait am with a Lightning struck;
But if I gaze a while and stay,
I melt insensibly away.

II.

But then as soft and gentle Showers
Renew old Life in dying Flowers;
Or Dew shed on the Womb of Earth,
Does give the early Blossoms Birth:
So if *Dorinda* sheds a Tear,
New Strength and Motion does appear;
But if she balmy Kisses gives,
My Soul returns again and lives.

III.

Therefore, my Dear, since Life and Death
Depend at once upon your Breath;
Since what your Eyes of Life deprive,
Your Kisses heal and do revive:
Kill and destroy me as you please,
For only then my Mind's at ease;
When your Eyes and Lips contrive,
To make me often die and live.

The Deliverance.

I.

CELIA, now my Heart has broke
 The Bands of your ungentle Yoke;
 Dissolv'd the Fetters of that Chain,
 With which it strove so long in vain;
 The Devil take me if I e'er
 Am trap'd again within your Snare.

II.

In vain you spread the treacherous Net,
 In vain your secret Toils are set;
 The Bird can now your Arts espy,
 And wing'd with Caution from 'em fly.
 Some heedless Heart your Prey may be,
 But, Faith, you're too well known to me.

III.

I now can with Contempt despise
 The feeble Witchcraft of your Eyes;
 Without Concern can sit and hear
 You prattle Nonsense half a Year;
 And go away as little mov'd,
 As you was lately when I lov'd.

IV.

I wonder what the Devil 'twas
 That made me such a stupid Ass,
 To fancy such a charming Grace
 In your Language. Mein and Face;
 Since now I nothing more can find,
 Than what I see in all your kind.

V.

Thus when the drouzy God of Sleep
 Does o'er our weary Senses creep;

Some curious Piece of Imag'ry,
By Fancy wrought, deludes the Eye :
But when we wake, th' Approach of Day
Scares the airy Form away.

Song ex Tempore.

THEY talk of Raptures, Flames and Darts,
Of burning Fevers in their Hearts ;
Of Gods of Love in Womens Eyes,
Which please, and ravish, and surprize :
How they admire, love, adore,
With thousand other Wonders more.
But I could ne'er in Woman-kind
Those dazzling Charms and Lustre find ;
Which should in spite of Reason prove
Sufficient to engage my Love.
Whilst kind, I love ; but when untrue,
I leave 'em, Faith, and grow so too.
When once they coy and foolish be,
They may go hang themselves for me :
I love my Bottle and my Friend,
Nor other Love I understand.

Of Solitude.

O Solitude ! my sweetest Choice,
Places devoted to the Night,
Remote from Tumult, and from Noise,
How you my restless Thoughts delight !

O Heavens! what Content is mine,
 To see those Trees which have appear'd
 From the Nativity of Time,
 And which all Ages have rever'd,
 To look to Day as fresh and green
 As when their Beauties first were seen?

II.

A chearful Wind does court them so,
 And with such amorous Breath enfold,
 That we by nothing else can know,
 But by their Height, that they are old.
 Hither the Demi-Gods did fly
 To seek a Sanctuary; when
 Displeased *Jove* once pierc'd the Sky,
 To pour a Deluge upon Men,
 And on these Boughs themselves did save;
 Whence they could hardly see a Wave.

III.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
 So curiously by *Flora* dress'd,
 In melting Notes, her Case forlorn,
 To entertain me, hath confess'd.
 O! how agreeable a Sight
 These hanging Mountains do appear,
 Which the Unhappy wou'd invite
 To finish all their Sorrows here,
 When their hard Fate makes them endure
 Such Woes, as only Death can cure.

IV.

What pretty Desolations make
 These Torrents Vagabond and Fierce,
 Who in vast Heaps their Spring forsake,
 This solitary Vale to pierce?
 Then sliding just as Serpents do
 Under the Foot of every Tree,

Themselves are chang'd to Rivers too,
 Wherein some stately *Nayade*,
 As in her native Bed, is grown
 A Queen upon a Chrystal Throne.

V.

This Den beset with River Plants,
 O! how it does my Senses charm:
 Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
 Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
 Here Nymphs which come to take the Air,
 May with such Distaffs furnish'd be,
 As Flax and Rulnes can prepare;
 Where we the nimble Frogs may see,
 Who frighted to retreat do fly,
 If an approaching Man they spy.

VI.

Here Water-Fowl repose enjoy,
 Without the interrupting Care,
 Lest Fortune shou'd their Bliss destroy,
 By the malicious Fowler's Snare.
 Some ravish'd with so bright a Day,
 Their Feathers finely prune and deck;
 Others their amorous Heat allay,
 Which yet the Waters cou'd not check:
 All take their innocent Content
 In this their lovely Element.

VII.

Summer's nor Winter's bold Approach,
 This Stream did never entertain;
 Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach,
 Whilst either Season did remain.
 No thirsty Traveller came near,
 And rudely made his Hand his Cup;
 Nor any hunted Hind hath here
 Her hopeless Life resigned up.

Nor ever did the treacherous Hook
Intrude to empty any Brook.

VIII.

What Beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd Castle-Walls,
In which the utmost Rage and Spite
Of Time's worst Insurrection falls?
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious Sport appear,
Our Senses both to afflict and cheat.
And here within a thousand Holes,
Are Nests of Adders, and of Owls.

IX.

The Raven with his dismal Cries,
That mortal Angury of Fate,
Those ghastly Goblins gratifies;
Which in these gloomy Places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the Wind does move
A Carcase, which did once belong
To one that hang'd himself for Love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong:
Who tho she saw his Love and Truth,
With one Look would not save the Youth.

X.

But Heaven, which judgeth equally,
And its own Laws will still maintain,
Rewarded soon her Cruelty
With a deserv'd and mighty Pain;
About this squalid heap of Bones,
Her wandring and condemning Shade
Laments in long and piercing Groans
The Destiny her Rigour made;
And farther to augment her Fright,
Her Crime is ever in her Sight.

XI.

There upon antick Marble trac'd,
Devices of Pastimes we see;
Here Age has almost quite defac'd
What Lovers carv'd on every Tree:
The Cellar, here, the highest Room,
Receives when its Rafter's fail,
Soil'd with the Venom and the Foam
Of the sly Spider and Snail:
And th' Ivy in the Chimney we
Find shaded by a Walnut-Tree,

XII.

Below there does a Cave extend,
Wherein there is so dark a Grot,
That should the Sun himself descend,
I think he could not see a jot.
Here Sleep within a heavy lid,
In quiet Sadness locks up Sense,
And every Care he does forbid,
Whilst in the Arms of Negligence,
Lazily on his Back he's spread,
And sheaves of Poppey are his Bed:

XIII.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
Where Love it self might turn to Ice,
Poor Eccho ceases not to rave
On her *Narcissus* wild and nice;
Hither I softly steal a Thought,
And by the softer Musick made,
With a sweet Lute in Charms well taught,
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade;
Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
To serve as Body to her Voice.

XIV.

When from these Ruins I retire,
This horrid Rock I do invade,

Whose

Whose lofty Brow seems to enquire

Of what Materials Mists are made:

From thence descending leisurely,

Under the Brow of this steep Hill

It with great Pleasure I descry,

By Waters undermin'd, until

They to *Palamon's* Seat did climb,

Compos'd of Sponges and of Slime,

XV.

How highly is the Fancy pleas'd,

To be upon the Ocean's Shore,

When she begins to be appeas'd,

And her fierce Billows cease to roar!

And when the hairy *Tentons* are

Riding upon the shaken Wave,

With what strange Sound they strike the Air,

Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,

Whose shrill Report does every Wind

Unto his due Submission bind!

XVI.

Sometimes the Sea dispels the Sand,

Trembling and murmuring in the Bay;

And rolls it self upon the Shells,

Which it both brings and takes away.

Sometimes exposes on the Strand,

Th' Effects of *Neptune's* Rage and Scorn,

Drown'd Men, dead Monsters cast on Land,

And Ships that were in Tempests torn,

With Diamonds and Amber-greece,

And many more such things as these.

XVII.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,

A floating Mirror she might be,

And you wou'd fancy all that while

New Heavens in her Face to see:

The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he wou'd his Picture view,
That our Eyes can hardly tell

Which is the false Sun, which the true;
And lest we give our Sense the Lye,
We think he's fallen from the Sky.

XVIII.

Bernieres! for whose beloved sake
My Thoughts are at a noble Strife;
This my fantastick Landskip take,
Which I have copied to the Life.

I only seek the Desarts rough,
Where all alone I lov'd to walk;
And with Discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk.
But the Converse most truly mine,
Is the dear Memory of thine.

XIX.

Thou mayst in this Poem find,
So full of Liberty and Heat,
What illustrious Rays have shin'd,
To enlighten my Conceits:
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that Fury does controul,
And as the Object I survey,
The Notions grow up in my Soul;
And are as unconfin'd and free,
As the Flame which transported me.

XX.

O! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of noblest Wit,
Where I have learn'd *Apollo's* Lore,
Without the Pains to study it:
For thy sake I in Love am grown,
With what thy Fancy does pursue;

But

But when I think upon my own,
 I hate it for that reason too,
 Because it needs must hinder me
 From seeing, and from serving thee.

A Satyr against Brandy.

Farewel thou *Stygean* Juice, which does bewitch,
 From the Court Baud, down to the Country
 (Bitch !

Down to thy Native Hell, and mend the Fire ;
 Or if you rather chuse to settle nigher,
 Descend to the dull Clime from whence you came,
 Where Wit and Courage may require the Flame ;
 Where they carouse in their *Vesuvian* Bowls,
 To crush the Quagmire of their spongy Souls.
 Had *Dives* for thy scorching Moisture cry'd,
Abraham in pity had his Suit deny'd ;
 Or *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyr's Flood
 Had ceas'd in thee, and sav'd the Nation Wood.
 Essence of Ember, Scum of melted Flint,
 With all its native Sparkles floating in't ;
 Sure the black Chymist, with his Cloven Foot,
 All *Aetna's* Simples in his Lymbeck put ;
 And doubly still'd, nay quintiscenc'd thy Juice,
 To charcoal Mortals for his future use.
 Fireship to Nature, who dost doubly wound ;
 For they who grapple thee, are burnt and drown'd.
 So when Heav'n press'd th' Auxiliaries of Hell,
 A scorching Storm on cursed *Sodom* fell ;
 And when its single Plague could not prevail,
Egypt was scall'd with kindled Rain and Hail :
 So Nature's Fends are reconcil'd to Thee,
 Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy.

God's

God's past and future Judgment breathe in you,
A Deluge, and a Conflagration too.

View yonder Sot, I don't mean S——

Grill'd all o'er with thee from Head to Foot:
His greasy Eye-lids show'd above their pitch,
His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies rich:
His Skulls instead of Brains, supply'd with Cinder;
His Nose turns all his Handkerchiefs to Tinder:
His feeble Head scarce heaves the Liquor in
His Nerves all crackle in his Parchment-Skin:
His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food;
His Liver even vitrifies his Blood.

His Guts from Nature's Drudgery are freed,
And in his Bowels Salamanders breed.
He breathes like a Smith's Forge, and wets the Fire,
Not to allay the Flame, but raise it higher.

He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh,
And steps as tho he walk'd with *Pindar's* Staff.

The moving Glass-House lightens in his Eyes,
Singes his Clothes, and all his Marrow fries;
Glow's for a while, and then in Ashes dies.

But hold, lest I the Saints dire Anger merit,
By stinting these Auxiliary Spirits:

I hear of late, whate'er the wicked think,
Thou art reform'd, and turn'd a Godly Drink:
For since the publick Faith, for Plate did wimble,
And sanctify'd thy Girl with *Hannah's* Thimble;
Thou leftst thy old bad Company of Vermin,
The swearing Porters, and the drunken Car-men;
And the leud Drivers of the Hackny-Coaches,
And now tak'st up with sage discreet Debauches:
Thou freely dropst upon Gold-Chains and Furr,
And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.

No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house Brawl,
But the more sober Riots of *Guild-Hall*.

Where,

Where, by the Spirit's fallible Direction,
 The Reprobates stood polling for Election.
 Go then, thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
 Add Flame to Flame, and their stiff Tempers heal,
 Till they grow ductile to the Publick Weal.
 Yet one word more, now we are out of hearing,
 Many have dy'd with drinking, some with swearing.
 If these two Ills shou'd in Conjunction meet,
 The Grass wou'd quickly grow in every Street:
 Save thou this Nation from the double Blow,
 And keep thy Fire from Salamanca T. O.

*A Prologue spoken by Mr. Mounfort, after
 he came from the Army, and acted on the
 Stage.*

AS reading of Romances did inspire
 The fierce *Don Quixot* with a Martial Fire;
 So some do think by acting *Alexander*,
 Gave me the Whim of being a Commander.
 But then reflecting that I had left behind me
 An Audience rudely, that had us'd me kindly;
 My Conscience of Ingratitude accus'd me,
 Bid me return, where you too well had us'd me,
 Ask pardon, and it shou'd not be refus'd me.
 Thus relying on your Mercy, I am come,
 Leaving *Dundalk*, to act with you at home.
 Forgive me then, and in return I'll swear
 Ever to be your most obedient Player.

On the Infanta of Portugal.

HOW cruel was *Montez's Fate*,
To fix his Love so high,
That he must perish for her Fate,
Or for her Kindness die?

Tortur'd and mangl'd, cut and maim'd,
I'th' midst of all his Pain,
He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
'Twas better than Disdain.

The gentle Nymph long since design'd
For the proud Monsieur's Bed,
Now to a holy Goal confin'd,
Drops Tears for every Head.

IV.

Tell me ye Gods, if when a King
Suffers for Impotence;
If Love be such a thing,
What can be Innocence?

Pindarick. By the Lord R———.

LET Antients boast no more
Their leud Imperial Whore,
Whose everlasting Lust
Surviv'd her Body's lately Thrust;
And when that transitory Dust
Had no more Vigour left in store,
Was still as fresh and active as before.

2. Her

2.

Her Glory must give place
 To one of Modern *British* Race;
 Whose every daily Act exceeds
 The other's most transcendent Deeds:
 She has at length made good,
 That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,
 Even able to out-do

All that their loosest Wives prompt them to:

3.

When she has jaded quite
 Her almost boundless Appetite;
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,
 She'll still drudge on in tasteless Vice,
 (As if she sn'd for Exercise)
 Disabling stoutest Stallions every hour:
 And when they can perform no more,
 She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of door.

4.

Mon — *th* and *Ca* — *b* droop,
 As first did *Henning* — *m* and *Scroope*:
 Nay scabby *Ned* looks thin and pale,
 And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail:
 But *Wo* betide him if he does,
 She'll set her *Jockey* on his Toes,
 And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

5.

Now tell me all you Pow'rs,
 Who e'er cou'd equal this leud Dame of ours:
Lais her self must yield,
 And vanquish'd *Julia* quit the Field;
 Nor can that Princess, one Day fam'd,
 As Wonder of the Earth,
 For *Minotaurus* glorious Birth,
 With Admiration any more be nam'd.
 These Puny Heroins of History,
 Eclips'd by her, shall all forgotten be,
 Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

On

On the Return of K. Charles II.

This should have been put next after the Poems on Oliver, but was misplac'd.

JURE & Amore tui modo spes, nunc gloria regni
 Qui regnando refers Numen, & esse probas.
 Laudibus & titulis major, majorque superbis
 Principibus, solo denique Patre minor.
 Maximè Rex, sed adhuc vir major : en accipe honores
 Quos tu regales accipiendo facis.
 Regna patent, & corda patent ; sed latius ista :
 Omnia tu, præter gaudia nostra, regis.
 Sol novus exorians quàm claro manè refulges,
 Occasû rubuit dum prior ille suo.
 Rex uni genti, sed donum missus es orbi,
 Hinc in tam multis gentibus exul eras.
 Sors tua te Gallos divisit, & inter Iberos :
 Pluribus ut regnis te, populisque daret.
 Dum se interposuit regnum quinquenne Neronis,
 Oppositâ ornabat proximitate tuum.
 Sanguinei, tua grata magis, post sceptrâ Tyranni
 Sic infert festos litera rubra dies.
 Quæ rerum facies ! viduam dum Carolus urbem
 Intrat, splendoris pars quota Pompa fuit !
 O quàm plena dies lachrymis sine luctibus ! illum
 Sole vidente quidem, non faciente diem.
 Quis sine cæde prius tot strictos viderat enses ?
 Quisve sine effuso sanguine Victor erat ?
 Cum modo utramq; manum comitanti fratre venires,
 Carole, visa mihi est utraq; dextra manus.
 Mercurium & Martem medio Jove vidimus ; Omen
 Gerna solent faustum sydera juncta dare.

K k

Dicitur

Dicitur Alcides bis subiisse labores

Exul: totque annos *Carolus* exul agit,
Jamque duodecimum peragit feliciter annum,
Ultimus huic pariter sit precor iste labor.
Exilii spatiis regnum mensuret: & exul

Quem modo lustrabat, jam regat ille globum.

R. South, A. M. ex Aede Christi.

Thus Translated.

GOD's and thy Right made thee our Hope before,
And now conjoin'd our happy State restore:
Thy glorious Reign two mighty Works can do,
It proves a God, and represents him too.
Proud Kings will to thy nobler Stile submit,
Only thy Father must above Thee sit.
Great King, but greater Man! our Wreaths allow,
Which may Imperial by Acceptance grow.
Large are the Realms, our Hearts more large; thy
Hand
May those, but not our boundless Joys, command.
What chearful Beams our rising *Phœbus* crown,
Tho yesterday's in bloody Clouds went down.
One Nation's King, to all a Blessing sent,
His wandring Course thro various Nations spent.
While thee their Guest, both *French* and *Spaniards* made,
More Realms, more Tribes thy gentler Beams survey'd.
Nero our Lord five tedious Years would be,
Only that he might prove a Foil to Thee.
His bloody Reign makes thine delightful all,
As our Red Letters shew a Festival.
How smil'd the Town when *Charles* his Entrance made!
More great himself than all the Cavalcade.
Then griefless Tears within our Eyes could play,
While *Phœbus* view'd, but never made the Day.

Then

Then first drawn Swords from Murders free we view'd,
 And saw a Conqueror never stain'd with Blood.
 When, *Charles*, your Royal Brothers clos'd thy side,
 Nature no more could Left and Right decide.
 So *Mars* and *Mercury* round their Father move,
 And happy their Divine Conjunctions prove.
 Twelve Labours banish'd *Hercules* sustain'd,
 Twelve tedious Years great *Charles* in Exile reign'd :
 The twelfth is now with lucky Omens past,
 O may it be of all thy Cares the last !
 Vast may thy Empire as thy Wandrings be,
 And the wide Globe survey'd submit it self to Thee.

On the late Invention of the New Lights.

—*Velut inter Ignēs*

Luna minores.—Hor.

IN Dogrel Rhimes we seldom use
 To stay for any God or Muse :
 But in so nice a case as this
 I think it cannot do amiss ;
 For all the Link-Boys round the Town,
 Have sworn, I hear, to run 'em down.
 The Men of Tallow, Wieck, and Cotten,
 The Tin-men too the Cry have gotten.
 Whom, let me see, shall we retain ?
Phæbus, for once, shall be the Man.
 Great God of Lights ! we thee invoke,
 If not by t'other side bespoke ;
 The Stars above, to Men below,
 But like your Farthing-Candles show :
 Whilst thou with glorious Lustre crown'd,
 Dost hang like one of Six i'th' pound.

Thou, who'rt all Eye, cast half an one
Down on this *New Invention*.

'Tis new indeed to us below,

But known in Heaven long ago :

The Stars in just such Chrystal Spheres,
Have burnt above Five Thousand Years ;

They fear no Storms by Day or Night,

But thus hang Wind and Weather tight ;

And so they'l hang till Day of Doom,

By that time they'l their Oyl consume :

And then their Glasses breaking round us,

In Flames they'l fall, and so confound us.

Nay, we can prove the *Milky way*

(For all Sir *Sydrophel* can say)

Is but a Street of some such Lights,

To guide the Heavenly Folk a nights.

The Council-Chamber up above,

Is hung with such, and *Jove's Alcove*.

The sacred *Ram* can't furnish Horn,

For all the Lights that there are shown ;

Horners they've none, and I dare swear

There's ne'er a *Tallow-Chandler* there.

Prometheus once (that Son of Fame)

Upon a Visit hither came ;

And lik'd the thing so wondrous well,

He strait upon the Trial fell :

But whether (as some Authors say)

The *Tallow-Chandlers* shew'd foul play,

Or Link-Boys us'd to break his Glasses,

(For variously the Story passes)

The Project fail'd, and he ran mad,

Such Luck the *Virtuoso* had ;

There is a Bird, as Poets say,

Lies gnawing of him Night and Day.

May more propitious Fates attend

Our present Art-improving Friend !

Were

Were this Design but understood,
'Twould be of universal Good.
The Stars might go to sleep a nights,
And leave their Work to the *New Lights*.
The Midwife Moon might mind her Calling,
And noisy Light-man leave his Bawling.
Men may pull in their Horns, and be
From *Officers* and *Summons* free.
Nay, with such potent Influence
Their streaming Rays they do dispense,
That if the Sun should lie too long,
Here he might have his Bus'ness done :
He might indulge in *Tiber's* Lap,
And while these burn, take t'other Nap.
Oh! had you been the other Night
In *Cheapside* at th' amazing sight,
Where with their Sawcer-Eyes they hung,
And gather'd their admiring Throng
The scatt'ring Light gild all the gandy way,
Some People rose and thought it day.
The plying Punks crept into Holes,
Who walk'd the Streets before by shoals;
The Night could now no longer skreen
The Tavern Sots from being seen.
The Light-Men, they began to rally,
Who blush'd, and sneak'd down *Grocers-Ally*.
The *Tempest* you have seen, no doubt,
Just so the Candles all went out;
Those silly Tools no more could burn,
Than Kitchen-fires before the Sun.
The Quaker, with up-lifted Hands,
By *Yea* and *Nay* the Rogue commends;
Of all their boasted Lights he said,
These never enter'd once their Head.

When we compare our times with those are past,
We cry, this Age of greater Light can boast:

I'll say so too, if this Invention hit,
Else swear, our Age wants Wit as well as Light.

On the late Invention of the Penny-Post,
by Mr. Dockwra.

Volvitur & volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.

WHAT Fools are they, who use to cry,
Nature's grown crazy, old, and dry!
No new Inventions now can boast
For that vast store of old was lost.
We know this is an Age of Light,
Our Grandfires all were under Night:
The sacred Story tells us, that
Our Fathers Boys and Girls begat
At nine hundred, so does too
Past five thousand Nature now.
Imperial Ink, and dying Purple were
Counted of old Inventions rare,
With Napkins of peculiar Stuff,
That could the Force of Fire rebuff;
Throw 'em into't, they took no hurt on't,
Hot-brain'd Nero had a Shirt on't.
These with others fill the Roll,
Writ by learned *Panciro*.
The modern Ages can produce
Inventions too of wondrous use,
By which Dame Nature now may boast
Her prolifick Force not lost.
Printing, the Compass, and the Gun,
And that lost Art which Marble run,

Lacker,

Lacker, mill'd Lead, the sailing Car,
And the New Lights surprizing are.
All these have had their just Applause,
Have made throout the World a Noise.
What God, what Man shall we accost;
Great Patron of the *Penny-Post*!
Worthy, fam'd *Pancinol*, to stand
First in that List drawn by thy Hand.
Mercury, thou Post of Heav'n,
To thee the weighty Charge is given:
Thou long ago didst found a Post
All along the heav'nly Coast,
And daily thence thy Journey tak'st
O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Floods and Lakes:
Wings at thy Head, and at thy Heels,
Thou like a Pigeon-Carrier sail'st,
Sometimes charg'd with Love and News,
Sometimes from *Jove* with *Billet Deux*;
Sometimes with Baskets, Boxes, Tickets,
Thy Mail is most stuf't with Love-Pacquets;
The Clouds give way as thou dost go,
And full-charg'd Thunder makes a Bow.
Ah! thou, who with a charming Rod
Canst controul the sleepy God,
Vouchsafe to thy poor Foot-post Race,
That when the Day's Fatigue is past,
Into sweet Sleep they may be cast.
To give the way let no Man scorn,
Altho they carry ne'er a Horn.
Their Task is greater than the Sun's,
He goes to Bed when he has done,
They only rest an Hour at Noon.
As in the Soul of Man we find
Several fair Chambers are design'd;
The Heart, the Liver, and the Brain,
The lovely Guest to entertain.

Five Port-hole Senses too were made,
 By which all Objects are convey'd,
 So that whate'er abroad was done,
 Is within as quickly known:
 Whate'er is smelt, seen, felt, or heard,
 As swift as flying Thought it runs,
 Thro winding Paths and secret Turns,
 And to the Soul's Apartment strait repair'd.
 This way great *Dockwa* forth did chalk,
 As a Parterre from the Grand Walk,
 Leads many ways his nimble Men,
 After their Round, return and meet again.
 For twenty Miles these nimble *Mercuries*,
 Do carefully convey Advice.
 Not Letters gray'd on Sculls, or Pigeons-Post,
 Of greater Secrecy can boast.
 Hail mighty *Dockwa*, Son of Art,
 With *Flavio*, *Middleton* or *Swart*!
 In the foremost Rank of Fame,
 Thou shalt fix thy lasting Name.
 Nor new Invention Fate thee hurt,
 To be damn'd or beggar'd for't.

EPI.

EPITAPHIUM

Fle———She———

O Vos qui de salute vestrà securi estis,
Orate pro Animâ miserrimi Peccatoris,
Fle———She——— etiamnum viventis,

Et, ubicunque est, peccantis :

Qui fide exiguâ, & tamen spe impudentissima
Optat & spectat quam non meruit,
Felicem Resurrectionem.

Anno Religionis & Libertatis restauratæ, Tertio,
Rerum potentibus fortissimo *Wilhelmo*,
Et formosissima *Maria*.

ALIUD.

Per * Amicum Fle———She——— * T. Bro——

STA, Viator, sive tu *Veneri*, sive *Baccho* vixeris
Idoneus;

Et si quando à Scottis vel Poculis vacat,
Reminiscere defuncti in *Baccho* & *Venere* fratris

Fle———She———

Qui vitiiis, & (quod in ipso vitiosissimum erat)
Ingenio piè renunciavit.

Apolline jam nullo, *Venere* nullâ,

Et quod magis dolendum, *Baccho* nullo :

Fortitudine & Sobrietate pari :

Quippe qui nulli hosti bellum unquam indixerit,
Si excipias *Sitim*

Qui

Qui Comiti *Dors* — à Rifu,
 Cubiculario Regio à sanctioribus * Bibulos, * *Bibliis*.
 Et Poetarum *Mecenati* à Dactylis & Spondæis.
 Nihil unquam facetè dixit, quod salvo Pudore,
 Nec liberè, quod salvo Religione,
 Dici potuit.

Promissorum usque & usque profusus,
 Montes aureas pollicetur :

At ubi bonæ fidei hominem sperabis,
 Poetam, sed solâ illâ vice, verum induit.
 Qui, ut mensâ alienâ semper vixerit,
 Sic jocos alienis, non suis, inclaudit.
 Nec alium edidit jocum, nisi quem
 Sackvilianæ genti & fortunæ debuerit :

Inter Aulicos Theologum,
 Inter Theologos Aulicum,
 Inter Magnates Literatum

Profitetur :

Et, quæ magna hominis modestia est,
 Inter Literatos nihil.

Anno publicæ Paupertatis,
 (Et, si Paupertate Poësis semper à tergo adhæreat;
 Anno publicæ Poëseos restauratæ) Tertio,
 Cum de bicipite nostro Parnasso certaret
 Hinc bifrons Drydenus,
 Inde bicornis Shadwellius;
 Quorum hic de Facto, ille de Jure
 Archipoëta cluit.

A Prophecy by Sir F. S.

WHEN * *Temksbury* Mustard shall * *Lord C.*
 travel abroad,
 And dye in a Ditch without Magpy or Toad;
 When the Sauce of the Veal joining three to one *Lion*,
 Shall devour the Fish the Pad-Nag to † *Arion*, † *Dolphin*.
 Then the Lillies shall try to swim over the Ferry,
 And all shall be met with and drown'd by the *Cherry*;
 The Children of *France* with Famine oppress'd,
 Shall complain that their Mother has never a Breast.

An Answer to the Prophecy.

WHEN the last of all Knights, and the worst of
 all Knaves,
 And the best of all P--mps is the worst of all Braves;
 When a lubberly Clown is prefer'd for his Breeding,
 And a Mock Hero dubb'd not for fighting but feeding;
 When a Medal and Chain is bestow'd on a Dog,
 That better deserves a Rope than a Clog:
 Then *England* beware of the Conduct of *France*,
 The *Dolphin* shall lead the *Lion* a Dance,
 And the Children shall laugh that their Breasts are so full,
 Whilst the proud Navy Royal's a sucking a Bull.

On the penitent Death of the Lord Roch—r:

Seraphick Lord, whom Heaven for Wonder meant,
 The earliest Wit and the most sudden Saint!
 What tho the Vulgar may traduce thy Ways,
 And seek to rob thee of immortal Praise;

If

If with thy Rival *Solomon's* Intent,
Thou find'st a little for Experiment,
Or to maintain a Paradox, that none
Had Wit to answer but thy self alone ;
Now Lechers who the Pox cou'd ne'er convert,
Know where to fix a restless rambling Heart.
Drunkards whose Souls next their sick Maws love
Confound their Glasses and begin to shrink ; (Drink,
The Atheist now has nothing left to say,
His Arguments were lent for Sport, not Prey ;
A Declaration so well tim'd has gain'd
More Profelytes than e'er thy Wildness feign'd.
Satan rejoic'd to see thee take his part,
His Malice not so prosp'rous as thy Art :
He took thee for his Pilot, to convey
Those easy Souls he spirited away :
But to his great Confusion saw thee shift
Thy swelling Sails, and take another Drift,
With an illustrious Train reputed his,
To the bright Regions of Eternal Bliss.
So have I seen a prudent General act,
Whom Fate had forc'd with Rebels to contract
A hated League, fight, vote, adhere, obey,
Own'd the old Cause as zealously as they,
Surprise the Royal Side, and pull all down,
With unresisted Force, that prop'd the Crown ;
But when he found out a propitious Hour,
To quit his Mask and own his Prince's Power,
Boldly asserted his great Sovereign's Cause,
And brought three Kingdoms to his Master's Laws.

On the Lord Rochester's Death. By Mr. Flatman.

AS on his Death-bed grasping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the Wonder of the Plains,
 The noblest of the *Arcadian* Swains,
Strephon the bold, the witty and the gay;
 With many a Sigh and many a Tear, he said,
 Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead;
 Ye trifling Glories of the World adieu,
 And vain Applauses of the Age!
 For when we quit this mortal Stage,
 Believe me Shepherds, for I tell you true,
 The Pleasures which from vertuous Deeds we have,
 Create the sweetest Slumbers in the Grave;
 And sure their fatal Hour will come,
 Surely their Heads lay low as mine:
 Before the bright Meridian Sun decline,
 Beseech the Mighty *Pan* to guide you;
 If to *Elysium* you wou'd happy flie,
 Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon* die.

The same in Latin. By Mr. Hanbury.

CUM *Strephon* extremas moriturus duxerit horas,
 Unica *Parchas* *Strephon* inter *Gloria* valles,
 Pastores ille ante alios formosior omnes,
 Ille alacris *Strephon*, ille audax *Strephon*, ille facetus,
 Multa gemens, flens multa super lacrymales, dixit,
 Quisquis es, O Pastor, comitis memor esto sepulti;
 Ergo curæ hominum sterilesque facessite nugæ,
 Quosque olim captata mihi suffragia sæcli.
 Namque ubi ducta semel clausit cortina Theatrum,
 Crede mihi, Pastor, nunc ô nunc vera loquenti,

Crede

Crede Voluptates quæ sunt virtutibus ortæ,
 Somnia in extremo faciunt dulcissima lecto;
 Tam quia fatalis tam certè supervenit hora,
 Et te mecum etiam pulvis communis habebit,
 Præcipitemque diem flectet sol pronus in umbram,
 Magnum *Pana* petes ut te par devia ducat.
 Si cupis *Elysios* foelix errare per agros,
 Vivas dissimilis, similis moriari Strephoni.

An Answer to the Lord Rochester's Satyr on Man.

By Dr. P. ———

WERE I to chuse what sort of Corps I'd wear,
 Not Baron Dog, Lord Monkey, or Earl Bear;
 But I'd be Man, not as I am the worst,
 But Man refin'd such as he was at first;
 The speechless State of Brutes I wou'd refuse,
 For the same Cause another doth it chuse,
 For then the Reputation I shou'd lose
 Of Wit, Extravagance and Mode, from whence
 Reason is made to truckle under Sense.
 Or if to Sense I did so much incline,
 I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat or Swine,
 To help to break the Court Physicians, who
 Besides compounding Lusts have nought to do,
 Nature (exceeding Broths) wou'd then excite
 Supplies to make a full-meal'd Appetite,
 No Bugbear Conscience dulling the Delight.
 But what need such a Metamorphosis?
 Man being made can do e'en more than this,
 Granting your Principle that Reason's use
 Is not to curb, but make Sense more profuse.
 For tho Man's Life more vig'rous is than Brutes,
 His pander Reason can contrive Recruits,

For

For its Defects, what Sins the sensual Man
Can't do alone, the reasonable can.
With useful Wit for Sensuality,
A half unfashion'd Sinner doth descry,
His Modesty debauch'd who can tell why?
That stirs up slow-pac'd Lust by Argument,
Who to tir'd Sense gives no Divertisement,
But calls for more when all its Sin is spent.
And tho the flagging Wretch wou'd be content,
Disabled from more Vice, now to repent ;
Upbraiding Reason scorns the puny Motion,
Bids it chear up, and gives it t'other Potion,
Till after all when Nature has given o'er,
And Art can buoy up aged Sense no more,
Reason reserves this Remedy at last,
To think those Pleasures which it cannot taste.
In this the thinking Fool may become wise,
And yet think on so that his thinking lies
In Notions of Venereal Mysteries.

Hence sprung the reasoning Art in former Days
Of *Sphinxstrinx*, *Oscis*, and the modern Ways,
By Baths, lascivious Pictures, Jigs and Plays.

If this be Reason's use, no more we'll call
Clodius incontinent, but rational,
And boast the Reason of *Sardanapal* ;
Reason nick-nam'd like Quaker's new-found Light,
One while call'd Spirit, *alias* Appetite ;
A stupid Reason which none will defend,
But he that has with Brutes one common End ;
Debasing Reason, corrupting every As,
Even with my Lord in the same reasoning Glass :
I'll be no Student in this Learned School,
I'd rather be the human thinking Fool,
A cloister'd Coxcomb, able to converse
(Altho alone) with the whole Universe.

And

And reasoning, into Heaven mount, from thence
 Post Gazettes of Divine Intelligence,
 And sacred Knowledg most remote from Sense.
 Might I be plac'd in this exploded Sphere,
 I'd not alone forgive the witty Jeer,
 But boast the Name of reasoning Engineer.
 But as for Man made perfect and upright,
 Why not the Image of the Infinite?
 Were this a Scandal to his Glory, must
 We for his Honour's sake his Word distrust?
 Or is an Image such a very same
 With that it represents, that it must claim
 Its full Perfection? Sure my Picture might
 Be painted like me, and yet void of Sight.
 Must the first Draught of Man be vilify'd,
 Scorn'd and contemn'd 'cause Man himself has stray'd?
 Or did not *Eve* sufficiently transgress,
 And bastardise Posterity, unless
 Man little as he is be made much less?
 Tho he does not his higher End pursue,
 So well as doth the more ignoble Crew
 Of Birds and Beasts that have little to do.
 The Difficulty of his lofty End
 Above the others does his Cause defend;
 And in the means a disproportion pleads,
 Choice sways the one, Instinct the other leads.
 'Tis not cause *Fowler's* wise he takes the Hare,
 But 'tis because *Fowler* cannot forbear.
 Tho in the Chair of State *Joan* lolling sit,
 That therefore she can sit upright in it,
 Is an ill Consequence and void of Wit.
 But you your self have taught Man such a Way
 Unto his Happiness, that he must stray;
 For if his Sense must usher in his Rest,
 And never be abridg'd of its Request,
 He may be drunk and pockey, but ne'er blest.

As

As for Pride, gendring Philosophy,
A captious Word, 'tis what you'd have it be,
Its own Distinctions have a knack to shew
'Tis good or bad, or neither, as please you.
Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry,
But in the Love of Wisdom all agree ;
Wisdom which all acknowledg to be good,
But has the Fate to be misunderstood.
But tho Fools croud among Philosophers,
The Fault is not the Sciences but theirs :
With all their Flaws our Bedlam School I'd chuse
Before the madder Taverns leuder Stews ;
Tho both are Slaves, I rather do respect
The *Stoick* than the *Epicurean* Sect.
If Sense or Reason, one must be deny'd,
Reason wou'd tell me Reason must abide,
The less obnoxious and the surest Guide.
But since kind Nature has design'd 'em both
For humane Complement, I shou'd be loth
To give my human Sense to its own Will,
Or grant a Tyrant Reason leave to kill.
Such useful Facultys as Reason shall
Govern my subject Sense, but not enthrall ;
Nor shall officious Sense presume to act,
Till Justice authorize the Fact.
That human Nature is corrupt I grant ;
But was't the Use of Reason or the Want
That putt out the warm Breath of Love ? from whence
Sprung Murder first but from malicious Sense ?
Which having first usurp'd Queen Reason's Throne,
Was not contented with one Sin alone ;
But falling headlong, plainly shews, alas !
By too too fatal proof, that that which was
The best, corrupted to the worst does pass.
Hence the acutest Wits, when they're defild,
Turn most extravagant, profane and wild,]

Defend Debaucheries, and Sense advance,
 To reason Reason out of countenance,
 Making their Knowledg worse than Ignorance,
 But must Humanity be quite eras'd,
 Because it is from what it was defac'd?
 Or, must the little Reason Men yet hold
 For their Improvement, be for Dogs Flesh sold?
 Sometimes the Gamester, when Misfortune crosses,
 With his last Stake recovers all his Losses:
 He's but a weak Phylician, who gives o'er
 His weaker Patient, whom he might restore;
 But may he suffer an eternal Curse,
 That dares prescribe a Remedy that's worse
 Than the Disease it self! When *Jowler's* lame,
 No one expects that he shou'd catch the Game:
 But that he may hereafter, I am sure
 'Tis best not to cut off his Leg, but cure.
 He that feels Qualms of Conscience in his Breast,
 Let him not barter Reason with a Beast,
 But purge the Guilt with which he is oppress.
 That Honesty's against all common Sense,
 Is a good Argument for my Defence;
 Since with that thing that has so great a Fame
 'Tis inconsistent, Sense is much to blame;
 And Reason will (spite of the Rhime and Tide
 Of Ink, Wit and Contempt) more firm abide,
 For having such a Vertue on its side.
 And Valour too takes part with her for Sense;
 As you contrive, it puts no difference
 Between the Valiant that are so for fear,
 And Cowards that wou'd be, but do not dare.
 Reason con'd ne'er invent such a witty thing,
 That one shou'd fight for fear of quarrelling.
 All Men you say for Fools or Knaves must go,
 And 'tis a Man himself that calls them so:

And

And seeing Man is at his own Choice free,
 Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be,
 Let him be either, or else none for me.
 But let me, Sir, request, before you slip
 Into the Dog, or Bear, or Monkey ship,
 Whether you think their brutish Form procures
 Any Advantages exceeding yours?
 Both Dog and Bear as well as Man will fight;
 And (to no purpose too) each other bite:
 And as for Pug, sure all his Vertues lie
 In aping Man, the only thing you fly.
 The wiser way this Evil to redress,
 Is to be, what you are not more nor less;
 That is, not Man, Dog, Bear, nor Monkey neither,
 But a rare something of them altogether.

An Epitaph on the D. of G----

By F. S-----d.

I.

Beneath this Place
 Is flow'd his Grace
 The Duke of G-----
 As sharp a Blade
 As e'er was made,
 Or e'er had Haft on.

II.

Mark'd with a Star,
 Forg'd for War,
 Of Metal true,
 As ever drew,
 Or made a Pass
 At Lad or Lads.

III.

This natural Son of Mars
 Ne'er hung an Arse,
 Or turn'd his Tail:
 Tho Shot like Hail

IV.

Flew 'bout his Ears
 Thro Pikes and Spears,
 So thick they hid the Sun,
 He'd boldly lead 'em on
 More like a Devil than a
 Man.

L 1 2

V. He

<p>V. He valu'd not the Balls of Gun, He ne'er wou'd dread Shot made of Lead, Or Cannon Ball, Nothing at all.</p> <p>VI. Yet a Bullet of Cork Soon did his Work :</p>	<p>Unhappy Pellet, With Grief I tell it, It has undone Great <i>Cesar's</i> Son! A Statesman spoil'd, A Soldier foil'd. G—— rot him That shot him ; A Son of a Whore, I say no more.</p>
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The Inniskilling Regiment.

I.

I Will sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,
Of the first Royal Regiment ; but don't think I jeer,
If I vow and protest they're as brave Men and willing,
As ever old *Rome* bred, or new *Inniskilling*.

II.

Oh had you but seen 'em march with that *Decorum*,
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before 'em,
Some smoking, some whistling, all meaning no harm,
Like *Yorkshire* Attorneys coming up to a Term.

III.

On Bobtails, on Longtails, on Trotters, on Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers, on Racers,
You'd ha' swore Knights & Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds and
Appear'd all like so many Great *Alexanders*. (Panders,

IV.

Whose Warriors, who thorow all Dangers durst go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle and Foe,
Were mounted on Steeds the last Lord-Mayor's Day,
From *Turky*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart and Dray.

V. 'Twas

V.

'Twas that very Day their high Prowess was shown,
In guarding the King thro the Fire-works o' th' Town;
Tho Sparks were unhorst and their lac'd Coats were
 spoil'd,
They dreaded no Squibs of Men, Women or Child.

VI.

The Cornet whose Nose, tho it spoke him no *Roman*,
Was mounted that Day on a Horse feared no Man,
No Wounds; for all o'er his Trappings so sumptuous,
He had ty'd Squibs and Crackers, 'twas mighty pre-
 sumptuous.

VII.

For note his Design, faith 'tis worth your admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse cou'd stand
 firing;
Not wisely confid'ring that her Majesty's marry'd,
And he had been hang'd if the Queen had miscarry'd.

VIII.

All Hearts true as Steel; but of all the brave Fellows,
Th' Attorney for my Mony, who was so zealous,
He went for the Lease of his own House from home,
To make a new Covering for the Troop's Kettle-drum.

IX.

The Lieutenant being thrown by his Jenner,
His Son-in-Law fancying some Treachery in it,
Gave the Oaths to the Horse, which the Beast took
 they say,
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopt Hay.

X.

He the Nag of an *Irish* Papist did buy,
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,
He taught him to eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,
And prance to the Tune of *Lilly-burlero*.

XI.

XI.

The Tub-preaching Saint was so furious a Blade,
In Jack-boots both Day and Night preach'd, slept and
pray'd ;
To call them to Prayers he need no Saints Bell,
For jingling his Spurs chim'd 'em all in as well.

XII.

A noble stout Scrivener that now shall be nameless,
That in Day of Battle he might be found blameless,
A War-Horse of Wood from *Duck Carver* buys,
To learn with more Safety the Horse-Exercise.

XIII.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus* Main,
That so by that means he his Prancer bestriding,
Might practise at once both his writing and riding.

XIV.

But Oh the sad News which their Joy now confounds,
To *Ireland* their own, like the last, Trumpet founds :
Lord, Lord, how this sets 'em a writing Petitions,
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions !

XV.

Oh who will march for me? speak any that dare,
A Horse and a Hundred Pounds for him, that's fair ;
Dear Courtiers excuse me from *Teagueland* & Slaughter,
And take which you please Sir, my Wife or my
Daughter.

XVI.

(clapt :

Some feign'd themselves lame, some feign'd themselves
At last finding all themselves by themselves trapt,
The King most unanimously they address,
And told him the Truth, 'twas all but a Jest.

XVII.

A Jest, quoth the King, and with that the King smil'd ;
Come it ne'er shall be said such a Jest shall be spoil'd,
There-

Therefore I dismiss you, in Peace all depart,
For it was more your Goodness than my Desert.

XVIII.

Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation
Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,
They kist Royal Fist and were drunk all for Joy,
And broke all their Swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy.*

A Ballad on the Fleet.

A Mighty great Fleet, the like was ne'er seen
Since the Reign of K. William and Mary the Q.
Design'd the Destruction of France to have been;
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Fleet was compos'd of English and Dutch,
For Men and for Guns there was never seen such,
Nor so little done, when expected so much;
Which, &c.

One hundred Ships which we Capital call,
With Frigots and Tenders and Yachts that were small,
Went out and did little or nothing at all;
Which, &c.

26500 and six lusty Men, (Oh then,
Had they chanc'd to have met with the French Fleet,
As they beat 'em last Year, so they'd beat 'em again;
Which, &c.

Six thousand great Guns and seventy eight more,
As good and as great as ever did roar,
It had been the same thing had they all been ashore;
Which, &c.

But

But *T* — now must command them no more,
 We try'd of what Metal he was made of before;
 It's safer for him on the Land for to whore:

Which, &c.

For a Bullet perhaps from the loud Cannon's Breech,
 Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and rich,
 Instead of his Dog might have taken his Bitch:

Which, &c.

But *R* — the *C* — *C* — *R* — is chose,
 His fine self and his Fleet to the Sea to expose,
 But he'll have a Care how he meets with his Foes:

Which, &c.

He had Sea-Colonels of the Nature of Otter,
 Which either might serve by Land or by Water,
 But of what they have done we have heard no great

Which, &c.

(matter:

In the Month of *May* last they sail'd on the Main,
 And now in *September* they come back again
 With the Loss of some Ships, but in Battel none slain:

Which, &c.

F I N I S.